THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

AUG. 21, 1915 — 5c. THE COPY

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THE ZONE OF PARIS

By Arnold Bennett

FROM the balcony you look down upon massed and variegated tree tops as though you were looking down upon a valley forest from a mountain height. Those trees, whose hidden trunks make alleys and squares, are rooted in the history of France. On the dusty gravel of the promenade which runs between the garden and the street a very young man and a girl, tiny figures, are playing with rackets at one of those second-rate ball games beloved by the French *petite bourgeoisie*. Their jackets and hats are hung on the corner of the fancy wooden case in which an orange tree is planted. They are certainly perspiring in the heavy heat of the early morning. They are also certainly in love. This lively dalliance is the preliminary to a day's desk-work. It seems ill-chosen, silly, futile. The couple have forgotten, if they ever knew, that they are playing at a terrific and long-drawn moment of crisis in a spot sacred to the finest civilization.

From the balcony you can see, close by, the Louvre, with its sculptures extending from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux; the Church of Ste. Clotilde, where César Franck for forty years hid his genius away from popularity; the railway station of the Quai d'Orsay, which first proved that a terminus may excite sensations as fine as those excited by a palace or a temple; the dome of the Invalides; the unique façades, equal to any architecture of modern times, to the north of the Place de la Concorde, where the Ministry of Marine has its home. Nobody who knows Paris, and understands what Paris has meant and still means to humanity, can regard the scene without the most exquisite sentiments of humility, affection and gratitude. It is impossible to look at the plinths, the moldings, the carving of the Ministry of Marine and not be thrilled by that supreme expression of national art.

And all this escaped! That is the feeling which one has. All this beauty was menaced with disaster at the hands of beings who comprehended it even less than the simple couple playing ball, beings who have scarcely reached the beginnings of comprehension, and who joined a barbaric ingenuousness to a savage cruelty. It was menaced, but it escaped. Perhaps no city was ever in acuter peril; it escaped by a miracle, but it did escape. It escaped because tens of thousands of soldiers in thousands of taxicabs advanced more rapidly than any soldiers could be expected to advance.

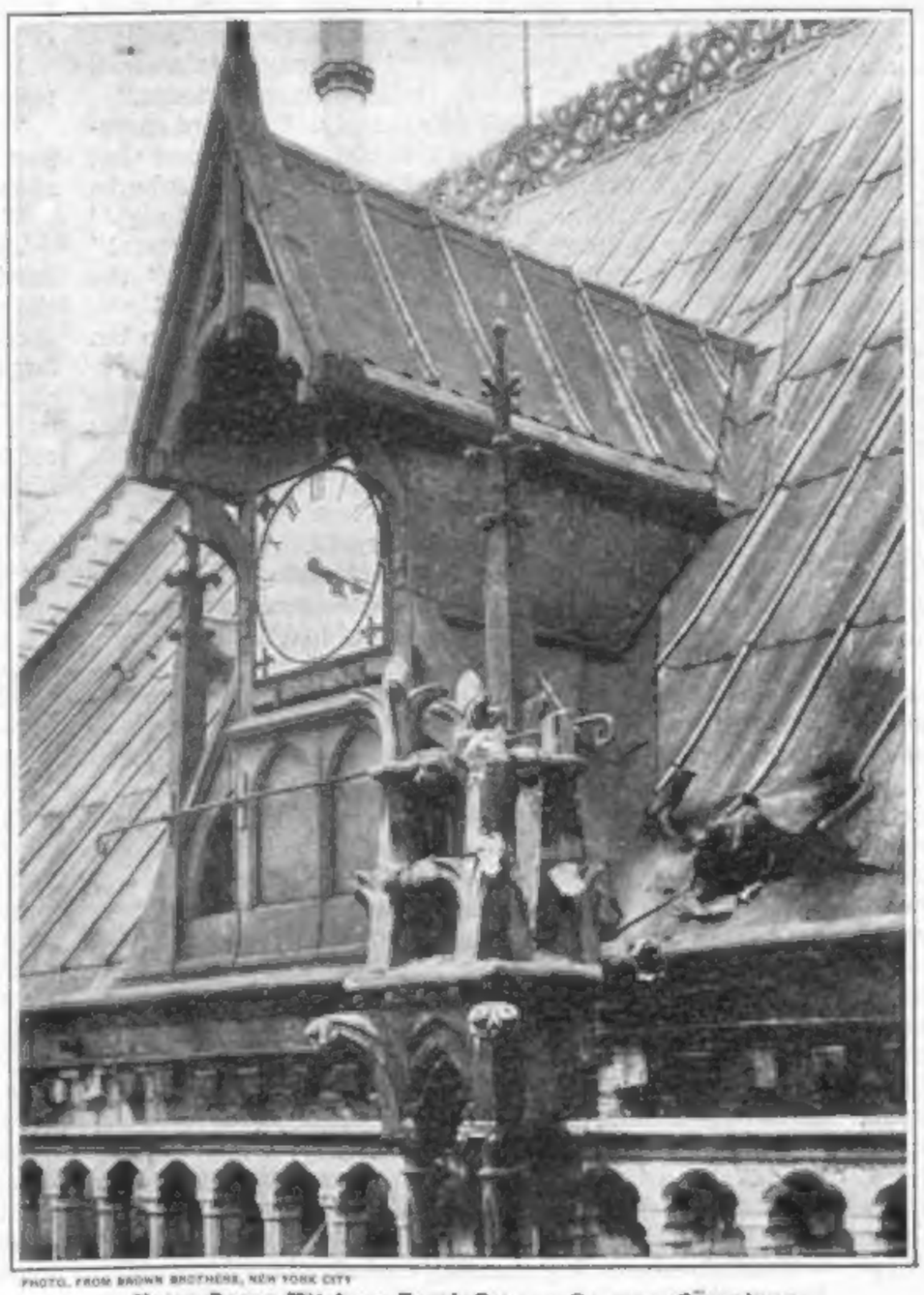


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Notre Dame Hit by a Bomb From a German Aëroplane

"The population of Paris has revolted and is hurrying to ask mercy from us!" thought the reconnoitering simpletons in *Taubes*, when they noted beneath them the incredible processions of taxicabs going north. But what they saw was the Sixth Army, whose movement changed the campaign and perhaps the whole course of history.

"A great misfortune has overtaken us," said a German officer the next day. It was true. Greater than he suspected.

The horror of what might have happened, the splendor of what did happen, mingle in the awed mind as you look over the city from the balcony. The city escaped. And the event seems vaster and more sublime than the mind can bear.

The streets of Paris have now a perpetual aspect of Sunday morning; only the sound of church bells is lacking. A few of the taxicabs have come back; but all the autobuses without exception are away behind the front, so that the traffic is forced underground, where the railways are manned by women. A horsebus, dug up out of the past, jogs along the most famous boulevard in the world like a country diligence, with a fat, laughing peasant woman clinging to its back step and collecting fare-moneys into the immense pocket of her black apron. Many of the most expensive and unnecessary shops are shut; the others wait with strange meekness for custom. But the provision shops and all the sturdy cheap shops of the poor go on naturally, without any self-consciousness, just as usual.

The pavements show chiefly soldiers in a wild, new variety of uniforms, from pale blue to black, imitated and adapted from all sources, and especially from England—and widows and orphans. The number of young girls and women in mourning, in the heavy mourning affected by the Latin race, is enormous. This crape is the sole casualty list permitted by the French War Office. It suffices. Supreme grief is omnipresent; but it is calm, cheerful, smiling. Widows glance at each other with understanding, like initiates of a secret and powerful society.

Never was Paris so disconcertingly odd. And yet never was it more profoundly itself. Between the slow realization of a monstrous peril escaped and the equally slow realization of its power to punish, the French spirit, angered and cold, knows at last what the French spirit is. And to watch and share its mood is positively ennobling to the stranger. Paris is revealed under an enchantment. On the surface of the enchantment the pettinesses of daily existence persist queerly.

. . . . . .

Two small rooms and a kitchen on a sixth floor. You could put the kitchen, of which the cooking apparatus consists of two gas-rings, easily into the box that holds the roots of the orange tree in the Tuileries gardens. Everything is plain and stringently tidy; everything is a special item, separately acquired, treasured. I see again a water color that I did years ago, and had forgotten; it lives, protected by a glazed frame and by the pride of possession. The solitary mistress of this immaculate home is a spinster sempstress in the thirties.

She earns three francs a day, and is rich because she does not spend it all, and never has spent it all. Inexpressibly neat, smiling, philosophic, helpful, she has within her a contentious and formidable tiger which two contingencies, and two only, will arouse. The first contingency springs from any threat of marriage. You must not seek a husband for her. She is alone in the world, and she wants to be. The second springs from any attempt to alter her habits, which in her sight are as sacredly immutable as the ritual of an Asiatic pagoda.

Last summer she went to a small town, to which is attached a very large military camp, to help her sister-in-law in the running of a café. The excursion was to be partly in the nature of a holiday; but, indefatigable on a chair with a needle, she could not stand for hours on her feet, ministering to a sex of which she knew almost nothing. She had the nostalgia of the Parisian garret. She must go home to her neglected habits. The war was waging. She delayed, from a sense of duty. But at last her habits were irresistible. Officers had said lightly that there was no danger, that the Germans could not possibly reach that small town. Nevertheless, the train that the spinster sempstress took was the last train to leave. And as the spinster sempstress departed by the train, so the sister-in-law departed in a pony cart, with a son and a grandmother in the pony cart, together with such goods as the cart would hold, and through staggering adventures reached safety at Troyes.

"And how did you yourself get on?" I asked the spinster sempstress.

She answered: "It was terrible. Ordinarily it is a journey of three or four hours. But that time it lasted three days and two nights. The train was crammed with refugees and with wounded. One was obliged to stand up. One could not move."

"But where did you sleep?"

"I did not sleep. Do I not tell you one was obliged to stand up? I stood up all the first night. The floor was thirty centimeters deep in filth. The second night one had settled down somewhat. I could sit."

"But about eating?"

"I had a little food that I brought with me."

"And drinking?"

"Nothing till the second day. One could not move. But in the end we arrived. I was broken with fatigue. I was very ill. But I was at home. The Boches drank everything in the café, everything; but the building was spared. It stood away from the firing. . . . How long do you think the war will last?"

"I'm beginning to think it will last a long time."

"So they say," she murmured, glancing through the window at the prospect of roofs and chimney-cowls. "Provided that it finishes well . . . "

Except by the look in her eyes and by the destruction of her once good complexion, it was impossible to divine that this woman's habits had ever been disturbed in the slightest detail. But the gaze and the complexion told the tale.

Next—the Boulevard St. Germain. A majestic flat, heavily and somberly furnished. The great drawing room is shut and sheeted with holland. It has been shut for

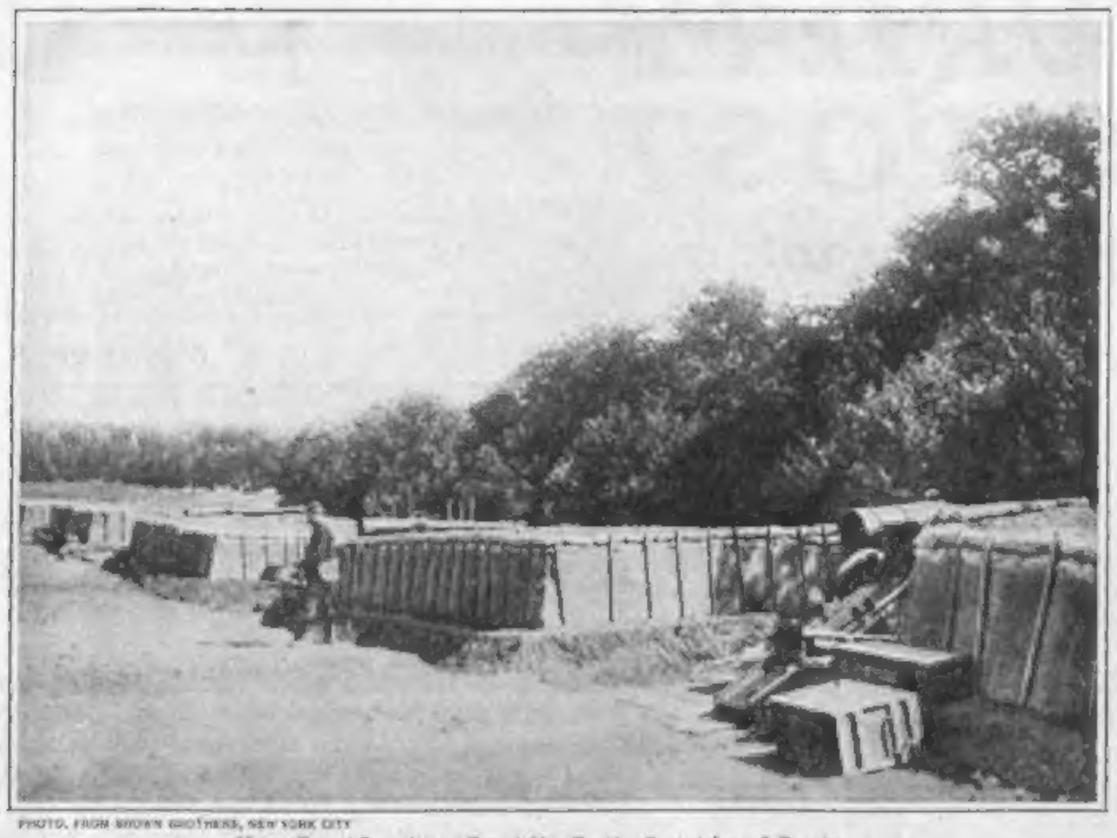


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

New Fortifications Rapidly Built Outside of Paris

twenty years. The mistress of this home is an aged widow of inflexible will and astounding activity. She gets up at five A. M., and no cook has ever yet satisfied her. The master is her son, a bachelor of fifty. He is paralyzed and, always perfectly dressed in the English taste, he passes his life in a wheeled chair. The home is centered in his study, full of books, engravings, a large safe, telephone, theaterphone, newspapers, cigarettes, easy-chairs. When I go in an old friend, a stockbroker, is there, and "thees" and "thous" abound in the conversation, which runs on investments, the new English loan, banking accounts in London, the rent moratorium in Paris, and the war. It is said that every German is a critic of war. But so is every Frenchman a critic of war. The criticism I now hear is the best spoken criticism, utterly impartial, that I have heard.

"In sum," says the gray-headed stockbroker, "there disengages itself from the totality of the facts an impression, tolerably clear, that all goes very well on the West front."

Which is reassuring. But the old lady, invincible after seven and a half decades spent in the hard acquirement of wisdom, will not be reassured. She is not alarmed, but she will not be reassured. She treats the two men with affectionate malice as children. She knows that "those birds"—that is to say, the Germans—will never be beaten, because they are forever capable of inventing some new trick.

She will not sit still. A bit of talk, and she runs off with the agility of a girl to survey her household; then returns and cuts into the discussion.

"If you are coming to lunch, Bennett," she says, "come before Monday, because on Monday my cook takes herself away, and as for the new one, I should dare to say nothing. . . . You don't know, Bennett, you don't know, that at a given moment it was impossible to buy salt—I mean, they sold it to you unwillingly, in little screws of paper. It was impossible to get enough. Figure that to yourself, you from London! As for chicory for the morning *café au lait*, it existed not. Gold could not buy it."

And again she said, speaking of the fearful days in September:

"What would you? We waited. My little *coco* is nailed there. He cannot move without a furniture van filled with things essential to his existence. I did not wish to move. We waited, quite simply. We waited for them to come. They did not come. So much the better. That is all."

I have never encountered anything more radically French than the temperament of this aged woman.

Next—the luxury quarter; the establishment of one of those fashionable dressmakers whom you patronize, and whose bills startle all save the most hardened. She is a very handsome woman. She has a husband and two little boys. They are all there. The husband is a retired professional soldier. He has a small and easy post in a civil administration, but his real work is to keep his wife's books. In August he was reëngaged, and ready to lead soldiers under fire in the fortified camp which Gallieni has evolved out of the environs of Paris; but the need passed and the uniform was laid aside. The two little boys are combed and dressed as only French and American children are combed and dressed, and with a more economical ingenuity than American children. Each has a beautiful purple silk necktie and a beautiful purple silk handkerchief to match. You may notice that the purple silk is exactly the same purple silk as the lining of their mother's rich mantle hanging over a chair back.

"I had to dismiss my last few workgirls on Saturday," said the dressmaker. "It was no longer possible to keep them. I had seventy, you know. Now—not one. For a time we made considerably less than the rent. Now we make nothing. Nevertheless, some American clients have been very kind."

Her glance went round the empty white salons, with their mirrors in sculptured frames. Naught of her stock was left, except one or two fragile blouses and a few original drawings.

Said the husband:

"We are eating our resources. I will tell you what this war means to us. It means that we shall have to work seven or eight years longer than we had the intention to work. What would you?"

He lifted his arms and lowered the corners of his mouth. Then he turned again to the military aspect of things, elaborating it. The soldier in him finished:

"One must, all the same, admire these Germans."

"Admire them!" said his wife sharply. "I do not appreciate the necessity. When I think of that day and that night we spent at home!" They live in the eastern suburbs of the city. "When I think of that day and that night! The cannon thundering at a distance of ten kilometers!"

"Thirty kilometers—almost thirty—my friend," the husband corrected.

"Ten kilometers. I am sure it was not more than ten kilometers, my friend."

"But see, my little one. It was at Meaux. Forty kilometers to Meaux. We are at thirteen. That makes twenty-seven at least."

"It sounded like ten."

"That is true."

"It sounded like ten, my dear Arnold. All day and all night. We could not go to bed. Had one any desire to go to bed? It was anguish. The mere souvenir is anguish." She kissed her youngest boy, who had long hair.

"Come, come!" the soldier calmed her.

Lastly—an interior *dans le monde;* a home illustrious in Paris for the riches of its collections—bric-à-brac, fans, porcelain, furniture, modern pictures; the walls frescoed by Pierre Bonnard and his compeers; a black marble balcony with an incomparable view in the very middle of the city. Here several worlds encountered each other—authors, painters, musicians, dilettantes, administrators. The hostess had good-naturedly invited a high official of the Foreign Office, whom I had not seen for many years; she did not say so, but her aim therein was to expedite the arrangements for my pilgrimages in the war zone. Sundry of my old friends were present. It was wonderful how many had escaped active service, either because they were necessary to central administration, or because they were neutrals, or because they were too old, or because they had been declined on account of physical unfitness—*réformés.* One or two who might have come failed to do so because they had perished.

Amid the abounding, dazzling confusion of objects which it was a duty to admire, people talked cautiously of the war. With tranquillity and exactness and finality the high official clad in pale alpaca and yellow boots explained the secret significance of Yellow Books, White Books, Orange Books, Blue Books. The ultimate issues were never touched. New, yet unprinted, music was played; Schumann, though German enough, was played. Then literature came to the top. A novelist wanted to know what I thought of a book called The Way of All Flesh, which he had just read. It is singular how that ruthless book makes its way across all frontiers. He also wanted to know about Gissing, a name new to him. And then a voice from the obscurity of the balcony came startlingly to me in the music room:

"Tell me, sincerely: do they hate the Germans in England? Do they hate them veritably? Tell me. I doubt it. I doubt strongly."

I laughed rather awkwardly, as any Englishman would. The transient episode was detrimental to literary talk.

. . . . . .

Negotiations for a private visit to the front languished, so I went to Meaux. Meaux had stuck in my ears. Meaux was in history and in romances; it is in Dumas. It was burned by the Normans in the tenth century, and terrific massacres occurred outside its walls in the fourteenth century, massacres in which the English aristocracy took their full share of the killing. Also, in the seventeenth century Bossuet was Bishop of Meaux. Finally in the twentieth century the Germans just got to Meaux, and they got no farther. It was, so far as I can make out, the nearest point to Paris which they soiled.

I could not go even to Meaux without formalities, but the formalities were simple. The dilatory train took seventy minutes, dawdling along the banks of the notorious Marne. In an automobile one could have done the journey in half the time. An automobile, however, would have seriously complicated the formalities. Meaux contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Yet it seems, when you are in it, to consist chiefly of cathedral. When you are at a little distance away from it it seems to consist of nothing but cathedral. In this it resembles Chartres, and many another city in France.

We obtained a respectable carriage, with a melancholy, resigned old driver, who said:

"For fifteen francs, plus always the *pourboire*, I will take you to Barcy, which was bombarded and burned. I will show you all the battlefield."

With those few words he thrilled me.

The road rose slowly from the canal of the Ourcq; it was lined with the most beautiful sycamore trees; and through the screen of the sycamores one had glimpses of the town, diminishing, and of the cathedral, growing larger and larger. The driver talked to us in faint murmurs over his shoulder, indicating the positions of various villages, such as Penchard, Poincy, Cregy, Monthyon, Chambry, Varreddes, all of which will be found in the future detailed histories of the great locust advance.

"Did you yourself see any Germans?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Meaux."

"How many?"

He smiled. "About a dozen." He underestimated the number and the length of the stay, but no matter. "They were scouts. They came into the town—and left it. The Germans were deceived. They might have got to Paris if they had liked. But they were deceived."

"How were they deceived?"

"They thought there were more English in front of them than actually there were. The headquarters of the English were over there at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The English blew up our bridge as a measure of precaution."

We drove on.

"The first tomb," said the driver nonchalantly, in his weak voice, lifting an elbow.

There it was, close by the roadside and a little higher than ourselves. The grave was marked by four short rough posts on which were strung barbed wire, a white flag, a white cross of painted wood, very simply but neatly made, a faded wreath. We could distinguish a few words of an inscription. " . . . Comrades . . . 66th Territorials . . ." Soldiers were buried where they fell, and this was the tomb of him who fell nearest Paris. It marked the last homicidal effort

(Concluded on Page 30)

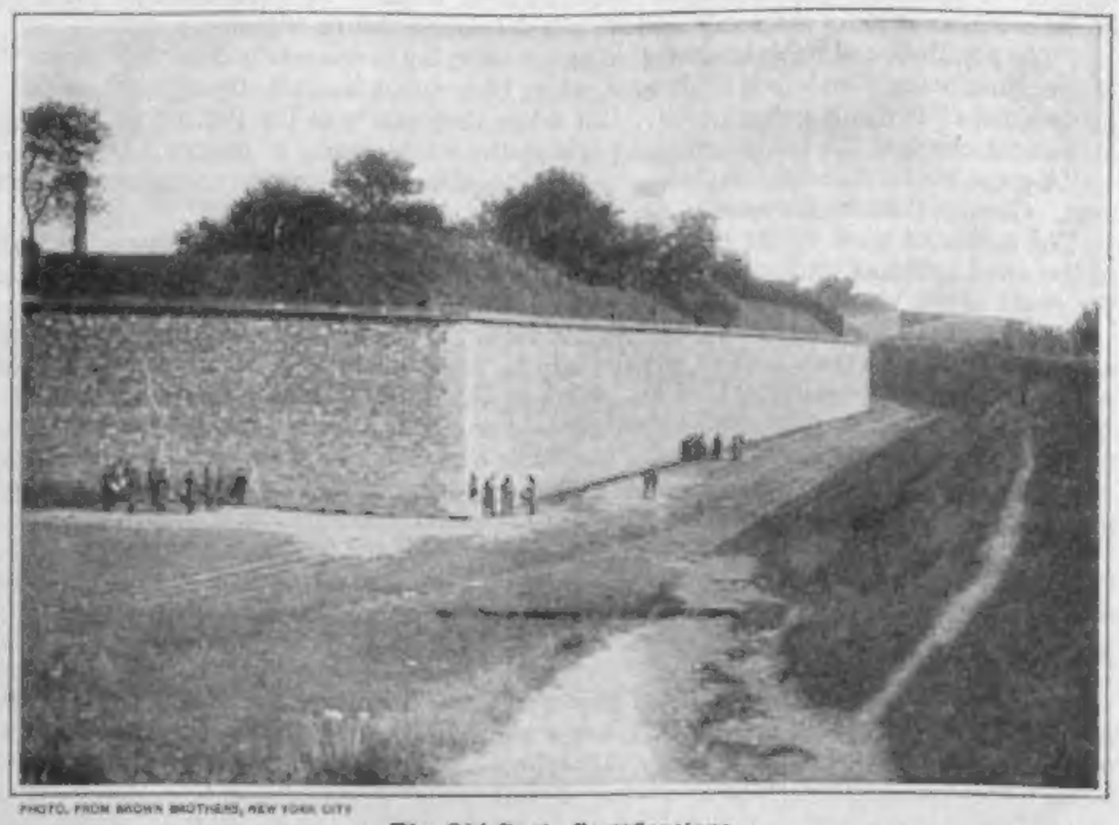


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Old Paris Fortifications

JONAH

By William Brown Meloney

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Whoof! He Was a Thousand Years Old When Noah Built the Ark"

HALF a century before that shot that was heard round the world was fired at Concord, the Stoningtons and Hathaways were in business together in the whale fisheries. When the Thirteen Colonies revolted their house flag—a blue five-pointed star on a square white field—was as familiar in the farthest seas as it was in its home port of New Bedford. Came the Peace of Paris, and the firm of Stonington & Hathaway had not so much as a plank left of its great fleet—not so much as a beggar's mite of all its garnerings from the deep.

So then, as in the beginning, a Stonington—this was Sadoc the Third—got him a ship and went down to the sea, while a Hathaway remained ashore to make bargains of his partner's harvest of oil and bone. And the harvest was good and they prospered greatly. But came the War of 1812 and a second time Britain gallied them. And a third time a Stonington—this was Sadoc the Fourth—and another Hathaway, named Jabez, began all over again, doing as their fathers had done and prospering thereby and much.

Yet again, in the next generation, was war to bring down the blue five-pointed star. What few vessels flew the flag and escaped the fangs of the commerce destroyers with which the Southern States curried the seas, Stonington & Hathaway gave to their government for the famous Stone Fleet—the rock-laden vessels that were sunk at the entrance to Charleston and other Confederate harbors to establish a more effectual blockade.

On the November morning after the Stone Fleet sailed from New Bedford there was much forward about the war—and well there might have been—in two houses that together looked down on the Acushnet River from a lawn-sown rise of ground. The house farthest south was Sadoc Stonington's; the other, his partner's—Josiah Hathaway's. To these homes, within an hour, the news had come that their masters had taken up the gage of battle. Sadoc Stonington the Fifth had obtained an ensign's commission in the navy; Hathaway, following his family's shore-staying traditions, a lieutenancy in the Ninth Massachusetts.

For a week the partners had been away from home, each working toward what he had succeeded in accomplishing. And now, while their womenfolk talked in lowered voices of what had come to pass and, according to the truest New England teachings and upbringing, committed their loved ones and themselves to the mercies of Divine Providence, their children stood grouped round a chopping block under an apple tree in the Stoningtons' rear lot, fascinated by a drama that was nearer a curtain than anyone there dreamed.

The actors were two fourteen-year-old boys, Sadoc Stonington the Sixth and Jabez Hathaway. The audience was composed of little Patience Tucker, a neighbor a year younger than they, her small brother Daniel, and Abigail Davis, a cousin of the Hathaways, visiting from Fairhaven. Sadoc was endeavoring to point a garden stake with a broadax and Jabez was deviling him by kicking it off the block. It is more than likely that if the two girls had not been there Hathaway would have desisted; but he was at that show-off age when the male first begins to show his plumes in the sight of the female, and he remained deaf to Sadoc's pleading to quit his annoyance. Finally he succeeded in kicking the stake out of Sadoc's hand and a good rod across the lot.

Sadoc, without a word, and bombarded by the laughter of Hathaway and the Davis girl and little Dan Tucker, followed the piece of wood, recovered it and returned to the block. There, with his gray eyes leveled on Hathaway, he stood for two or three seconds in silence. Straight of limb he was, square of shoulder, square of jaw; the glowing youth of him promising manhood, a giant.

"You've riled him," whispered Patience Tucker to Hathaway. "Don't do it any more."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the boy. "You ain't mad at me are you, Stoney?"

"No; I'm not mad, Jabe," answered Sadoc in the slow way in which he was accustomed to speak, and with a solemn shake of his head; "but if you put your foot up on this block again while I'm sharpening this stake I'll cut it off. That's my word!"

"Oh, pshaw!" guffawed Jabe, glancing over his shoulder at the Davis girl.

She gave him a laugh that in itself was a challenge to go on and he turned again toward Sadoc, who was raising his ax to renew his interrupted task.

"Don't, Jabez! Don't!" cried Patience Tucker, starting forward, her face white and her big brown eyes wide in fear. "Oh, Sadoc—please! Please!"

Too late! Hathaway's foot already was on the block. The ax flashed down and the boy crumpled up in a heap where he stood.

"I gave you my word I'd do it, Jabe, and you wouldn't believe me," sobbed Sadoc as he gathered his friend up in his arms and, helped by Patience Tucker, staggered into the house with him. "I had to do it, Jabe! Oh, why—why didn't you believe me?"

"'S all right!" answered Jabe. "'Twas my fault—my own fault, Stoney. An', 'sides, you didn't get the whole foot—only my big toe."

That Christmas Day brought the news to New Bedford that Sadoc Stonington the Fifth had rendered the uttermost a man is capable of doing for his country. He was killed in the Gulf during his first action. By the beginning of March, Josiah Hathaway had paid the same brave due; and the war fever, which had been consuming their two sons for the past twelvemonth, burst into flame. Jabe proposed to Stoney that they should steal off to Boston and enlist. Burning up though he was to go to the front, Sadoc the Sixth shook his head.

"Can't do it, Jabe—'cause I'm the head of the house now, just like you're the head of yours. I've got to stand by my aunt and the children, and you got to stand by your mother."

The children of whom he spoke were two younger sisters. The aunt was his father's sister, who for five years had been filling his dead mother's place.

Just as the lilacs began to bloom Jabe's home fetters were broken. His mother died. The morning after the funeral Stoney saw Jabe off on the Boston train. He was going to enlist. But that evening Jabe was back again in New Bedford.

"They wouldn't have me, Stoney," he almost cried, "because I have but one big toe. They said you've got to have all your toes to enlist."

Sadoc was reading in his father's library—the library that was now his—when Jabez sought him out and told him this. He was reading a formidable work, which resented the miracle of Jonah and the whale. He put the book down to listen to his friend; nor did he pick it up again after Jabez went home. Many years were to pass before he opened it again or read all that that library, which even then was a noted collection of books and prints, contained on the subject of Jonah. Still, that book was to make of him an unbeliever, so-called, as six generations of Stoningtons before him had been. He sat in silence through the night, pondering deeply; and, as day broke, he recorded his decision in this note to Jabez Hathaway:

Dear Jabe: If I hadn't chopped off your big toe you could have enlisted. I cheated my country of a soldier; but I have all my toes, and so I'm going to enlist and fight for the two of us. Yours truly,

STONEY STONINGTON.

Men have gone and will continue to go to war for stranger reasons than that; but thus it happened that Sadoc Stonington the Sixth fared forth to do battle for his country. And he fought mightily. He wrested an ensign's commission out of the Monitor-Merrimac engagement. President Lincoln nominated him for Annapolis, but he declined. Tradition and Jabe Hathaway's lack of a big toe were stronger than his own inclination toward a naval career.

So, once more a Stonington went down to the sea a-whale-hunting, and a Hathaway remained ashore to barter the harvests his partner should send home. And from the very first season riches began to multiply unto them. By 1875 the main trucks of eighteen vessels, some of them steamers and the first of the type, were boasting the famous house flag of the blue five-pointed star.

Yet, so early as that, capital had begun to withdraw from the whaling industry. There were men who foresaw that the great petroleum fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio would continue to pour forth a yield, and that whale oil and spermaceti candles were done forever as illuminants.

"Let 'em all quit," said Sadoc to Jabez; "but we shan't. Coal ile may light things; but the world'll still need whale ile for greasing machinery, and the womenfolk'll need bone for their hoops and stays, and parasol and umbrella ribs."

Flexible steel as a substitute for whalebone was hardly more than an experiment then.

And New Bedford, with the Stonington & Hathaway ships coming and going, and the Blue Star in its eye, made

a fetish of traditions and deluded itself that the old order of things would not pass away.

Still, the Blue Star was not all that New Bedford's eye took in. There was Patience Tucker, a spinster of twenty-eight—or "easily thirty," as a good many busybodies would have her age. And, again, there was Abigail Davis—"thirty-five, if a day, but worth a fortune." And a good many more said of Abbie that she had been waiting her chance for ten years to plunge "the iron" into Sadoc Stonington.

Why Patience Tucker had never married was a good deal of a mystery; for, despite her straitened circumstances, she had had many a splendid wooing.

Of a sudden this kettle of fish boiled over. Sadoc the Sixth married Patience Tucker; and she knew, and at last he did, why each had never chosen another mate. Then it was that Abbie Davis tried to harpoon Hathaway. She missed the "strike." Marcia Howland, a Nantucket girl, quite as penniless as Patience Tucker, "cut in" the other owner of the Blue Star.

Hardly had New Bedford recovered its social breath when it lost it again in a commercial gasp. The house of Stonington & Hathaway moved to San Francisco, which for twenty years had gradually been displacing New Bedford as the mainspring of the whaling industry. That year the two partners set up their household gods in the city by the Golden Gate.

Followed a fat year or two, and then a long streak of lean ones—the early eighties were parlous times even as are these; and over and over again Jabez Hathaway tried to persuade Sadoc the Sixth to abandon whaling. But Stonington was as immovable in his determination to continue in it as he was in his belief that a whale never swallowed Jonah.

"Whaling'll last longer than we will, Jabe, and shoemakers'd better stick to their lasts," was the answer he invariably returned; and his will prevailed, as a Stonington's always had over a Hathaway's.

Still, realizing that the day of windjamming ships and barks was done, Sadoc the Sixth went ahead building and buying steamers to vex the Arctic seas. Most of what the deep gave to the firm he spent in this way. And Jabez Hathaway, sure that he could balance this draining outgo, secretly turned to Comstock mines and wheat futures. But his rainbow chasing led to no pot of gold. Of a sudden Comstock closed. Next the British Lion ceased growling at the Russian Bear, and in consequence Europe's own wheat crop proved ample.

On the morning when the world's markets took cognizance of these facts Jabez Hathaway was late in reaching Stonington & Hathaway's smelly old Battery Street offices. There were several merchants who did not go to business in San Francisco that day, or ever again. For more than an hour before deciding on the braver course, Jabez debated whether death was not easier than facing his partner.

One of His Big Hands Found a Ringbolt in the Darkness

Had Washington and Benedict Arnold ever confronted each other after the treachery at West Point, it must have been such a meeting as took place between Sadoc Stonington and Jabez Hathaway.

As Hathaway entered the private office they shared in common, Stonington rose from his desk, holding in his hand a bank notice, from which he had learned that he stood committed to pay a note for a hundred thousand dollars one week from date—a note he had never seen. One glance at his partner's ashen countenance, and the doubt to which he had been clinging that the bank notice was a mistake departed from him. For nearly a full minute Sadoc stood towering over the slighter form of Hathaway, the knuckles of his big hands crackling as he clenched and unclenched them at his sides, his eyes like burnished steel roweling the vitals, freezing the tongue, of the man before him. And all that was said came from him as, with finger pointing at the door behind Hathaway, he whispered:

"Go! At once, you traitor!"

Jabez Hathaway stayed not on his going.

The honor of the Blue Star stood confronted by two hundred thousand dollars in pledges wrongly given. Yet no matter that Sadoc Stonington had signed his name to none of these. He assumed them as firm debts; and somehow he found the power to make men believe that his word was as good as his bond. Just then he had only his word to proffer.

In the midst of this stress a wonderful and unexpected thing happened. A son, Sadoc the Seventh, was born to him; and as he sat at his wife's bedside one evening, silent and absorbed in the mite nestling in his arms, Mrs. Stonington discovered that the whole front of his hair had turned white.

"Time enough for it to turn, mother," was his answer to her exclamation of dismay. "Natural for the Stuningt'ns to begin to turn at my age."

Not until she was herself again, however, did he tell Patience that to them henceforth Jabez Hathaway must be as one dead and buried. Nor more than that did he say; no more than that did the world know. He had dissolved his partnership with Hathaway—that was all. Being Sadoc Stonington's wife, Patience asked no questions; she even submitted that the name of Hathaway should never be mentioned in her house.

It was not long afterward that a daughter was born to Jabez Hathaway, and Marcia Hathaway gave her life to bestow life. The Hathaway home was just round the corner, but no Stonington crossed its darkened threshold; no Stonington sent a message there. Patience dared at that time—but never afterward directly—to try to soften her husband's wrath. Still, she believed in the efficacy of prayer, and also, like the Chinese, in the service of time. She believed, too, despite her husband, that Jonah had lived in a whale's belly.

For many years after that Jabez Hathaway seemed to stand still. Report had it that he was in mines; again, in wheat; again, in railroads. Then, overnight, like a mushroom, he came up as a financial power in California Street and, through his lawyers, paid back, with interest, the debt he owed Sadoc Stonington. He had made a fortune in a wheat corner. But no acknowledgment of this act of contrition came from Stonington. In no degree did his estimate of the man he had adjudged a traitor undergo a change; in fact, he gave proof of this not very long afterward. Reaching home early one evening, he came on his son and heir endeavoring to tempt a little girl, with golden curls, to climb one of the two marble dolphins that warded the entrance to what Rincon Hill was pleased to call the Stonington Mansion.

"Whose child is this?" he snapped at young Sadoc's nursemaid as she gossiped with the stranger's in a corner of his garden.

But it was the little girl herself who answered him. "I'm 'ittle Miss Attaway," the little girl said, looking him straight in the eye. "An' me an' him's friends," she added, nodding at her playmate and sliding down the smooth back of the dolphin, the tail of which she had finally succeeded in reaching.

Whereupon Sadoc the Sixth picked up Sadoc the Seventh and carried him indoors as though on the wings of a storm. Thereafter the garden gates were locked against all children not known personally to the master or mistress of

"She'll No Stand It i' th' Tea, Capt'n Stonington!"

the house; and that nursemaid may be wondering to this day why she was so incontinently fired.

Of his father's strange conduct curiosity was born in the boy; but he dared ask no questions of Sadoc the Sixth. His mother's "Some day, dear, you will understand," put him on his own resources of information; and, being a Stonington and an inheritor of his blood's willfulness, he dared to disobey his sire. He turned to 'ittle Miss Attaway.

"Papa took me in his arms an' cried when I tole him," was what Marcia reported; "an' he sayed never to mind—'at it wasn't good for 'ittle folks to know 'bout everything."

So the children had a mystery for a bond—a real secret between them; and there is nothing dearer to the hearts of children. Because the boy was forbidden to even speak to Marcia there was an element of danger in their stolen meetings that was a spur to his disobedience and a tutor to his craftiness. Still, he brought a fine sort of boyish honor to their surreptitious friendship. He could never be induced to enter the Hathaway house.

"I cannot go into your house, sir," was his answer to an invitation from Jabez Hathaway himself, "because I can't ask Marcia into mine."

Sadoc the Seventh was then aged ten and on the eve of being sent off to boarding school. When he came home on his first vacation the Hathaway house was empty. The people next door told him that Marcia and her father had gone to live somewhere across the bay—in Berkeley, they thought.

"That boy's going round like a sick pup," said his father. "Better give him some ile, Patience."

But Patience Stonington thought she knew what the matter was; and that day she took her boy into the neighborhood park, where he and Marcia had held their clandestine meetings, and gave him a very much folded-up note which somebody had dared to deposit in the mouth of one of the marble dolphins.

"You asked me whether I love you," the boy spelled with difficulty. "I said No. That was a fib. I do! Good-by!

"MISS HATHAWAY."

What Patience Stonington saw in her boy's face then robbed her of her reserve, and she told him the story of the Stoningtons and Hathaways—or, rather, the remarkable history of their association—until the present Jabez Hathaway had ended it because he had no more interest in the whaling industry. Of the looting of the Blue Star's funds and of the secret notes that underlay it Patience Stonington knew naught. That was all securely locked in the breast of Sadoc the Sixth.

The mother, thinking certainly that the boy's first word would be a plea to be taken to see Marcia, was startled when he put this question to her:

"Why doesn't father quit the old whaling business too? It's a poor sort of business."

"My son, children have no right to question their parents," she answered, her brown eyes meeting his gray ones very sternly.

There was a pause, during which he dropped his gaze; and then, looking up at her unflinchingly, he said:

"Mother, you are afraid of my father; but I'm not. I'm not afraid of anybody!"

"We will go home now," was Patience Stonington's only answer; and she took him by the hand and led him back to the house of the marble dolphins.

The wheel of a decade made a revolution. Sadoc Stonington was still whaling—more the Whaling King than ever. Sadoc the Absolute was what those who knew him most intimately in business and social life called him; but the newspapers of the port invariably spoke of him as the Whaling King. His fleet of seven steamers was the largest unit engaged in the industry. Often it was questioned how he could make it pay with the price of oil going lower every year. And he would answer, with pride:

"Stuningt'ns and whales have always understood one another."

On this Saturday afternoon in August, as he came out of the Merchants' Exchange, where San Francisco keeps watch and record of her own and the world's venturings by sea, he left behind him the impression that he was worried. There had been several who had stopped him on the Floor to ask him whether he did not think it was about time the Arctic was sending out some word of the Blue Star ships. The fleet had put forth from the Golden Gate a year ago the preceding March, and nothing had been heard from it since.

Sadoc the Absolute stood in the Exchange entrance for several minutes lost in thought, and until a cripple, whom he always patronized for his evening paper, interrupted him. He bought a paper and turned toward Sansome Street, reading as he went; and the cripple, watching the retreat of the tall, gray-maned figure in black broadcloth and silk topper, saw him suddenly pause, throw the newspaper into the gutter, and then, with an angry briskness, renew his way.

The newsboy recovered the paper and cleaned it off to sell to his next customer; but, of course, he could not understand that the Whaling King had thrown it away solely because of the large-typed account it carried of the latest activity of Jabez Hathaway—the reorganization and financing of the Occidental Navigation and Trading Company.

As Sadoc the Absolute left Sansome Street to cross Market his pace had slackened and he was again lost in thought; so much so that a ferry-bound car came near running him down. As the car went by him his eyes followed it, and thus he happened to get a whisk of a glance at the back of a man's head, which turned his mind to Sadoc the Seventh.

"Looks mightily like Son talking to that girl there!" he murmured to himself. "But, no; he's practicing football in Berkeley this afternoon."

With this conclusion he passed on, still thinking of Son. He and the boy had never been very close, because the boy had never quite understood him; but, once they were in the office together, they would get to know each other better. Another six months and Son would be through at the university. He could see the new sign already made and waiting to go up over the Battery Street offices—Stonington & Son. A warmth of pride went through him—only to grow suddenly chill at the thought of what the Arctic's silence about the fleet might portend. If anything had happened to the fleet ——

Sadoc the Absolute did not sleep that night. When Mrs. Stonington went to bed she left him in the library, with his lion's head bent over a pile of Arctic charts and the log books of fifty years of whaling ships strewn round him. When she came downstairs again, after a sleepless night—Son had not come home from Berkeley—he was still making calculations and poring over his records.

"Can't understand it, mother," he said to her, "unless the ships have been jammed off here to the eastward."

"Oh, they'll come through all right, father."

"Miracles don't happen, Patience," he answered grimly; but she smiled a negation of this and went off to church alone, as she had always done.

When she returned she found him still with his charts and log books; but meantime he had freshened himself by shaving and changing to his newest black broadcloth suit.

"Has Son come in or 'phoned?" she asked eagerly; and at the shaking of his head a cloud passed over her face.

"Don't you worry, mother. He told you he might not come home until evening. And now what'd you hear at church? Anything new?" And a smile played across his wide, firm mouth and in the corners of his gray eyes which threescore years had failed to dim; he was prepared for his little Sunday-morning joke.

"Anything new?" exclaimed Patience, the expression of absolute happiness, of peace, with which she had first entered the room, returning to her face. "Yes; a story that will never be old—that is, if ye have faith ye can move mountains! Oh, it was a wonderful sermon I heard. The preacher's a visitor from the East—from old Newburyport—a Mr. Howland. And, oh, Sadoc, the Spirit is in him—fire is in his tongue! Faith, he said, is the most wonderful force in all the world. And miracles happen!"

"Didn't happen to say anything about Jonah?"

"Oh, yes; he did." And she returned his smile. "I just wish you could have heard him."

"Good as that, eh? Then I'll hear him. Ask him down to dinner any evening this week." And he began chuckling at the prospect. Over his board and in that library he had argued the subject of Jonah with many a divine, and always routed them—in his own opinion—by his demand that they show him the whale which could swallow a man. "Maybe this preacher, being from Newburyport—that's an old whaling stronghold—maybe he knows ——"

He Might Have Been the Ruling Spirit, the Genius, of the Warring Elements

The buzzer of the extension 'phone on the library table cut him off.

"Yes," he answered, picking up the instrument. "Yes; I can hear you distinctly."

And as he said this the shaggy, thatched gray eyes became cold, and the six feet three inches of him reared itself from a seated posture to its full, straight height. His viselike mouth shut tightly—set as though hewn in granite. Truly there was something kingly about him!

Patience Stonington, cold with a prescience of she knew not what, her own lips set, her gaze fixed tremulously on her husband's face, sank into a chair at her side to wait.

"I thank you," said Sadoc finally, putting down the 'phone and ending a silence that was becoming terrific to the waiting woman. "Patience," he began, looking down at her very gently, "miracles ——" There he stopped. A latchkey was turning in the front door. "That's Son," he resumed. "Please ask him to come here. I have something to say to both of you."

"Somebody's with him, Sadoc, I think," she murmured, rising and taking a step toward the half-open door at her back.

"Come! Don't be frightened now!" she heard Son saying outside; and then the door swung wide to the entrance of Sadoc Stonington the Seventh, leading by the hand a shrinking vision of abashed loveliness, garbed in dove-gray—a girl with long-lashed sea-blue eyes, cheeks of satin, and a glorious crown of chestnut hair but half concealed by a pearl-colored toque.

An instant they stood framed in the doorway, the boy boldly meeting his father's gaze, the girl hesitantly that of Mrs. Stonington, and their vividness of youth lighting the subdued tones of the quiet old library as with a torch.

"Father—mother," said Son, clearing his voice of a nervous huskiness and letting his gaze embrace both of them, "I wish—wish to present my wife to you."

"Your wife? Your wife?" repeated his mother in a whisper, her eyes going incredulously from Son to the girl, and finally coming to rest on her husband, whose big head was nodding as though in affirmation of a fact; for that second Sadoc the Sixth's mind was back to yesterday. It had been Son he had seen in that Market Street car, and this was the girl who had been sitting beside him.

"When were you married, sir?" he demanded in a voice that would brook no elusion.

"Yesterday afternoon, father"—and brightening with hope—"in mother's own church, by—by Doctor Howland."

Stonington's gray eyes, all afire with suspicion, leaped from Son's to search the mother's; but hers were holding the girl's to the exclusion of all else, and she was saying:

"You are Marcia Hathaway? You are Jabez Hathaway's daughter?"

"Yes," answered the girl; and, breaking her husband's clasp, she turned and, with her hands outstretched to Patience Stonington, took a step toward her. "And will you not let me call you my mother? Please! I've never known a mother, you know."

Patience Stonington's answer to Marcia Hathaway, to her husband's stare of suspicion that she had known of their boy's wooing and marriage, and to Son, was to bury her face in her hands, sobbing:

"Oh, God! What is this that you have let my child do?"

Her head dropped forward on the table and, for the first time in her life, Patience Stonington must have fainted. Her consciousness apprehended no more until the voice of Son, raised in passion, broke in on it with:

"Before I quit this house I'll say it! You've browbeaten my mother until she's afraid of her own shadow! You've tried to browbeat me!"

"Son! Stop! Please!" she cried out, starting from her seat.

"It's too late to stop, mother!" With a forefinger leveled in indictment at his father he fairly shouted: "You've been playing God to all things—to all men—your whole life long; and it's about time you stopped it!"

"Son! Son!" the mother's plea broke in again. It made him pause; but when he tried to go on he could not, and he groped behind him for Marcia's frightened clasp, and found it.

"I'm done!" said he, almost inaudibly. "I know my sentence. Good-by, father!" He turned toward his mother then, yearningly; but she drew back from him and put an arm through his father's. "Mother! Mother!" he cried. "You, too, are not going to turn your face against me?"

"I am your father's wife," she answered him steadily; and thereat the boy put an arm round his weeping bride and, turning, went as one blind across the library threshold.

And there was silence behind the boy and girl until Patience Stonington heard the front door opening. Then, in terror, she looked up at her husband.

"Sadoc! Sadoc!" she pleaded. "Before it is too late! Remember he is our child—our one lamb. Don't let him go from you in anger. Remember, he is your son, Sadoc!"

"My son died yesterday afternoon, woman!" he answered grimly. "I've just finished burying him."

As the last word parted his white, sweat-beaded lips, the front door shut; and a great stillness entered through the house of the marble dolphins and lasted a long while. Sadoc the Absolute was the first to break it. Bringing his gaze away from over the library fireplace, where hung a large eighteenth-century woodcut depicting an impossible whale spewing out of its maw a yet more impossible Jonah, he said to Patience:

"Mother, I've got to begin life all over again to-morrow morning. That telephone message was from Merchants' Exchange. The fleet's gone—lost since December last. Only one ship has come clear—the old Narwhal. She's making her way south now, with all that's left—a hundred and twenty-nine survivors."

"God's will be done, Sadoc," murmured the wife; and, rising from her chair, she went swiftly round the library table to where he sat and folded his lion's head to her bosom.

On the stroke of nine o'clock next morning, for twenty years his accustomed time to enter California Street, Sadoc the Absolute swung through the entrance to Merchants' Exchange. Already the Floor was agog with the disaster in the Arctic, and also with another piece of related news—the love story of Sadoc Stonington the Seventh and Marcia Hathaway.

Somehow two of the morning newspapers had gotten word of the elopement and marriage of the Whaling King's son and Jabez Hathaway's daughter; and business, despite the saw that there is no romance in it, was taking full account of the match. The shipping world was assuming that this union was a pretty likely insurance that Jabez Hathaway, the new president of the Occidental Navigation and Trading Company, would stand behind Sadoc Stonington in his settlements.

Head up, his eyes sweeping the Floor challengingly, Stonington crossed the big chamber to the secretary's desk and handed a slip of paper over it. At that, the lull in the hum of voices which had followed his appearance grew more pronounced; and then, as a clerk, with that piece of paper in his hand, climbed up to a blackboard beside the one which bore the news of the loss of the Blue Star fleet, a general movement started toward where the dethroned Whaling King stood.

All claims against S. Stonington will be paid, as usual, on presentation at his place of business in Battery Street, opposite the Post Office.

This was the message Sadoc Stonington wished the world tc have. As it leaped into view from the blackboard clerk's facile fingers, somebody on the outskirts of the gathering crowd exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Told you so, Simon! That marriage fixes it. Hathaway's behind him."

Sadoc swung round in the direction of that voice, his eyes aglow with anger, searching for the speaker; but the "told-you-so" person hid his identity in silence and in the murmur of admiration that began to rise for this valiant old man. With chin thrust out, Sadoc began shouldering his way through the crowd toward the Exchange's entrance, pausing to give a handclasp here and a nod there in answer to word and signal of sympathy; but just beyond the edge of the crowd he stopped short. In his path stood Jabez Hathaway with his hand held out to him.

"Stoney, count on me for anything," said Hathaway. "Let's bury the past."

With never a word, and as though Hathaway had been a post in his way, Sadoc the Absolute walked round him and on out of the Exchange.

Son tried to see his father that day, and was denied. The boy had not learned of the fate of the Blue Star fleet until the morning papers had spread the news before him and Marcia. Failing to get an interview, he wrote. His letter was returned unopened.

By the end of November California Street heard that the house of the marble dolphins and its owner's rare library were for sale. Thereupon a committee of creditors waited on Sadoc the Sixth.

"We know you are honorable," said its spokesman, "and we have no desire to press you. Take your time."

"I thank you; but a Stuningt'n has never asked time for himself from any man."

The old Rincon Hill house went under the hammer, with all its wonderful books and prints, the garnerings of nearly three hundred years; but Sadoc's Jonah Collection, which he expected would bring more than anything else in his

(Continued on Page 53)

THE SINGING SOLDIERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

RUSSIA is a multimillionaire in men—a Cresus in cannon fodder; a Dives in defenders, raw, flesh-and-blood fighting material—big, blond, simple, childlike men who go to battle singing and who face death, disaster and defeat with a *Nitchevo?*—What does it matter?—who accept victory modestly, bear their discomforts good-humoredly, take their hardships patiently—men of incredible simplicity, incredible fortitude, incredible complaisance, incredible faith.

Russia has sent millions of these great, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, smiling, elementary men to the front and is drilling and preparing millions more. If men—mere men—could win a war, the Russians would have been in Berlin long since. It is probable that no person knows accurately just how many men there are under arms in Russia, how many are being made ready for arms, how many are still in reserve. As I write this, for example, the only sons have not yet been called. When they are called that means a million and a half or two millions more of men. Then, too, there are other millions who can be used. Russia has seas of men—oceans of them—for all Russia is in this war. Only the Finns are cold toward it, and only the wild tribes in the Caucasus are utilizing it for their own advantage.

"How many casualties have you had?" I asked one day of M. Serge Sazonow, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs. "Five hundred thousand, perhaps?" I was finessing a bit.

"Oh," he replied, "more than that—seven or eight hundred thousand."

"How many casualties have the Russians had?" I asked an ambassador of one of the Powers. "A million and a half?"

"I should hate to say how many more than that," he replied. "Probably two millions."

There are the two extremes. Somewhere between the two estimates the real number is, and the likelihood is that it is nearer the estimate of the ambassador than that of the minister, for although the ambassador is an ally he perhaps looks at the results in a less partisan way. Still, it only takes a most superficial observation in any city, Petrograd, Moscow, Warsaw, Lemburg, Kiev—anywhere—to show that Russia has suffered terribly in this war thus far, for there isn't a suitable place that isn't a hospital—there are almost fifty in Warsaw alone—nor an hour when little processions of wounded men do not drag by, nor a park where they do not occupy the benches, nor a balcony from which they do not look down at one. The trains come every day bringing them. The field hospitals are crowded with them. Wounded are everywhere!

The Czar and His Staff at the Front

And the dead! It will be a long time before the toll of the dead is taken. They put up lists of officers and of some of the men in various places, but they are not complete. All the miles and miles of the bloody ground between the Baltic and the Black Sea where the Russians have advanced and retreated, all the miles of their great onslaught and their heart-breaking retirement, are dotted with graves of Russians, and all those Russians went to their deaths singing—what a complex, casual, sentimental, simple, obstinate, imaginative, faithful, contradictory folk these peasants are!

They have made this a holy war—these Russians. Try as they did, the Russians who know the mind and manner of the men who fight the Russian wars—the peasants—could not make the Japanese War, ten years ago, a holy war. They could not get for it the fervor that the Russians need. It did not appeal to their imaginations, nor to their religious beliefs. It had nothing of the great mother church about it. It was a war, merely that, and far off, and with a foe they did not comprehend. The Russian is so constituted temperamentally that he must be passionately for something. His life is a series of beliefs, of faiths, if he is educated, and of one belief, the church, if he is not. The Russian has a most extraordinary capacity for belief. Thus, when the Church of Russia and the Czar, who is held in superstitious awe by the men who make the cannon food, proclaim a holy war, it is a holy war because of those facts.

We, in the West, do not hold war and holiness compatible, but for the Russian and the Russian Church the two combine, amalgamate. When the Russian goes to war, if it is a war like this, he goes as a soldier of the Cross. He is taught that his act is an act of the highest devotion to his church. If he dies he lays his body on the altar of his God. If he comes back in victory his is the glory of the deed that makes his church mightier to save. If he comes back in defeat his is the consolation of the very Cross he bore.

The leaders know all this, and they made the sentimental and religious side of it stronger—fixed it as a holy war—by the pilgrimages of the Czar to the sacred shrines of Russia in the early days of the war. They officialized the holiness of it, so to speak.

The Russian soldier feels that if he dies he dies the exultant death of a martyr for his church and his country. If he lives he feels that his living is continued for a future time when a martyr will be needed. He goes to kill with the same simple, unbounded faith that he goes to be killed.

"Were you afraid?" I asked a wounded soldier in Warsaw who was telling me about a battle.

He turned his slow, blue eyes on me, as if he did not comprehend what I said.

"Afraid?" he repeated. "No, I was not afraid. Why should I have been afraid? I was fighting for my Czar and my country. I was fighting for my church and my home. If I died I would receive the blessing of my Savior. If I lived it would only be because that blessing was not yet for me. We do not fear death, we Russians. When it is for us to die, then we shall die. We live our lives making ready to die our deaths, and to die fighting for our Czar and our church is to die nobly. We give our blood freely. We are not afraid to die, for every man who dies in the field of battle dies in the shadow of the Cross."

That is the calm, religious fatalism—almost fanaticism—that marks the Russian peasant soldier. His religion makes him brave. That explains the songs he sings when he advances. That explains his patience in adversity. That explains his stolidity when he was freezing in the passes of the Carpathians, when he in May and June was being hunted back by the Germans, bloody kilometer after bloody kilometer. That explains why he kills or is killed without a qualm. He isn't actuated by hate or by lust for blood. He is a soldier of the Cross,

doing the work of the church, and his reward is sure to come. He bayonets an enemy without compunction, and if an enemy bayonets him he does not hate that enemy. He looks on the bayonet rather as an instrument that shall give him his crown of glory. It makes a man ashamed of himself to ask men like these if they are afraid.

I am speaking now of the peasant soldiers, of the men from the steppes, from the villages, from the farms, of the Orthodox religionists who make up the great bulk of the Russian Army; not of the Cossacks, nor of the Tartars, nor of the men from the Caucasus, nor of any others; just these, the Orthodox peasants. I am speaking of the men who make the long, hard pilgrimages to shrines, the men who cross themselves reverently and remove their hats every time they pass an icon, the men who, however non-religious their temporal acts may be, still hold to the sanctity and sacredness of the symbols, and whose uncultured imaginations lead them to the belief, which is unswerving, that on their reverence for these symbols and these forms their salvation depends.

Boy Martyrs in Russia's Holy War

THERE is no terror in death for them. Death means repose and sanctity. They are not afraid to die. They are glad to die, for dying brings them to the resplendent end of the weary pilgrimage they have been making in life. They march to battle singing a song. They have all been consecrated by a priest before they go. If they die they die as holy martyrs. If they are wounded they ask to kiss the Cross and then suffer patiently whatever ills may be. If they come out unscathed it is only because there is fighting still for them to do, only because it is not yet their time to die. And they do it all and take it all so good-humoredly, so simply, that it makes one's heart ache to see the thousands on thousands of them tramping away to fight, just as it brings a sob in the throat to see them lying in the hospitals, uncomplaining, grateful for the smallest attention, kissing the hand of the nurse who eases the pillow for them or adjusts their bandages, or kissing the hem of her cloak. Children, all of them, great, blond, blue-eyed children! What a pity it is that there is so wide a chasm between the top and the bottom in Russia!

It is a fine sight to see a regiment of them swinging by in all the vigor of the youth nurtured in the wide places of the East. Youth! Youth! This war is being fought by boys—as all wars are. They are great, hulking fellows, broad of the shoulder and swaying free at the waist. Their cheeks are red with the blood of youth, and their eyes are blue with the mild blue of the North. Their hair is yellow mostly, or very light brown, and those whose cheeks have passed the stage of down wear blond mustaches. To grow hair on the face is a Russian custom. Not one in a hundred of these Russians but has a mustache or a beard. Their kit is heavy and they stoop a little, tugging at it. They give the impression of strength and solidity. There is nothing snappy or quick about them as there is about the French soldier or the American. They are solid, stolid fighting men, and yet beneath that stolid exterior there is more imagination than there is among the English, or the French even, for these men have been persuaded by their imaginations that they are martyrs in a holy cause. Their uniforms are of a brownish yellow, a sort of heavy, mixed cloth. The blouse comes just below the waist and is belted in. It is loose—a Russian blouse—and roughly made. The trousers are baggy, too, and are tucked in the tops of enormous boots that come above the knee—boots that are heavy and clumsy and that clump loudly on the pavement. Oftentimes half a regiment will have brownish-yellow blouses and black trousers, for Russia has been put to it to equip all her millions, and round each man are strung a gray blanket and plenty of camp outfit. Their caps are like the English caps.

I saw them going out to battle, with their uniforms clean, and their faces scrubbed, and their smiles and laughter. I saw them coming back from battle, with their uniforms stained, their boots caked with mud, their faces smudged with smoke and powder. But, going out or coming back, they were good-humored, patient, uncomplaining, simple. They sang as they went and they sang as they returned. They spoke reverently of those they had left on the field. They made light of their own privations and toil. *Nitchevo?*—What does it matter? And they were ready to go again. They are fine soldiers—fine, honest, sturdy soldiers, whose strength is in their simplicity and who deserve better leadership than many of them have had.

Eight soldiers sat on a bench in a park in Petrograd. Four of them had lost legs. The rest had crutches and evidently had been severely wounded. Their fresh-faced nurse hovered about them, talking to them, explaining unfamiliar city sights. I had a friend with me who speaks Russian, and I got into the good graces of both the nurse and the soldiers by giving the wounded men cigarettes. They were as grateful as if I had given them rubles.

One young chap, no more than twenty, whose face was pale with suffering, rested the stump of a leg over a crutch and gazed at it rather quizzically. "To think," he said, "that two months ago that was a good leg, a useful leg, and I never gave it a thought. Now that it is gone I think of nothing else."

"Where are you from?" we asked him.

"I come from a village near Kolyvan," he replied, "which is between Tomsk and Omsk. We took the train at Krivoshtchekovo. It is many versts from here. We rode for days before we reached the place called Warsaw."

The Czar's Only Son Czarevitch Alexis

I told him I remembered Krivoshtchekovo. "There is a bridge over the Ob near there," I said, "and the soldiers got on the train and rode across with us."

His eyes brightened and he took my hand and kissed it. "*Braht*," he said, "I am glad to see one who has been in my country."

"How did you lose your leg?" I asked.

"In the fighting," he said. "I do not know. It is lost. I was running forward with my comrades to take a trench, and I suddenly thought I had stepped in a hole in the ground filled with scalding hot water. 'Ho!' I said to myself, 'this is queer, having holes filled with hot water.' Then I fell on my face and could not get up, and I was very sick. My face grew cold and my hands were wet. I shivered as if I were sleeping in the wind, but all the time my leg was thumping and scalding, and I kept saying over to myself: 'I must pull it out of that hot water or it will burn me.'

"So I tried to get up and couldn't, and then I looked down, and I saw that my boot was torn, and I lay very still and crossed myself and knew that I had been shot in my leg. After a time they came for me and carried me to the doctors. I did not know where they carried me. I was very still and white, they said, and the kind doctor fixed me, and here I am now and I suppose I shall go home when I am well. I can fight no more. I am sorry for that. We were driving them back, but it is as the good God says." And he crossed himself.

The others listened attentively to his recital.

"It is so," said another of the legless ones. "I did not know my leg was hurt. I thought I had stumbled on something and had fallen. But when I tried to get up I could not stand on my feet, and my boot was full of something sticky and warm. It was part of a shell hit me, and I lay so long on the field that they had to cut away my leg. It was—was —— I do not know what they said, but they cut it away."

"Gangrene," whispered the nurse. "He was on the field for four days and nights before they reached him, and they had to cut away his boot and trousers and part of the leg with them. Oh, it is terrible the way some of these men suffered, and they never complain."

"What will those men do when they get back to their villages?" I asked my Russian friend who was interpreting for me.

"God knows," he said. "It is hard enough for a peasant with two good legs to get a living, but what all these maimed and legless men, and men without hands, will do, I cannot tell. Of course they will have a very small pension, and their people will see to them as well as they can, for family ties are strong among the peasants, but their fates will be very hard. And to think of the thousands and thousands of sick and wounded men who will be sent back to poverty after this frightful war is over! Many men who never were in battle at all lost legs and hands from freezing during the terrible winter campaign in the Carpathians. They were frozen so badly there was no recourse but amputation if their lives were to be saved. If this war lasts another year we shall have hundreds of thousands of cripples to look after."

We came to another group, men wounded in the arms and in the hands and in the head.

"Those Austrians!" they said. "Ho! we could fight them for weeks without end and not be bothered, but it is different with those Germans. They stick, those fellows; they are hard to beat. They try to stand before us. And if they are too many for us they never stop chasing us. They have so many guns and so many telephones. Why, when we get our guns placed it seems as if it is no time until they find out where we are. Those Germans are hard to beat. And flying machines and their great guns—whoof!—the size of those shells. Why, master, I assure you that one of those shells digs a hole in the ground you could put five horses in. Is it not so?"

He looked round at his comrades for confirmation. They were listening eagerly to his narrative as a number of children, with shining eyes and nodding heads, listen to the tale one is telling.

"It is so," one confirmed. "Seven horses, even, some of them. They are hard to beat, those Germans!"

The Czar in the Uniform of a Russian Private Soldier

The Russian Creed "What Does It Matter?"

"WHEN we started in this war," said another, "it was easy. We went after those Austrians, and we chased them out of their villages, and we had good times. Fine houses they have in their villages, made of stone and bigger than ours—oh, much bigger. They ran, those gray Austrians, and we ran after them, and we caught plenty of them, and we killed many. We were tired with killing, but it was all to the glory of God. Then we settled down and spent the winter, and it was not good. It was very cold, but the food was plentiful, and once in a while we could go out and get some fighting. Then the spring came, and the grass got green, and you never would believe how many of those Germans appeared. It was as if they had grown up with the grass, they were so many—for every blade of grass a German. And we fought and fought, but they fired ten times to our once, and we did not have enough rifles, and they chased us back and back. And one day when I was firing my rifle, ping! along came a bullet and hit me in the hand, and I could fire no more. So I walked in to the doctor, and he said: 'Hold out your hand!' and I held it out and he took some shiny knives and sharp little clippers, and in a few minutes he had me all trimmed up, and here I am. It really was amusing to see the way the doctor clipped at my fingers. I felt like laughing all the time."

"What happened to him?" I asked the nurse.

"He lost all his fingers on the left hand," she said. "He has only a stump remaining."

"What do you think of this war?" I asked another group.

"Why, little one," the spokesman replied, "what is there to think? Of what use is thinking when one goes to war? Thinking makes one sad, and one is not to be sad in war. One is to sing at war, and to shout, and to kill his enemies. One lives well, and one fights for the Czar. It is not for us

(Continued on Page 26)

AT GEISENHEIMER'S

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'm Not Like These New York Girls. I'm Not Smart. I Don't Want to Be"

HE CAME breezing up to me with Hicks Corners written all over him.

"Why, Miss Roxborough!"

"Why not?" I said.

"Don't you remember me?"

I didn't.

"My name is Ferris."

He was probably right, but still the glad light of recognition kept out of my eyes. The name meant nothing in my young life.

"I was introduced to you last time I came here. We danced together."

This seemed to bear the stamp of truth. If he was introduced to me, he probably danced with me. It's what I'm at Geisenheimer's for.

"When was that?" I asked.

"A year ago last April," he said.

You've got to hand it to these rural charmers. They think that New York is folded up and put away in camphor when they leave, and not taken out again till they pay their next visit. The notion that anything could possibly have happened since he was last in our midst, to blur the memory of that happy evening, had not occurred to Mr. Ferris.

I suppose he was so accustomed to dating things from "when I was in New York" that he thought everybody else must do the same.

"Why, sure I remember you," I said. "Algernon Clarence, isn't it?"

"Not Algernon Clarence. My name's Charlie."

"My mistake. And what's the big idea? Do you want to dance with me again?"

He did. So we went to it. Mine not to reason why, mine but to do and die, as the poem says. If an elephant had blown into Geisenheimer's and asked me to dance I'd have had to do it. And I'm not saying that Mr. Ferris wasn't the next thing to it. He was one of those earnest, persevering dancers—the kind that have taken twelve correspondence lessons.

I guess I was about due that night to meet someone from the country. There still come days in the spring when the country seems to get a strangle-hold on me and to start in pulling. I got up in the morning and looked out of the window, and the breeze just wrapped me round and began whispering about pigs and chickens. And when I went out on the Avenue, there seemed to be flowers everywhere. I headed for the Park, and there was the grass all green and the trees coming out, and a sort of something in the air. Why, if there hadn't been a big cop keeping an eye on me I'd have flung myself down and bitten chunks out of the turf.

And the first tune they played when I got to Geisenheimer's was the one that runs something like this:

I want to go back, I want to go back
To the place where I was born,
Far away from harm
With a milk-pail on my arm.

Why, Charlie from Squeedunk's entrance couldn't have been better worked up if he'd been a star in a Broadway show. The stage was just waiting for him.

But somebody's always taking the joy out of life. I ought to have remembered that the most metropolitan thing in the metropolis is a rube who's putting in a week there. We weren't thinking on the same plane, Charlie and me. I wanted to talk about last season's crops—the subject he fancied was this season's chorus girls. I wanted to hear what the village patriarch said to the local constable about the hens—he wanted to hear what Georgie Cohan said to Willie Collier about the Lambs. Our souls didn't touch by a mile and a half. Not that he cared.

"This is the life!" he said.

There's always a point where this sort of man says that.

"I suppose you come here quite a lot."

"Pretty often," I said.

I didn't tell him that I came there every night, and that I came because I was paid for it. If you're a professional dancer at Geisenheimer's you aren't supposed to advertise the fact. The management has an idea that, if you did, it might send the public away thinking too hard when they had seen you win the Great Contest for the Lovely Silver Cup, which they offer later in the evening. And I guess they're right, at that. That lovely silver cup's a joke. I win it on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and Mabel Francis wins it on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. It's all perfectly fair and square, of course. It's purely a matter of merit who wins the lovely cup. Anybody could walk right into Geisenheimer's and get it. Only somehow they don't. And the coincidence that Mabel and I always happen to gather it in has kind of got on the management's nerves, and they don't like us to tell people we're employed at the restaurant. They prefer us to blush unseen.

"It's a great place," said Mr. Ferris, "and New York's a great place. I'd like to live all the time in New York."

"The loss is ours. Why don't you?"

"Some city! But dad's dead now, and I've got the drug store, you know."

He spoke as if I ought to remember reading about it in the papers.

"And I'm making good with it, what's more. I've got push and ideas. I'm doing fine. Say, I got married since I saw you last."

"You did, did you!" I said. "Then what are you doing, may I ask, cutting up on Broadway like a gay bachelor? I suppose you have left Friend Wife at Bodville Center, singing 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?'"

"Not Bodville Center; Ashley, Maine. That's where I live. My wife comes from Rodney. Pardon me, I'm afraid I stepped on your foot."

"My fault. I lost step. Well, aren't you ashamed even to think of your wife, when you've left her all alone out there, while you come whooping it up in New York? Haven't you any conscience?"

"But I haven't left her. She's here."

"In New York?"

"In this restaurant. She's up there."

I looked up at the balcony. There was a face hanging over the red-plush rail. I had noticed it before when we were dancing round. I had wondered why she was looking so sorry for herself. Now I began to see.

"Why aren't you dancing with her and giving her a good time, then?" I said.

"Oh, she's having a good time."

"She doesn't look it. She looks as if she would like to be down here dancing."

"She doesn't dance much."

"Don't you have dances at Ashley?"

"It's different at home. She dances well enough for Ashley, but—well, this isn't Ashley."

"I see. But you're not like that."

He gave a kind of smirk.

"Oh, I've been in New York before."

I could have slapped his wrist, the sawed-off little rube! He made me mad. He was ashamed to dance in public with his wife, didn't think her good enough for him. So he had dumped her in a chair, fed her a lemonade, and then sashayed off to give himself a tall time. They could have had me pinched for what I was thinking just then.

The band started again.

"This is the life," said Mr. Ferris. "Come along!"

"Let somebody else do it," I said. "I'm tired. I'll introduce you to some friends of mine."

So I took him off, and wished him on to some girls I knew at one of the tables.

"Shake hands with my friend Vernon Castle," I said. "He wants to show you the latest steps. He does most of them on your feet."

"This is the life!" said Charlie.

And I left him and headed for the balcony.

She was leaning with her elbows on the red plush, looking down at the dancing-floor. They had just started another tune, and hubby was moving round with one of the girls I'd introduced him to.

She didn't have to prove to me that she came from the country. I knew it. She was a little bit of a thing, old-fashioned looking. She was dressed in gray, with white muslin collar and cuffs, and her hair done simple under a black hat.

I kind of hovered for a while. As a general thing I'm more or less there with the nerve, but somehow I sort of hesitated to butt in. I guess it was because she looked so sorry for herself. Then I took a brace on myself and made for the vacant chair.

"I'll sit here, if you don't mind," I said.

I could see she was wondering who I was and what right I had horning in, but wasn't certain whether it might not be Broadway etiquette for strangers to come and sit down and start chatting.

"I've just been dancing with your husband," I said to ease things along.

"I saw you."

She gave me a look with her big brown eyes, and it was only the thought that the management might not like it that prevented me picking up something large and heavy and dropping it over the rail on to hubby. That was how I felt about Mr. Ferris just then. The poor kid was doing everything with those eyes except cry, and it didn't look

"Say, Who Do You Think You Are, Getting Fresh That Way?"

as if she could keep off that for long. She looked like a dog that's been kicked and can't understand why.

She looked away and began to fiddle with the string of the electric light. There was a hatpin on the table. She picked it up and dug at the red plush.

"Ah, come on, sis," I said, "tell me all about it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Quit your kidding. You can't fool me. Tell me your troubles."

"I don't know you."

"You don't have to know a person to tell her your troubles. I sometimes tell mine to the cat that camps out on the wall opposite my room. What did you want to leave the country for, with the summer just coming on?"

She didn't answer, but I could see it coming, so I sat still and waited. And presently she seemed to make up her mind that, even if it was no business of mine, it would be a relief to talk about it.

"We're on our honeymoon. Charlie wanted to come to New York. I didn't want to, but he was set on it. He has been here before."

"So he told me."

"He's crazy about New York."

"But you're not?"

"I hate it."

"What's your kick?"

She dug away at the red plush with the hatpin, picking out little bits and dropping them over the edge. I could see she was bracing herself to put me wise to the whole trouble. There's a time comes, when things aren't going right and you've had all you can stand, when you've got to tell somebody about it, no matter who it is.

"I hate New York," she said, getting it out with a rush at last. "I'm scared of it. It—it isn't fair, Charlie bringing me here. I didn't want to come. I knew what would happen. I felt it all along."

"What do you reckon will happen, then?"

She must have picked away an inch of the red plush before she answered. It was lucky that Jimmy, the balcony waiter, didn't see her. It would have broken his heart. He's as proud of that red plush as if he had paid for it himself.

"When I first went to Rodney," she said, "two years ago—we moved there from Illinois—and began to get to know people, I found there was a man there named Tyson, Jack Tyson, who lived all alone and didn't seem to want to know anybody. I couldn't understand it, till someone told me all about him. I can understand it now. Jack Tyson married a Rodney girl, and they came to the city for their honeymoon, just like us. And when they got there I guess she got to comparing him with the fellows she saw and comparing the city with Rodney, and when she got home she just couldn't settle down."

"Well?"

"After they had been back in Rodney for a little while she ran away—back to the city, I guess."

"And he got a divorce, I suppose?"

"No."

"He didn't?"

"He still thinks she may come back to him."

"Still thinks she may come back? After three years?"

"Yes. He keeps her things just the same as she left them—everything the same as when she went away."

"But isn't he sore at her for what she did? If I was a man and a girl treated me that way I'd be apt to swing on her, if she tried to show up again."

"He wouldn't. Nor would I, if—if anything like that happened to me. I'd wait and wait, and go on hoping all the time. And I'd go down to the depot every afternoon to meet the train, just like Jack Tyson."

Something splashed on the tablecloth. It made me jump.

"For the love of Mike!" I said. "What's the trouble? Brace up! I know it's a sad story, but it's not your funeral."

"It is. It is. The same thing's going to happen to me."

"Take a hold on yourself. Don't cry like that!"

"I can't help it. Oh, I knew it would happen. It's happening right now. Look—look at him!"

I glanced over the rail, and I saw what she meant. There was her Charlie, cutting up all over the floor as if he had just discovered that he hadn't lived till then. I saw him say something to the girl he was dancing with. I wasn't near enough to hear him, but I bet it was "This is the life!" If I had been his wife and in the same position as this kid, I guess I'd have felt as bad as she did, for if ever a man exhibited all the symptoms of incurable Newyorkitis, it was this Charlie Ferris.

"I'm not like these New York girls," she choked. "I'm not smart. I don't want to be. I just want to live at home and be quiet and happy. I knew it would happen if we came to the city. He looks down on me. He doesn't think me good enough for him."

"Stop it! Pull yourself together!"

"And I do love him so."

Goodness knows what I should have said if I could have thought of anything to say. Seeing someone really up against it simply makes a dummy of me, as if somebody had turned off my ideas with a tap. But just then the music stopped, and somebody on the floor below began to speak.

"Ladeez 'n' gemmen! There will now take place our great num-bah contest. This gen-u-ine sporting contest. . . ."

It was Izzy Baermann, doing his nightly spiel, introducing the lovely

There Wasn't a Doubt Which of Us Two Couples Was the One the Customers Wanted to See Pull Down That Love-r-ly Silver Cup

silver cup; and it meant that, for me, duty called. From where I was sitting I could see Izzy looking anxiously about the room, and I knew that he was looking for me. It's the management's nightmare that one of these evenings Mabel or I won't show up and some stranger will get away with the lovely cup. It doesn't cost above ten dollars, that cup, but they would hate to have it go out of the family.

"Sorry I've got to go," I said. "I have to be in this."

And then suddenly I had the great idea. It came to me like a flash. I looked at her, and I looked over the rail at Charlie, the Debonair Pride of Ashley, and I knew that this was where I got a cinch on my place in the Hall of Fame, along with the great thinkers of the age.

I took her by the shoulder and shook her—shook her good.

"Come on!" I said. "Stop crying and powder your nose, and get a move on. You're going to dance this."

She looked up at me as if I had suggested that she should jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.

"But I couldn't!"

"You're going to!"

"But Charlie doesn't want to dance with me."

"It may have escaped your notice, but your Charlie is not the only man here. I'm going to dance with Charlie myself, and I'll introduce you to someone who can go through the movements. Listen!"

"The lady of each competing couple"—this was Izzy, getting it off his diaphragm—"will receive a ticket containing a num-bah. The dance will then proceed, and the num-bahs will be eliminated one by one, those called out by the judge kindly returning to their seats as their num-bah is called. The num-bah finally remaining is the winning num-bah. This contest is a genuine sporting contest decided purely by the skill of the holders of the various num-bahs, as judged upon by the competent judge appointed by the management." Izzy stopped blushing at the age of six. "Will ladies now kindly step forward and receive their num-bahs? The winner, the holder of the num-bah left on the floor when the other num-bahs have been eliminated"—I could see Izzy getting more and more uneasy, wondering where on earth I'd got to—"will receive this love-r-ly silver cup, presented by the management. Ladies will now kindly step forward and receive their num-bahs!"

I turned to the kid.

"There," I said, "wouldn't you like to win a love-r-ly silver cup?"

"But I couldn't."

"You never know your luck."

"But it isn't luck. Didn't you hear him say? It's a contest decided purely by skill."

"Well, try your skill then. For the love of Mike," I said, "show a little pep. Exhibit some ginger. You aren't a quitter, are you? Aren't you ready to stir a finger to keep your Charlie? I thought you had more sand. Suppose you win, think what it will mean. He will look up to you for the rest of your life. When he starts yawping about New York all you will have to say is 'New York? Ah, yes, that was the town where I won the love-r-ly silver cup, was it not?' And he'll drop as if you had hit him behind the ear with a sand-bag. Can't you see that this is your chance to get the ball and chain on him for the term of his natural life? Pull yourself together and try!"

Well, the girl had sand, after all. I saw those brown eyes of hers flash.

"I'll try," she said after a second.

"Good for you! Now get those tears dried off and fix yourself up, and I'll go down and get the tickets."

Izzy was mighty relieved when I bore down on him.

"Gee!" he said. "You got my goat! I thought you was sick or something. Here's your ticket!"

"I want two, Izzy. One's for a friend of mine. And say, Izzy, I'd take it as a personal favor if you could square the competent judge appointed by the management to let her stop on the floor as one of the last two couples. There's a reason. She's a kid from the country, and she wants to make a hit."

"Sure," said Izzy, "that'll be all right. Here are the tickets." He lowered his voice. "Yours is thirty-six, hers is ten. Don't forget and go mixing them up!"

I went back to the balcony. On the way I got hold of Charlie.

"We're dancing this together," I said.

He grinned all across his face. I could hear him saying to himself: "Am I a hit? I guess not!"

I found Mrs. Charlie looking as if she had never shed a tear in her life. She certainly had pluck, that kid. Her eyes were shining, and she was bursting to get action.

"Come along!" I said. "Stick to your ticket like glue and watch your step!"

I guess you have seen these sporting contests at Geisenheimer's. Or, if you haven't seen them at Geisenheimer's, you've probably seen them some place else. They're all the same.

When we began the floor was crowded so that there was hardly standing room. Don't tell me there aren't any optimists nowadays! Why, everyone was looking as if they were the guys who had put the trot in fox-trot and was wondering whether to have the cup in the parlor or the bedroom. You never saw such a happy, hopeful crowd in your life.

Presently Izzy gave tongue. The management expects him to pull some comedy stuff on these occasions, so he did his best.

"Num-bahs seven, eleven, and twenty-one will kindly rejoin their sorrowing friends."

That gave us a little more elbowroom, and the band started again. *(Continued on Page 41)*

GIDDY GIRL

By LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"I'll Bet You Can't Even Trim Your Own Hat! And, as for Making Ends Meet in Zamboanga ——"

I CERTAINLY was red-eyed and staggering blind from nerve fag and muscle fag, that day when Giddy Girl broke in on Zamboanga. Early morning, and I was nailing up a sheet of corrugated iron that a flippant young typhoon of the night before had ripped off the south wall of my Official Residence. With every thump of my hammer I yapped at my Moro boy, Mississippi, who was holding the sheet in position. Oh! But maybe I didn't have a ripe grouch! I was twenty-nine days behind on my sleeping schedule and sore at the whole southwestern quarter of the Pacific Ocean, especially Sibuku Bay.

Twenty-nine days ago young Billy Sayres, our new operator, had trotted down from his wireless station with a dispatch from Headquarters saying that some nice natives had carried off the heads of two Methodist missionaries as souvenirs into a *nipa* swamp near Sibuku Bay; and there seemed to be a little insurrection stewing away up there, under the guidance of one Señor de Laguna, professional reformer of Mindanao and intimate of Señora Fulu-Yan, lady diplomat, of whom you shall hear later. Being confidential agent of Uncle Sam in this particular annex of hell, I cranked up my launch motor, loaded up with quinine and faithful Moros, tumbled a box of cartridges aboard, and was off—yes, clean off!

Twenty-nine steaming days I splashed up brook beds through Sibuku jungle, eating dog stew with the *panditas* I was interviewing. Twenty-nine parboiling nights I bluffed at sleeping on rush platforms in the treetops, while four billion frogs shrieked an Anvil Chorus beneath me. Twenty-nine days and nights I listened to the lies of snake-brained datos; then turned prow back Zamboanga way, bearing with me nothing but thirteen spider bites, a twisted ankle, a head whirling with fag and fever, and an enormous grouch.

I hadn't nabbed Señor de Laguna; for he had all the while been sipping rock and rye under the cool portico of Señora Fulu-Yan's boarding house in Zamboanga, whereof you shall also hear more soon. Nor had I trailed that ripe old troubler, Hi-Yet-Sen, opium peddler, whom I had suspected of causing the missionaries to lose their heads. I hadn't even gotten a good sniff at the alleged insurrection.

So, brimming mad, I tumbled from the Zamboanga Dock to my Official Residence on the fringe of the Moro quarter; and I fell, face side down, on a dirty rug, cursing Billy Sayres for bringing that dispatch and Headquarters for sending it, and James Higgins for heeding it. I faded away in a stupor of fatigue; and two hours later—boom-sizz!—that toy typhoon whooped up and ripped off one side of the house and dropped fifteen tons of the Pacific Ocean on me. Next the ninety-mile wind got a toe hold on all my goods and chattels. It skittishly lifted two chairs and thumped them down on me, and whisked all the papers out of my desk. Oh, it's great sport uplifting the Philippines!

Eight in the morning, and I'd been two hours rubbing my sticky eyes with one hand and swinging my hammer with the other at that dislocated sheet iron. I had sent the corner nails home and had stopped wincing at the infernal rattle and clatter of the job, when down the white road from the Wireless Station came Billy Sayres at a dogtrot, his gleaming cotton pants fluttering in the soft winds of afterdawn.

"Say, Higgins!" he sang out, and extended a sheet of paper. "Here's a message for you."

"Get out of here, you black louse!" I snarled and turned my back on him.

Now on sober reflection I must admit that this description was inaccurate. Billy was black, heaven knows; but it was the black of the sun and not the black of Africa. Billy was not a louse; he was two years out of Cornell Engineering School and God's Country, a crackajack Yankee wireless operator, and catching on to the Mindanao game beautifully.

Billy's got the right idea about this Uplift Business. He knocks round with the natives, picking up local color on his skin and on the tip of his tongue. He chatters Malay and Zamboangese Spanish glibly—thanks to me teaching him every afternoon; and he's headed straight for a swivel chair and a mahogany desk in a cool office of the Provincial Capitol—take it from James Higgins, who knows ins and outs hereabout! No; he's not a black louse.

"I'd like to stop and argue that question." Billy grinned and jammed the dispatch into my hand. "But this is my busy day."

"I am expecting no dispatch from anywhere!" I yelled. "And if anybody calls me up via the sky tell him I'm still up at Sibuku Bay, feeding spiders."

"Sorry! But I took this message first over to the Capitol," Billy protested amiably, "and they said it couldn't be for anybody over there; so it must be for you. And the Governor asks me to tell you that you'd better look after the lady."

"The lady? What in ——" I choked; and, sticking the paper under my puffy eyes, I read as follows:

U. S. CONSUL, Zamboanga: Arrive to-day on S. S. Virginius. Reserve five best rooms in hotel for one week. Fumigate them this morning—sure! Fix up a dark room for developing. Also engage seven-passenger touring car for week and good chauffeur to take us around island. Meet us at dock and arrange with porters for handling our luggage.—FLORENCE ADAMS.

"Mr. Sayres"—I hung my hammer by its claw on the top rung of the bamboo ladder, which is the main entrance to my Official Residence, and I wheeled on the youth—"I demand an apology! This is a cheap joke ——"

"Mr. Higgins," came the reply, "this is no joke. The Virginius is a swell New York yacht. A classy tourist agent is taking a select party of swells round the world in it on a two-year cruise. I know the message came from the boat, because it came through under the registered code name and code call of the Virginius. And I know there's a Florence Adams on board. Remember those two dozen tubes of tooth paste I bought off the first mate of the Palawan mail boat, who got them from his aunt in the States for Christmas, and couldn't use them because he chewed betel nut with too much quicklime, and didn't have any teeth left above the gum line? Well, those tubes came to me wrapped up in an old New York Sunday paper. And there was a whole column on the Society Page about the Virginius' cruise, and a list of Those Present. I've got that paper yet, and at the top of the list I'll show you the name of Florence Adams."

"Get out of here, you black louse!" I shrieked at him. "I'll have nothing to do with that female."

"Now don't be a naughty boy!" Billy patted my arm. "The Governor says it's up to you to put on that sample shirt the Manila drummer left behind in your house last winter, and take a semi-annual shave, and get the Malay out of your manners, and prepare an address of Welcome-to-Our-Archipelago to this Florence Adams lady. Gov's got a hunch that she's Some Punkins. He says she must be, for only a very punkiny Punkin would have the nerve to send a message like this. He doesn't know her, but he thinks she's probably the sister of a U. S. Senator, or maybe higher—maybe of a lawyer of U. S. Steel. You've got to give her a nice time."

Right then and there I detonated. I hurled my hammer against the house wall. I kicked Mississippi between the round steak and the spareribs; and, as he ran ki-yi-ing under the house, I threw a box of nails after him. Next I got a firm grip in the long black hair of Billy Sayres and howled:

"Oh, you low-down pack of little kotowers! You think I ought to run erranda for this fossil of fashion, do you? Think she's Some Punkins, eh? Well, maybe she is; but, on top of being it, she's a silly fool in skirts. Observe, my son, that she addresses her wireless to the U. S. Consul here. What does that prove?"

"She thinks Zamboanga is a foreign country," confessed Billy with a chuckle. "Whereas it's U. S. A. just as surely as Decatur and Kalamazoo are; and it's got as many U. S. consuls as they have."

"Also," I raged along, "she wants to motor round Mindanao in a week."

"Which indicates to any sagacious citizen," said Billy, "that she doesn't know Mindanao's rim measures up to fifteen thousand miles or more, mostly coral reef, *nipa* swamp and jungle. In that, she's not much foolisher than most folks back in God's Country."

"Worse luck for all of us!" I growled. "But I can stand that sort of foolishness—it's funny, that's all, so long as it's in a woman. What I can't stand, though, is the impudence of this pampered and spoiled overmoneyed female. Damn me if I'll toddle round doing odd jobs for her!"

"Hold on, grouch!" Billy whooped. "How do you know she's pampered and spoiled, anyhow?"

"You little fool! It's written in two-foot letters all over this message!" I shook the paper at him. "Let me read it to you! What she says is this: You Uncle Sammers in Zamboanga had better for a week quit chasing Malay murderers and repairing your houses, and generally improving the health and morals of the Philippines. I want you to step lively and look after my luggage and clean up some rooms at the hotel for me."

"Oh, no," Billy put in kind-heartedly. "I don't think she meant it that way. She didn't know anybody here; so she took a long shot and wired the Government."

"You're a nice, simple little candy-sucking child!" I sneered at him. "After you've been out here in the Uttermost U. S. A. fourteen years, as I have, Billy, you'll get wise. I've seen her kind before. She's one of the Idle Rich. She's used to having things her way. She thinks the U. S. Government is run to give her and her swell friends a jolly time. She's got the notion that Uncle Sam's consular service is a string of summer resorts round the world. Whenever she wants a pitcher of ice water she rings up the secretary of state and tells him to hustle a consul general up to her room with the goods. Oh, it makes me sick! Do I look like a janitor? Do I size up like a bell hop?"

"No, Mr. Higgins," Billy squinted at me solemnly; "you look more like a First Lord of the Repair Gang to

"Caroline, Try Your Spanish on the Poor Things—and Slowly!"

His Majesty the Sultan of Sulu. And now, for the last time, I ask you: Are you or are you not going to obey the Gov and fix things up nicely for this Flossie Adams creature?"

"I am not—so help me God and the three demons of the jungle, to whom the Bigobos pray!" I resumed my hammering. "No overfed, overdressed, soft and helpless Fifth Avenue dame is going to interfere with the March of Empire or this here corrugated ironing job. I'm willing to slave for Civilization and even get thirteen spider bites under my shirt in the cause of Justice; but you can slice me up alive, Mr. Sayres, before I'll do chores for this frilly-foolish Florence Adams of New York society! Roast me on a spit if I'll coddle her or anybody else! I'm for the old-fashioned Yankee life—everybody shifting for himself and nobody being anybody else's bodyservant. If she wants formaldehyde sprayed in her bedroom she can work the atomizer herself—as any real American would do."

"The Gov will be sore at you for this," Billy declared timidly.

"It'll do him good," I snapped. "The sorer he gets, the better he'll know how my thirteen spider bites feel. Now toddle back to your wireless, child. And when you knock off this afternoon drop down here for a lesson in Malay and a taste of *lapu-lapu* that Mississippi is going to fry for the three of us. I've got a ladies' magazine that the chief gunner on the British cruiser Tarantula gave me when they shot through Basilan Strait last month. It's got some fashion plates in it that'll make your eyes pop out. Honest, Bill, I don't know what's come over American women. They're all degenerating."

But Billy had scampered off up the hill, his half-bare legs shuttling and his long, straight Malayish hair flapping in the breeze that blew soft off the amethyst waves of Basilan. The youngster never did like to hear me cut loose on the subject of God's Country. His hide was the hue of prime Sumatra wrapper, Billy's was; and he pitted his squadron of Javan gamecocks against the birds of the datos every evening, regular as sundown; and he swam Basilan Strait with the Moro boys like the first cousin of a shark. But, for all that, he was 99% pure Dayton-Ohioese, with accent on the Dayton; and he ruffled up like his own roosters whenever I yapped at the ladies of God's Country. Regular kid, eh?

Five o'clock, and down came pattering pretty brown Billy. Out in front of my Official Residence, Mississippi was scooping out a stove in the loose sand, to cook the wonderful *lapu-lapu*, while I dragged the wireless youth indoors to help me slick up the place and make coffee. It's a nuisance keeping up a large establishment like mine, and it's undemocratic, besides, to live so swell; but, as the Governor says, the confidential agent of Uncle Sam has got to impress the natives first and teach them democracy afterward. That's why I inhabit a two-room mansion which, as Billy remarks, combines the magnificence of an Early Gothic woodshed with the sterling sturdiness of an Art Nouveau mail-order garage.

Four feet clear of Mindanao it stands, on real cement posts. The floor's the loveliest thing in Zamboanga, barring only the Capitol's—solid bamboo overlaid with three styles of linoleum and a sample patch of Brussels carpet that I had to soak in creosote to discourage it from growing Brussels sprouts. My roof is half asphalt shingles and half tar paper, held down with poultry wire drawn taut and nailed to the outside walls, to humiliate the typhoons. In the living room, as you enter, is the finest art gallery between Borneo and the Aleutian Islands—four hundred half-tones of Prominent Americans cut from the magazines of the previous year. And behind the living room is the cuisine, containing the only genuine gasoline toaster south of Luzón. Oh, it's some architecture—believe me!

Well, having swabbed up what was left of the typhoon puddle and muss, Billy and I squatted on a mat in front of the door and looked out at a wonderful peacock-tail sky of early sundown, watching a rusty lopsided tramp freighter and a long white yacht slip into port. I had had a nap and was feeling a degree less fiendish; so I fell to reciting some of those mysterious *pantuns*, or riddle rimes, which the Malays love to invent. That fool dispatch of the morning set me to thinking of the *pantun* that begins this way:

Apa guna pasang palita.

"Now translate that, son," I ordered Billy. And he did so:

"What is the use of lighting a lamp
If it be without a wick?
What is the use of playing with the eyes
If you be not in earnest?"

"That's a double slam at women," I expounded gravely as my gaze followed the glorious yacht swinging up to her pier. "It's a swat at their flirting and a sideswipe at their futility, my boy. Lots of 'em are lamps without wicks. No earnestness! Useless as rotten eggs! They can't do anything, either for themselves or for anybody else. And the worst of all are these rich Yankee women. If they had to get out and hustle for their bread and butter they'd starve to death. By hooky, Bill, but I'd like to see that powdered old dowager, fat-and-forty Flossie Adams, stranded on a desert island—say, down round Tawi-Tawi! I got a picture of the old slob, blubbering for her maid to hurry up with supper! Wouldn't forty days' fast take some of the wicked fat off her bones? And wouldn't Tawi-Tawi sun sweat some of the impudence out of her soul?"

"You're too rough on that woman, Higgins!" The youth wagged his wise head. "I—well, on the level, I think I ought to run down to the hotel and get those five rooms for her. It's really no trouble, you know."

"You come out in the kitchen and work the coffee mill," I shot back. "I know what'll happen if you fall into the hands of a diamond-trimmed matron with a camera and the latest Broadway slang. She'll twiddle a million dollars of finger rings under your nose and invite you to a dance on the boat, and take your picture; and then—good-by, nice little wireless man, for a week! She'll wheedle you into chasing butterflies back jungle way. She'll make you take her bunch of painted gigglers out fishing in a proa; and you'll skin your ten fingers hauling in fighting *barracuda* and *tanguingui* for them. You'll break three tarpon rods and lose five hundred yards of line, for which you'll pay, naturally not liking to ask the ladies to do so."

"Say! Lead me to that coffee mill!" Billy whispered with a pallid smirk.

Which same I did. And after he had ground the pure Java to dust I set him to work spreading a tablecloth on the floor near the main entrance. We were lighting up two whacking big *Gigantes*—you know, the family-size cigars that we of the Philippines smoke on the installment plan and keep on a shelf beside the front door between installments—when I heard out of doors a rustling and a murmur of several strange voices.

"Who is that?" I sang out—sharply, for I disapprove of natives snooping round Uncle Sam's premises; sometimes it's a crazy head-hunter from the interior, after James Higgins' dome—and James Higgins needs that dome in his business.

The noise hushed suddenly; and as I strode toward the door there appeared on its threshold a Head-and-Shoulders that brought a gasp from me. A snowy Panama hat, wide-brimmed and set about with a garish crimson ribbon of voluptuous satin, sat cutely cocked on the Head. And from underneath the rim there peeked a face that carried me, on a magic carpet, back to my mother's garden on a New Hampshire hillside. Hollyhocks and peonies! Sunflowers and saucy asters! I heard again the robins in the ragged lilac hedges and smelled the New England rain dripping through the honeysuckle on the white clapboarded south wall.

Then and there poor old James Higgins had an awful twinge of God's-Country colic, otherwise known as homesickness; but it didn't last. I don't allow it to, in my business. I winked hard; and all of a sudden I was back in Zamboanga, watching two violet eyes study me and Billy through a veil of gloriously long black lashes, and hearing a honey-sweet voice cry:

"Oh, Caroline! Look quick! Here are two real savages getting ready to eat a savage meal! Hand me the camera—fast!"

Promptly came up a panicky young woman in a maid's plain black and white dress and put into the Vision's hands a queer big camera, with a crank on one side like a hand organ.

"*Bulumata bisai!*" Billy muttered—"What beautiful eyelashes! *Parasna elok bukan kapalang*"—which is to say: "Her beauty is of no ordinary kind."

"*Kuching batina bod-o,*" I snarled—"She's a silly cat!" And then, always in Malay: "Call me a Malay, will she? Drat her impudence! Say, son, what sort of infernal machine is that?" And I pointed to the camera, over which the Vision was fussing hurriedly as she aimed it at me.

"It's a moving-picture camera," Billy explained in the same tongue. "It's a fad among the rich back in the States."

"Caroline," cooed the Vision, "try your Spanish on the poor things—and slowly! Their simple minds can't follow fast talk."

The maid turned a white, frightened face toward me and sputtered higgledy-piggledy Spanish, to this effect:

"The lady wants you two Moro gentlemen to come outside, with spears, and pretend to fight. She's going to take your pictures."

The Vision under the Panama nodded brightly as this appalling speech bumped forth; and at the end of it she opened a dazzling gold-meshed purse, and—so help me Moses!—didn't she flip a silver dollar at my face!

That bowled Billy Sayres over. While I sputtered he squirmed on his wide, walnut back and gurgled like an idiot drowning in a tank of laughing gas. As for me, I snatched at that accursed bribe and, with a long howl, hurled it through the open door over the Vision's hat, in the direction of British North Borneo.

The maid screamed and fled; but the Vision propped her smooth, tanned elbows on my bamboo threshold and contemplated me as though I were a strange new specimen of orang-utan.

"How queer!" she sang out calmly. "He doesn't know what money is!"

"And 'twould be a lot better for you if you didn't, miss!" I roared. "You'd not come nosing round a gentleman's house, poking a camera at him and calling him a savage!"

"Oh!" She turned the color of one of those old-fashioned deep-red peonies in my mother's garden. "You talk English! I—didn't mean to offend you. I thought, of course ——"

"All right, then." I calmed down; and I went back to setting the knives and forks and plates out for our *lapu-lapu* supper. "Now if you'll kindly step aside from the main entrance my cook will bring in our eatings."

"One minute!" said the Vision. "Can you tell me whereabout an American gentleman named James Higgins lives?

"Here's Where I Smash Etiquette and a Perfectly Good Front Door!"

They told me on the dock that I'd find him down this road, near the edge of the Moro quarter."

"Higgins? Higgins?" I babbled, and stared at her in a nice muddle of mind. "Seems to me I've heard of him. What might you be wanting of him, miss?"

"That," she retorted firmly, "is none of your business."

"Thanks be, it isn't!" I smiled. "But I thought it might put me wise to knowing where he might be and who ——"

"Well," she explained sweetly, "he's the man who was supposed to meet us at the dock and look after our trunks and show us up to our hotel and fix the rooms and get a motor."

"Good Lord!" Billy Sayres suddenly sat up on the floor and whistled like a tugboat in distress. "Good Lordie-Lord! It's Florence Adams!"

"Then you must be Higgins!" The Vision turned an angry gaze on the loose-tongued young chump. "Why didn't you come and help us? I told you the Virginius would dock this afternoon."

"W-w-why!" sputtered Billy; and I saw with joy that his psychic carburetor was flooded. "It wasn't—I wasn't supposed to go down there."

"Yes, you were!" Florence Adams' cheeks blazed. "The lieutenant told me so—the one we ran into on the dock ten minutes ago. He said the Governor or somebody had told you to look after us."

"See here, Miss Adams," Billy cried nervously, "I'm not Higgins. That's the man you're after—right in front of you." And the contemptible traitor pointed at me.

"But you ——" The girl studied me hard and compressed her lips. "You said you weren't."

"I didn't," I sauced back.

"You said that what I wanted of you was none of your business," she corrected herself.

"And it isn't!" I declared. "Uncle Sam sent me down here to coddle the little brown Moros and coax 'em along the upward path. He didn't send me to Mindanao to run errands for helpless lady tourists." And, with that said, I yelled to Mississippi to hurry up with my *lapu-lapu* or I'd slit his nose.

At first the girl reddened furiously and bit her pretty lip. Then, somehow, she spied Billy Sayres, and Billy must have been grinning; for she smiled and said to him:

"Isn't he a funny old bear? Do you let him run loose without a muzzle?"

"He's tired—that's all," Billy explained confidentially.

"Tired?" I broke in. "You bet I'm tired! I'm tired of seeing people who can't take care of themselves. I'm weary of hearing them beg somebody to button their shoes for them, and feed them with a spoon, and put them on to the right street car, and steer them to their hotel, as though they were poor souses out on a stew. They're all spoiled children, and there ought to be a Government Spankery for 'em all. Too much money! Too much good time! And too little to do! That's what's the matter with them, young lady. Now in my day, back home, young people weren't coddled. Look at me! I had to get up at six o'clock every winter morning and chop kindling wood and build fires for ma. My sister had to darn her own stockings and make her own bed and fix up her own spring hat. That was healthy living, young woman; and it would do you good to have a taste of it. If you did you wouldn't be asking Uncle Sam's officials to hustle your trunks and meet you at docks."

"Do you really imagine that I'd hustle my own trunks?" Florence Adams gasped; and she leaned forward as though to examine me like a freak of Nature. "What's the use of having money if it can't save you hard work? I'm willing to pay as I go. I'm not asking favors of anybody, Mr. Higgins. See here!" Again she opened that gold-meshed purse. "What's your charge for arranging a nice motor trip for us round the island?"

As I glared at the creature I indistinctly heard that idiot, Sayres, choking down some ribald hilarity with both hands over his black face; which same ran my blood up well above the boiling point.

"My charge, Miss Adams," I said with a withering grin, "is one million dollars a minute. And all proceeds are devoted to the Society for the Uplift of Spoiled Children."

"Bowwow!" was Florence Adams' reply. "Now lie down, Bear! Here comes your keeper. It's feeding time."

It was Mississippi trotting up with the *lapu-lapu* that elicited that last insult. As the lad clambered up the ladder Miss Adams the Impudent ranged her wonderful violet eyes on helpless Billy and murmured plaintively:

"I wonder whether you would mind helping us out? We're three perfectly respectable women—Auntie May, Caroline and myself. For bank references, apply to the purser of the Virginius. Can you find us a nice motor?"

"With pleasure!" beamed Billy.

And down the ladder he scuttled, leaving me and Mississippi to devour that *lapu-lapu* by ourselves. As the patter and chatter of the party died out down the road, I threw the tail of the *lapu-lapu* into Mississippi's hair and whooped dolorously:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and maids decay."

Then, having finished the fish and wiped my chin with an elderly newspaper, I rose and meandered over to hold a confab with Meggs, the missionary.

Whenever I develop a grouch against any large section of the human race I always go to Meggs. Meggs is a lovely old chap with a bad case of heart-to-heart disease. He dotes on sneaking round to the shady side of his mission school with me and sitting down and discussing the Moth and Rust that are corrupting folks Back Home.

He was feeling specially game for a talkfest that night. He led me down to the beach, where we squatted under a blazing full moon, while he waved a bony and knobby paw toward the gleaming form of the Virginius, out at the pier's end, and wailed to me:

"Mr. Higgins, there's an awful streak of degeneration and decay setting in among the younger generation of God's Country! I tremble to think of the future."

"What's been biting you?" I grumped.

"While I was saying grace at supper"—Meggs deposited his sorrowful head chinwise on his platterlike left hand and made a mild tumult in the top of his throat, like an old hound dog with a bad cold—"two young ladies off that yacht sneaked into our chapel and made off with our only Book of Old Songs and the church choir's only cornet."

"The miserable thieves!" I howled. "I'll have 'em locked up for that."

"It's not exactly stealing," Meggs answered with gloom; "for they pinned a ten-dollar bill to the pulpit cover, and a note. It's the note that worries me."

"What's the bad news in it?" I asked.

"They said they needed the songbook to decide a bet over the words in the third stanza of Suwanee River. And they wanted the cornet because the player on the Virginius had dropped his overboard while frisking, and they couldn't dance nicely with a cornetless band. My dear friend, what can we do against such impiety and desecration of holy places?"

"Not much," I rasped; "but we can cut that crowd of giddy girls dead. We can refuse to extend to them the usual hospitalities of the American Colony in Zamboanga. And—believe me!—public sentiment here is a mighty mean critter to buck up against. If it's against you there's nothing for you to do but weigh anchor and sail for more congenial shores."

"Well said!" Meggs cackled, and rubbed his palms in fine moral glee. "This very night I'll drop in and see the church folks about it."

Well, we palavered away in a highly righteous vein until it got late; and then off meandered Meggs on the trail of public opinion, while I sauntered down to the dock to have a closer squint at the Virginius, and also to pick up gossip about the boat and its travelers.

Say! Maybe I didn't have my rusty old eyes pried open as I sidled up alongside that floating palace! What did I see? Under a web of saucy swaying Chinese lanterns on the after deck a lot of officers from Zamboanga garrison cavorting round with ladies, who were, as the dime novels used to say, locked in a deadly embrace.

As nearly as I could make out from the gyrations they were going through, the deck was crawling with peevish tarantulas, and the people were trying to dodge them without stopping the dance. Every once in a while, or maybe twice, a lady would almost step on a tarantula, and her partner would pick her up and swing her clear of the fatal jaws; after which the lady would drop her head on her partner's shoulder, limplike, and they'd make one wild leap clean over to the corner of the clear space, where the band was tooting away, ably assisted by the confiscated cornet of Meggs.

"Why don't the bo'sun flush the deck with a strong hose?" I asked the ship's surgeon of the Virginius, who was rolling a cigarette near me. "That'd get rid of the insects in a jiffy."

When I told him what I meant he roared, and said those gyrations were a newfangled dance.

"Brother," I came back as soon as I caught my breath, "I've known for a long time that the upper classes of our beloved country have been volplaning into voluptuousness and cutting aërial eights in the upper atmosphere of giddiness; but this outacreams all the red headlines in the Sunday Supplements. Now, just between you and me, give me the straight facts about this Virginius. The boat's a floating hospital, ain't she? Chartered by the Lunacy Commission, eh? For lunatics de luxe, I take it—the idea being that a change of scene is good for the poor things—yes?"

Well, that touched the doc off. After he had throttled down his giggle valve to a talking pace he proceeded to tell me that the Virginius was cram-jammed with Real Swells, mostly ladies from the choicest hand-picked old families of New York and Philadelphia.

"Well, if that Adams child is a specimen of hand-picking," I blurted, "I vote for doing the job by machinery hereafter." And I told him why.

"Yes; she's a real Spoiled Child," observed the doc with a solemn glance at the after deck, where we spied her flitting round, like a monstrous lovely white moth, in the sustaining arms of Billy Sayres. "Spoiled by money and a coddling aunt, and too much flattery from young men who lose their senses at the sight of those wonderful violet eyes of hers. The girl's twenty-two years old, with not a relative on earth except the aunt, who's along with her on this cruise. Back in New York town there's a foxy lawyer who is running her nine-hundred-thousand-dollar inheritance for her so cleverly that she's pulling better than a hundred thousand plunks a year. All she has to do for a living is to sign her name on the back of some yellow slips of paper once a month. She's brimming over with life too; so do you wonder that she's a giddy girl?"

"She's worse than giddy," I answered. "She's a useless, helpless little fool! Good Lord! Think of leaving a wad like that with a lawyer ten thousand miles away! There's business sense for you! She's working him the same way she tried to work me this afternoon."

"It'd do her good to have to hustle for herself," observed the doc.

"No, it wouldn't!" I snapped. "Nothing would do her good. She's giddy all the way through. She's a natural-born parasite. She thinks the world is one big gilt-edged Coney Island-Palm Beach built by God Almighty out of the ruins of chaos for the private and particular benefit of Miss Florence Adams. Look at her! Can't you see it in every pretty, brainless move of hers?"

We both turned our eyes toward the after deck of the Virginius; and in the same instant the Lord Almighty took over the job of stage manager with a vengeance. What did we see? We saw the giddy girl whirling round and round—still in Billy Sayres' arms; and we saw Billy sweep her clean off her feet every couple of turns. They were swooping nearer and nearer to the band, which was seated on the fantail at the stern. Two whirls and a swing; two more whirls and another swing—then they reached the end of the clear deck.

Florence Adams smiled into Billy's eyes, which boldly smiled back; and—swish!—the black young husky clutched her suddenly under the arms, spun her until her white skirt fluttered and cracked like a clean shirt on a clothesline in a gale, and her twinkling toes shot out on a level with the tooting mouth of the cornetist. Out shot the twinkling toes. She looked over her shoulder at them. She gave a little kick, like a swimmer—and the twinkling toes caught the cornet of Meggs, the missionary, squarely under the brassy mouth, and kicked it clean over the rail into fifty feet of dark water.

A scream of laughter went up from the dancers. I looked at the doc, and the doc looked at me.

And then the new stage manager sprang another and a bigger stunt—the sort of stunt He has a habit of springing down here in the Uttermost Parts; a stunt like the one He pulled a few years ago off the Sumatra coast when He rolled up a fifty-foot wall of blue water and hurled it across a hundred islands; a stunt like that other one of His when He ripped off the burning top of a mountain in Java and flung it full on fifty villages of merry, dancing, singing brown people; a stunt like the one He tries out once in a hundred years when, out of a clear summer sky and on a peaceful, all-too-happy crowd of human creatures, He spills a river of devastating rain driven by a hundred-mile typhoon that scythes down hut and palm like spring grass.

Those of us who have been long in these parts are used to that line of stage business. We don't get the kick and punch from it that we used to; yet once in a while it cuts loose with a new slant that makes us sit up and gasp. And that's what it did then and there on the after deck of the Virginius.

While a shrieking bunch of young fellows crowded round Giddy Girl to congratulate her, a man came running from the upper deck. In his hand he carried a paper; and, edging through the press of merrymakers, he went up to Giddy Girl and thrust it into her hand. She read it, and the smiles faded from her face. She passed it to Billy, who stared at it wildly. . . . The whole after deck was suddenly hushed.

"Now what the devil?" asked the surgeon, and he hurried aboard, leaving me alone on the dock.

In half a minute Billy came trotting down the gangplank, his face white. I grabbed him as he was about to lope past me.

"What's wrong?" I demanded.

"Let me go!" he panted. "I'm going up there—to the wireless station. Got to see whether this is straight. Can't be! Some blunder somewhere!"

He held out the sheet of paper. And what did I read on it?

FLORENCE ADAMS, on board S. S. Virginius: Last Thursday George Maxton, trustee your estate, committed suicide, New York. Find he had lost all trust funds in promoting worthless patents. You have only six hundred dollars left. Advise you to economize rigidly at once and return New York second class. Friends here promise to help you.—M. C. MARSTENS, Special Agent Probate Court.

Ten minutes later the Sibuku jungle fever and the thirteen spider bites got a strangle hold on me. I keeled over on the dock; and when next I opened my peepers for business I was on my back in my Official Residence, with the sun slanting hot and white across the floor near the front

door and Mississippi squatting in it. Five days had gone. My grouch had gone. And the Virginius had gone.

"Well," I said to Mississippi as I feebly munched a cracker, "that Giddy Girl has got hers all right, all right! I hope her auntie won't get tired of paying for her board and lodging. If the old lady does, Giddy Girl will get a harder knock than she deserves. I'll bet she squealed like a stuck pig when she realized what she was up against."

"You mean the beautiful lady with the big hat and picture engine?" Mississippi asked. "Yes? Well, Master Higgins, she don't squeal; but all other ladies on that boat squeal like army of pigs when she leave them."

"Eh? She left them?" I asked.

"Sure!" the Moro boy went on. "She won't go along. Say she is too considerable poor. Is going to stay in U. S. A. and save money. All ladies weep and beg otherwise. But Giddy Girl, you call her, shakes her head, and sells her clothes and pretty things."

"What?" I sat up stiff.

"Oh! I know all!" And Mississippi grinned. "Master Sayres, he can't go down to buy, 'cause he have to stay on job up in wireless station. So he sends me, with bunch of dollars. This Missus Giddy Girl drags seven trunks out on to the dock and pulls out—oh, such wonderful silk dresses and beneath-clothes, and hats and neck things! And she gets up on one trunk and holds up goods and says: 'How much am I offered for this wonderful blue pongee?'—or some words like that. I don't understand quite."

"Well, I'll be fricasseed!" was all I could say. "She auctioned off her stuff, eh? But what did you do with that bunch of dollars?"

"Me? Oh, I did trouble—nothing but trouble!" Mississippi shook his head woefully. "Master Sayres, he wanted me spend the whole bunch on anything Missus Giddy Girl sell. So I say how much every time she ask how much; and I keep going higher and higher until I say one hundred dollars for that lobely Panama hat with the red ribbon she was wearing when she come down here and bother you. Then begin trouble for poor Mississippi and Master Sayres!"

"How's that?"

"Well, Missus Giddy Girl, she look at me from astonish, and say: 'Hundred dollars? From a little nigger? Now you run along, boy, and stop that fooling!' So I say back at her: 'I not fooling, Missus Giddy Girl!' When I say that name she gets all white like color of fish meat, and some people with Missus Meggs, from the Mission, snicker quiet. And Missus Giddy Girl drops the hat and say to me in a most awful voice: 'Boy, you run away from here this minute! And if you call me names I'll have you arrested!'

"'Guess again, Missus Giddy Girl,' I reply my answer. 'Master Sayres send me here to blow this bunch of kale, he call it, and I mind him. And I am not calling names—I am speaking good manners. Your name's Missus Giddy Girl. 'Cause why do I know? 'Cause Master Higgins call you that, and he knows everything and sees right through you. He say so last night when he's talking in his fever. And Master Sayres say so also. I offer one hundred dollars for that hat for Master Sayres. And here's the kale.'"

"Huh!" said I. "What happened next, son?"

"Well"—Mississippi scratched his cranium thoughtfully—"Missus Giddy Girl tore the pretty hat in five pieces and throwed them into the water and cried very angry: 'I won't take charity from anybody—least of all from Zamboanga!' And then two soldiers from garrison chased me off the dock; and I went and told Master Sayres how I did my best, and Master Sayres kicked me out of his room. But for why, master?"

"Son, I move we lay that question on the table for a couple of years." I clambered to my unsteady feet and clapped a hat on my head. "Let's see! To-morrow morning's boat to Manila connects with the San Francisco boat up there, doesn't it?"

"Yes, master." Mississippi looked me over with a worried air. "You don't want to go away? You feel sick, maybe?"

"I'm all right, son!" I answered. "I'm merely going to help Missus Giddy Girl get back to God's Country. She can't look after herself. She's as helpless as a kitten, besides being as proud as a peacock. I'm going to have the captain of the home-bound liner give her a first-class cabin for a second-class fare. And I'm going to tip off some friends up in Manila to see that she's properly steered round up there. 'Tain't right to leave such a little beauty and bundle of foolishness toddling round alone in that Back Yard of Hades."

Mississippi nodded sagely as I crawled down the ladder and headed for Main Street.

"'By the way, son," I sang out, "do you know where she's putting up?"

"She's got the big back room at Señora Fulu-Yan's boarding house," Mississippi declared.

"In heaven's name!" I gasped. "No! No! That can't be! You're crazy!"

The Moro boy simply shrugged his brown shoulders and delivered a slow, impudent, worldly-wise wink in the direction of the South Pole.

Señora Fulu-Yan means nothing to you; but to every old-timer on the fringe of Sulu Sea the lady means everything that gives James Higgins nightmare, and Meggs, the missionary, an excuse for holding down his uplift job. Señora Fulu-Yan is the Joan of Arc of the Jolo pirates. She is the Venus of Malaysia. She is the Diana of the head-hunters.

She is, in short, the half-white, quarter-brown, quarter-yellow lady, some twenty-six voluptuous years old, who has presided with tact, aplomb and infinite grace over the long dinner table under the shadowed stone portico in a garden of the Calle Madero.

She is the genius of guile who passes the fish soup to Señor Alvarez de Laguna while the señor outlines to her his next little one-gun revolution, like that Sibuku Bay affair of his, you remember. She is the languid gazelle who slices the Chicago canned corned beef for the fastidious Hi-Yet-Sen, eminent Burmese distributor of opium, whom I ought to have caught with the slumber paste up at Sibuku Bay but didn't.

She, the señora, is also the thrifty housewife, with that rarest of all things in Mindanao, a cement-lined cellar, wherein is a secret door—about which I should like to know more, and more definitely, and through which a certain Mangadunga, a well-known manufacturer of harems, wholesale and retail, vanishes along with his charming commodities, every time James Higgins is hot on his trail.

To be fair and open, this same boarding house of the señora is the clearing house for cussedness round Sulu Sea. Never an honest man broke bread at the señora's table; and never an honest woman crossed her threshold, unless drugged or bound.

"Except poor Giddy Girl!" I muttered as I hurried along toward the Calle Madero. "Lord! What an ignorant, blundering simpleton she is! Why the devil didn't Billy or Meggs or somebody else steer her away from there?"

Señora Fulu-Yan scowled becomingly as I stalked under her cool portico; but she brightened at my command to be shown up to Miss Florence Adams' room.

"Oh!" She showed her glorious white teeth and sang a rippling little laugh. "You mean Miss Giddy Girl? Sure, boss! Go right up. Rear room. She's in, I think!"

"She won't be for long!" I snarled, and went up the stairs three steps at a bound.

Thump-thump went my fist against Giddy Girl's door; and squeak-squeak the door slowly swung on its rusted hinges, about twice the width of Giddy Girl's pretty little nose.

"What do you want?" whispered two peony lips; and again I heard the robins in the ragged lilac hedges, and smelled the New England rain dripping through the honeysuckle on the white clapboarded south wall.

"One minute's talk with you," I replied gravely.

"No, thanks!" The violet eyes flashed behind their screen of lashes and the door started to close in a hurry.

"Hold on, Miss Adams!" I put the toe of my foot in the crack. "I'm James Higgins, confidential agent of Uncle Sam here in Zamboanga, and I've got something confidential to say."

"I've heard quite enough of you and your confidential remarks." She pushed fiercely against the door. "Go away!"

"Look here!" I cried, and put a little weight against the panel. "Do you know where you are?"

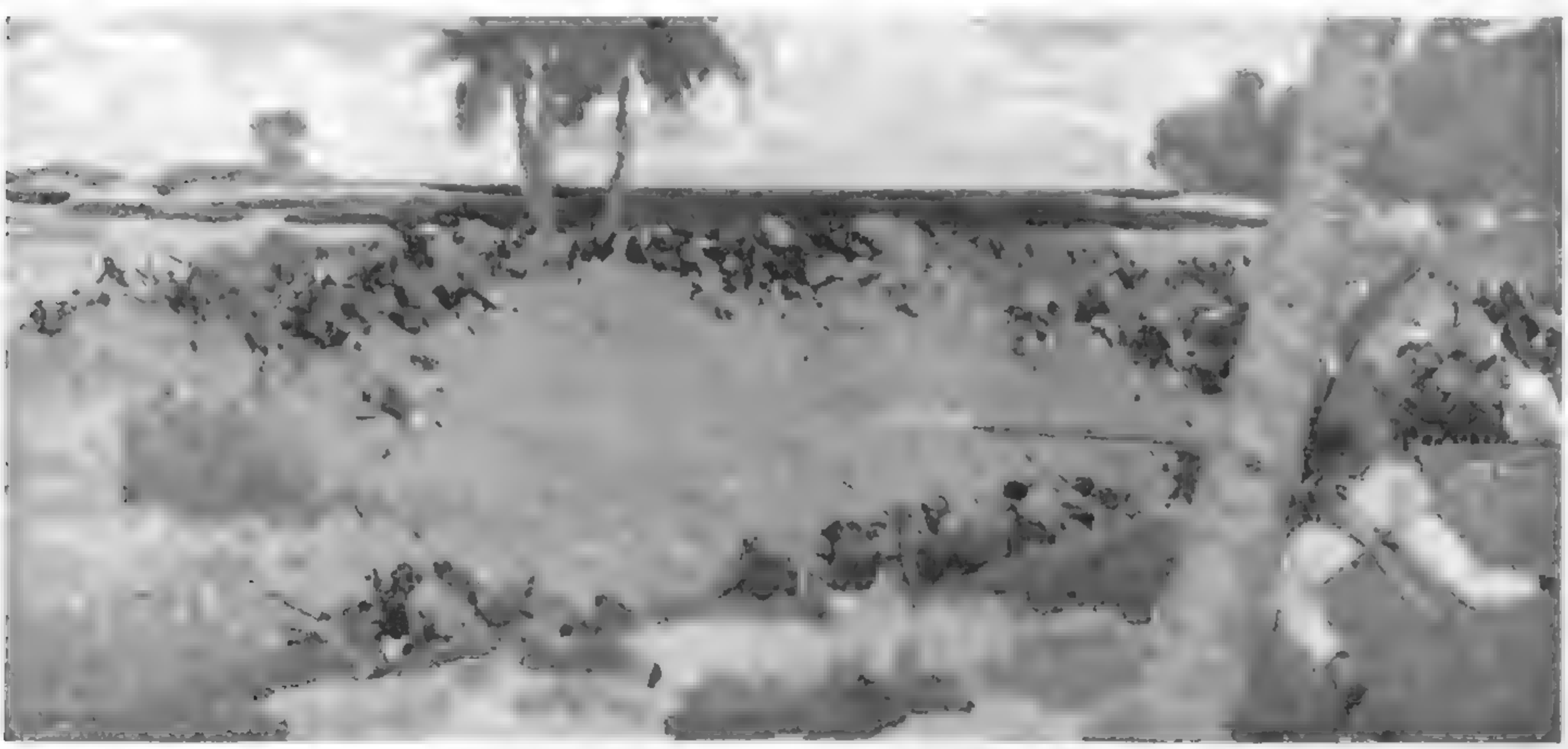
"I'm in the meanest town on earth," she choked, pushing harder than ever; "the town where officials leave women to shift for themselves; the town where the good people call travelers names behind their backs; the town where they cut me dead because I'm different from the rest of you."

"Hold on! You don't get me," I broke in. And as I did so I distinctly heard the rustle of silk at the foot of the stairs and knew that Señora Fulu-Yan was eavesdropping. "You're a nice, foolish, helpless young lady in a strange land. You haven't any idea what sort of a boarding house you're in."

"Yes, I have!" Giddy Girl flared up; and with that she stopped pushing the door and let me in. "It's the only boarding house in Zamboanga where I can eat a quiet meal without being annoyed."

"Annoyed? Who annoys you?" I demanded.

(Continued on Page 33)



"Oh, But Here's a Really-Truly Insurrection for Poor James Higgins to Squelch!"

CUTTING OUT THE FRONT

A Profitable Adventure in Humility

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"In Any Good Neighborhood in the City This Would Cost Not Less Than One Hundred Dollars"

UP TO a certain point in my career I believed putting up a front to be the first duty of man. In common with my associates, and apparently with almost the whole world, I held that this attitude toward life was the trade-mark of personal merit, the brand of ambition—the sign by which the wise ones might surely tell a comer from a dub. It had not occurred to me to question the authority of this standard.

Then things happened to my outlook on life and I mutinied against the traditions of my birth and training. I cut out the front, threw up a genteel position for a menial job, took a deliberate plunge into the jungle of social humility, and have industriously explored its depths until I have learned so much about the habits of dollars and their spenders I have no fear of the financial future left in my system. That hovering terror cannot scare me any more, because I have learned how to beat it.

Discounting Hoped-for Prosperity

HOWEVER, this is getting away ahead of my story; so let us start over again and get a clear, sharp focus on the forces that moved me to revolt; that spurred me to change my whole habit of life and scale of living; that inspired me to wreck my front and refuse to travel longer on the unballasted roadbed of good appearances.

It now seems to me that there was nothing in which I then believed quite so religiously as in the doctrine of putting up a good front; and I use the phrase, not in the finer sense of bravely flying the flag of courage in the face of threatened defeat, but in maintaining the appearance of already being what I desired sometime to become.

Instead of feeling that this involved anything like obtaining credit on false representations, I had a profound conviction that a good front was a matter of common decency—like the suit of clothes that covered my own nakedness—and that the man who did not maintain the appearance of having arrived at a station in life beyond his actual attainments was not far from being something like a coward. I did not associate with any who failed to subscribe to the sacred necessity of keeping up a front; in fact it did not occur to me that such a novelty could be found among what I styled self-respecting people. My associates were mainly lads who worked in banks, brokers' offices and big commercial houses. Perhaps my most intimate friend was a young bond salesman, who belonged to a good family of broken fortunes and who was burning with ambition to restore his house to its former financial footing.

Of course Billy did not put it quite that way when he was out among the boys—he knew this would be laying it on a bit strong and would subject him to ridicule; but he did confide it to me in the privacy of his room during one of our intimate talks. His favorite theme was salesmanship, and it was evident from his talk that all the adepts in his line considered a good front the cardinal piece of equipment for the successful salesman.

Billy was an inveterate private borrower and his borrowings had only a nominal relation to the size of his income. He defended this by saying: "It's an investment. I'm simply capitalizing my future. Every good business man does this. It's merely the underwriting of natural expansion. The same sort of front that served me when I first left college and started in business will not do at all now. It wouldn't get me anywhere. If I were to cut myself down in my way of living to what I earn right now I'd simply be setting the brakes on my career. Nothing to it, Jimmy! That sort of thing is all right for immigrants, day laborers and dubs, but not for a live wire like me. I'm going to capitalize my to-morrows with all I can rake and scrape, and put up a front that will make 'em look at me twice, you bet!"

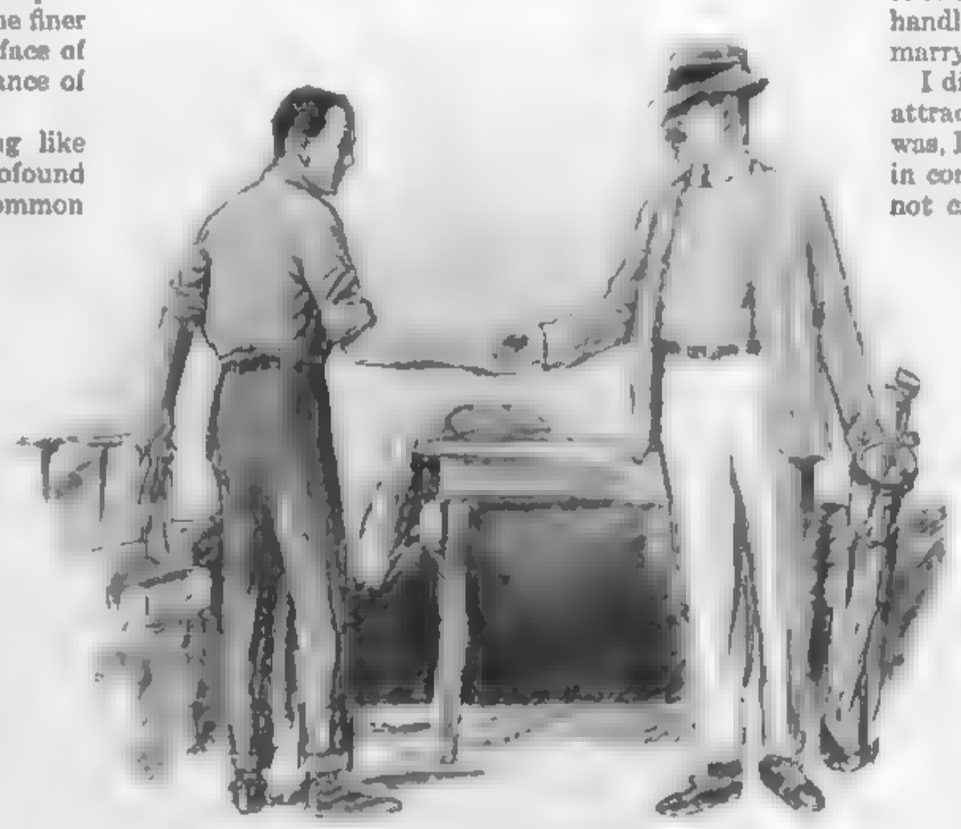
It was sometimes a little hard for me to put all my earnings on the shrine of the front without a shudder. Billy was the real pacemaker; but the process would have been the same if he had not been among those present, for the sentiment of keeping up the front was in the very air I breathed. Mother called it "maintaining a decent appearance," and father referred to it as "putting the best foot forward."

The background of my life is important in this connection, because it is so typical of that of several million other young men of the self-respecting sort; and also because it shows what I had to break away from, how tightly the net of tradition had me tangled, and how little impetus toward making a break in the direction of tearing out the front was available from those to whom I would naturally turn for inspiration and counsel. My father is an insurance agent in a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He has always made a good living and has consistently followed the banner inscribed: Keep Up the Front at Any Cost!

Naturally I spent much time in father's office; and I not only picked up considerable information about the business but also gained the acquaintance of the men from the general office, who made periodical calls on father on one mission or another. Among these was a young man who paid considerable attention to me. He was not only good-looking but extremely well dressed; and he had the still greater distinction—in my boyish eyes—of having marvelous city manners.

I saw from the way father treated him that he held a position of responsibility and commanded respect. His appearance was very youthful and it was a marvel to me how one so young could have risen to so great a position.

Naturally, when so distinguished a man as young Mr. Bain, from the head office, honored me with an invitation to take luncheon with him, I was at once transformed into his abject worshiper. What a wonderful talk we had!



But the Queerest Feeling That Came My Way Was When I Received My First Tip

Mary Was an Adept in Making Her Own Clothes

When he told me that a college sheepskin was a poor passport in the business world my mind was instantly made up to get into the big city just as soon as I had finished high school, and follow in the footsteps of my brilliant acquaintance, who had entered the insurance office when he was sixteen. Every word he dropped had almost the weight of divine authority for me, and I doubt whether he had ever found so rapt and adoring a listener before.

Finally I came to feel well-enough acquainted with him to confess that I was fully determined to do as he had done—turn my back on college and plunge directly into business in the big city. He applauded this resolution and promised that he would have a place for me when I had finished high school. He kept this promise and I was surprised at the readiness with which father consented to this plan.

The Girl Who Didn't Put On Airs

LONG afterward I learned that the money which would have been used to send me to college was spent in remodeling the old house and in decorating and furnishing it throughout. Mother had just been elected president of the Woman's Club and was expected to do considerable entertaining. In other words, she had to keep up the social front in her world. This was what had reconciled my parents to my decision to sacrifice a college career.

All that need be said of those first days in the city is that I lived with an aunt, who was fond of me and who gave me a rather luxurious home at a merely nominal expense.

My business education in putting up a front began the instant I entered the office and continued steadily until the real turning point of my life was reached and I took my big plunge as a rampant deserter from the fold of the Followers of the Front. But that, again, is getting a little ahead of my story.

When I was just twenty-one, and was drawing a salary of twenty dollars a week, I persuaded a quiet little girl who handled our private telephone exchange at the office to marry me.

I did not realize then, as I do now, that I was probably attracted to Mary chiefly by her ingenuous sincerity. She was, I now think, the only human being with whom I came in contact who was not putting up a front, and who did not care to be thought better looking, better educated, more accomplished or better circumstanced in any way than she was. The truth is, she was far better looking than she thought herself to be, and had developed abilities that I did not dream of when we were married.

The facts about Mary that the reader must know in order to understand something of what I was up against when I approached my crisis are these: She was wonderfully wholesome and sensible; she did not put up any front herself and was apparently debarred by temperament from making the slightest attempt in that direction; she had no relatives or even family friends in the big city where I found her; all her people were in the Far West and she lived at the Imogene Club.

In other words, she had no family background—at least none that lay within my view—from which I might draw my own conclusions as to the surroundings among which she had been brought up and the breeding and traditions back of her. All I knew of her at the time of our marriage was what I learned from seeing her in the office and

when we went out together, and what she told me—that her father had been a country doctor who had died in poor circumstances, and that her mother had married a prosperous rancher.

Of course I took Mary down home on several little visits before we were married, and she had the advantage of seeing my people, my home and my friends; but, as I have said before, all I really knew about Mary was that she was wholesome, direct, unpretending and transparently sincere.

"With Just a Few Alterations, I Could Make That Serve the Whole Season"

The first real insight she gave me as to her attitude on expenditures was when she quietly but firmly refused to allow me to give her a diamond engagement ring, selecting instead a very modest little pearl. Later she showed her colors by making a determined stand for a certain twenty-five-dollar flat in a neighborhood I considered impossible. My own choice was a forty-two-dollar apartment in a better district.

It was then that I first expounded to her the doctrine of the Sanctity of the Front. She did not pretend she was converted to it; in fact she did not discuss it at all, but simply said that we could not possibly afford to pay forty-two dollars rent, or anything like it. We finally compromised on a very attractive flat, well situated, for thirty-two dollars a month.

It was easier for me to keep up a front without going into debt than it was for the other young married men of my acquaintance, because Mary was a wonderful manager, and also because she was an adept in making her own clothes. For the first two years, however, I saw to it that no surplus was allowed to accumulate in the family exchequer, and that the savings effected by Mary's skill as a seamstress and household manager were religiously dedicated to the sacred duty of keeping up a proper front.

Of course the coming of the baby in the early part of our second year together helped to ward off the cares and worries of a financial surplus. I even made some personal sacrifices in the matter of my own dress in order to provide more generously for the baby's outfit. I recall that I was really afraid the expenditures I had cut out from the front fund might, in some mysterious way, militate against the promotion I felt sure was about due.

Hard Thinking Along New Lines

PROBABLY I should have gone on to the end of my days as a member in good and regular standing of the Worshipful Order of the Big Front if a few things had not happened all at once. On a pleasant Sunday Mary and I took the baby out into a little suburban country village, where I was to see an insurance agent on a small matter. That little burg just blossomed with babies and small children, and all of them seemed rosy with health. Every cottage in the village had a grassy yard and a garden.

The house in which the insurance agent lived had eight big rooms, innumerable closets, all the city conveniences, a sleeping porch and a big, roomy, cement porch in front. There was sunlight—scads of it—flooding every room. Mary was so enthusiastic about the house that Mrs. Mead volunteered the information they paid twenty-five dollars a month rent, which she thought was quite reasonable.

Mary did a little figuring on the tips of her fingers and remarked:

"In any good neighborhood in the city this would cost not less than one hundred dollars—and probably more."

Before we left the village Mary took me on a scouting expedition and we saw several cottages that rented for ten, twelve and fifteen dollars—and not a dark room in any of them. On the way home Mary remarked:

"You know, Jim, the most important thing in the world for us now is to give this baby a fair chance to grow up into a strong, healthy, wholesome girl."

That was all she said. Mary certainly has the rare gift of knowing when to quit. Our baby had about as much color as a bowl of cornstarch, and the contrast between the plump, ruddy cheeks of those village children and her thin, pale ones was almost startling.

Another of the things which helped to shatter my traditions and jolt me into a little independent thinking was the fact that my brilliant, debonair and genial patron, Wallace Bruce Bain, who had discovered me in the country, suddenly disappeared. He had climbed high and was almost ready to receive promotion into the official ranks when he "turned up missing." He was short in his accounts, of course, and had been speculating. When I asked the chief clerk of the office to explain how a man with his prospects could be fool enough to make such a mess of life, he replied:

"Your friend was running the finest front you ever saw! He forged ahead so fast that the speed game got into his blood. He got so stuck on himself and his luck that he concluded it was up to him to pull down a star or two. For about a year he's been rushing a multimillionaire's daughter—a young grass widow worth a million in her own right. It takes money to travel in that class and keep up appearances. Well, just as he was ready to close the contract and marry the widow, one little brick in his false front fell, with all the others following—and our bright friend faded. They'll get him. He just overplayed the game by about a hair's breadth. And he was a regular man, too—not a mean streak in him.

"By the way, Jimmy, if you're looking for promotion it might be just as well for you to forget it. Anything with the Bain brand on it isn't going to look good in this office for some time. Better lie low and give them a chance to forget that he put you in."

Somehow I had little fear that I should be let out; what I did recognize at once was the logic of the suggestion that it would be some time before I could safely push my claims for promotion. But what made me sick at heart was the thought that Bain had gone down under the strain of keeping up the front.

For the first time in my life I recognized the fact that I had been in the habit of inhaling my ideas, and that it was about time for me to do a little independent thinking. To the man who has simply imbibed mental images from the atmosphere of his associations, real thinking along original, or at least independent, lines is novel exercise—something like subjecting to a sudden strain muscles that have not been used for months or years.

Looking at life from this new viewpoint it seemed to me I had not a friend or an acquaintance who was treading squarely on his feet financially. Every last one of them was living on the basis of future expectations; all of them were tilting on their tiptoes, so far as expenditures were concerned, straining to reach something just a few inches beyond their grasp.

Briefly, this was the grist on which I kept grinding day and night. I could not get Bain's awful downfall out of my mind; nor could I banish the belief there must be a saner and more secure way of living than that followed by the devotees of the front. But the moment this began to seem the only sensible way of looking at the problem, I would again feel the grip of a stubborn and universal conviction that any young man who will not cheerfully sacrifice his last dollar to maintain the impressiveness of his front is deficient in the makings of a real man.

One moment it would seem to me that a practical attempt on my part to cut out the front would be a piece of impertinent madness, a preposterous and foolhardy exhibition of egotism; and the next instant it would appear to me to be the only logical, sensible and courageous thing to do. I could not deny to myself that the young man who masked his troubles behind a well-dressed front was a far more heroic figure than one who deliberately lowered his standard of living. On the other hand, nearly all the heroics of this sort that had come under my own observation had been staged with other people's money—either borrowed, stolen, or received as an allowance from misguided parents.

One night, after we had been to a show that exposed certain shams with merciless cleverness, the thought came to me: How easy and simple life could be made if we should all quit posing and straining and pretending, and live with our heels squarely on the ground instead of prancing round on our tiptoes and exercising our spending muscles to the limit!

Then the vision of that little suburban village came to me with all the allurements of the first warm day in spring. Here would be just the place in which to make the new frontless start! As the next day was Sunday we made another trip there and discovered that a group of city men had bought two big farms just outside the village and were laying out golf links and building a clubhouse.

The local insurance agent—the only acquaintance I had in the place—appeared to know most of the members, and explained that the idea of the club was to provide good golfing for business and professional men who could not afford to keep up the pace set by the more famous and fashionable clubs. Then I confided to him my ambition to get out of the city and bring up my baby in the wholesome surroundings of the village. He said the executive staff at the club had been engaged and the only position open was that of locker boy, which, of course, would not interest me, as it would pay only fifty dollars a month and was not in my line.

Beginning Life All Over Again

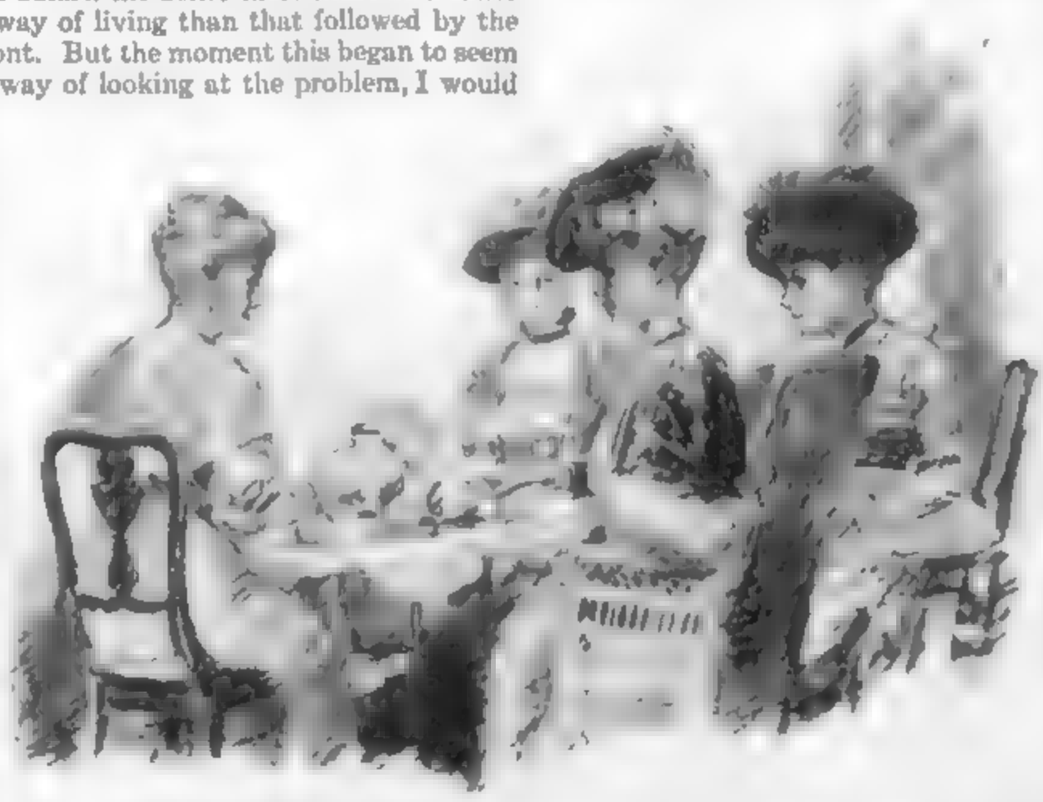
MARY did not hear this conversation, as she was with Mrs. Mead. I was glad she missed the talk, because this gave me more time in which to study out my problem alone.

I realized that the biggest part of the problem was Mary, and how she would feel about the wild notion that was gaining possession of me. She had shown me in a hundred ways that she was even more thrifty and sensible than I had judged her to be before we were married. Still, I did not wish to confront Mary with a choice between traveling the ambitious way of the front, or taking a dive into the social underbrush and blazing a fresh trail, until I had reached a firm conclusion about it myself.

It flashed over me that if we stuck to the way of the front I should very likely feel it necessary, in the near future, to join just such a golf club as this—or at least one only a little lower down in the scale of extravagance. Already my associates, who could no more afford it than myself, were beginning to join—and to justify such a course on these grounds:

"A young man who doesn't belong to a golf club in these days advertises himself as a stick. Of course it's expensive, but he simply can't afford not to belong. When you are out among the real ones, and somebody asks you whether you play, you might as well say, 'No, sir; I'm a dead one!' as to admit that you don't belong to a club. I'm going to keep step with live ones if I have to mortgage the old homestead to do it."

To all practical purposes I was in the position of deciding whether I should join this club as an active member or become one of its busiest menials—the locker boy! It made me laugh to think of the absurdity of the situation. I could already play a fairly good game and I had several times been the guest of young men at their clubs. These experiences had shown me that the locker boy came into closer contact with all the members and all their guests than did the manager himself.



Mother Had Just Been Elected President of the Woman's Club

I reasoned that many—perhaps most—of the members were simply keeping up a front, and would be no better able to do

anything for me as a locker boy than I would for a locker boy of any club I might join. On the other hand, there were sure to be some members who had really arrived, fairly big men in the business and professional world. These were men well worth meeting and knowing.

The whole purpose of the game of keeping up a front is to make an impression on those higher up, to draw their attention, and to compel them to think favorably of your ability or your personality.

Now, it occurred to me that a big man — one of the kind that counts—does not care in what capacity a man is working so long as he does his work in an exceptional way. Perhaps the more humble the job by which the young man is able to flag the attention of the man of big business, the more admiration and interest the man of affairs feels in his discovery. What better approach to the solid men who are doing things could I hope to find than that which the charge of the locker room at the golf club would afford me?

The instant you are in the position of giving a man service of the more intimate and personal sort you are bound to attract his attention, either favorably or unfavorably. There is no escape from that! Here seemed to be a chance to try out the foundation principle of the front theory—that it is worth while to pay almost any price in order to attract the attention of important men and impress them with the idea that you are exceptional in ability or in personality, or in both.

Mary was charmed more than ever with the village and I was glad she was inclined to do all the talking on the way home. I knew my problem was pressing me closer than ever and I shrank from its actual settlement.

All through the week I made a study of the kind of service given in the washrooms of the best hotels and restaurants. Billy, who owed me about fifty dollars, had added a somewhat fashionable golf club to his front and was careless enough to invite me to play with him on the coming Saturday. I accepted with an alacrity that surprised him. There I studied the locker-room service. It was supposed to be of a higher order than that of the hotel washroom; but I was surprised at its shallowness. It amounted to little more than going through the motions—a mere front; a flimsy pretense instead of the real thing.

Flying the Flag of Courage in the Face of Defeat

The Luxury of Not Pretending

THE possibilities of real service instead of front service grew on me greatly as I began to pursue the subject. I excused myself from Billy, who had an opportunity to make a twosome with a fashionable young woman, and put in as much time as possible in the locker room observing the captain in the discharge of his duties—and also in trying to imagine myself in his position. Anyhow, it would be a great adventure—something like going on the stage.

When evening came Mary suggested that we remain at home.

"Baby," she remarked, "doesn't seem to be thriving quite as she should. I wish she could be as rosy and rugged as those children out at Sharon."

This gave me my chance and I blurted out all that had been boiling in me for months. The instant the plan was put into words I was seized with a kind of terror because of what I had done; and for a moment I felt sure I had made the greatest mistake of my life.

There was a certain cheapness about the proposal that gave me the shivers for the time being; but it did not last long. Mary took care of that and made it mighty clear to me that this proposal to tear down the front had raised me to something like heroic proportions in her estimation. I had never seen her quite so glowing and excited before.

We spent the greater part of the night going over the whole question, and I raised every argument against the plan that had come to my own mind during the months in which I had debated the question in secret. To every objection, however, Mary shook her head and insisted:

"It's the best thing that could happen! We're all going to be a lot happier than we could ever be if we kept on in this way—trying to make others believe we're something we're not. I've always felt that it was not only silly and futile, but dangerous. Let's get the solid ground right under our feet and be content to stop all this pretending. And we can live our own life out there in the village without any sham or bluff. You don't know, dear, what a relief that will be to me. Promise me you will try to get the position at the club to-morrow!"

I promised; and was told, later in the day, that the position would be mine at the end of the next month. When this was assured I resigned my position with the insurance company, saying that I had decided to locate somewhere in the country for the benefit of the baby's health.

Meantime I used every opportunity to study the problems of the locker room. At the places where supplies are sold I met the locker boys from other clubs and secured invitations that took me into almost every clubhouse near the city. And as the guest of the locker boy I was in position to ask for information that I could not have sought as the guest of a member.

Meantime Mary disposed of our city lease to advantage and rented a little cottage on the edge of Sharon at fifteen dollars a month.

On leaving the insurance office I was told that my services had been satisfactory and that if I wished to return to my position later I could do so. This seemed to put things in a very comfortable way. If our adventure in humility failed we could go back to the front and resume the game of bluff at the same old stand!

Perhaps it was well I was able to look at this experience as an adventure—right at the start, anyhow—for otherwise I might not have had the nerve to carry off the situation and come down to the level of the gray woolen shirt and the nimble shoe-brush. Incidentally it was a keen satisfaction to know that I took this step deliberately and not because I was forced to do so.

I confess that getting into the gray shirt and polishing the shoes of the first member who came into the locker room gave me sensations I shall never forget. I felt overwhelmingly sheepish for a few minutes. Then I settled into an equally foolish prince-in-disguise sense, and amused myself by wondering what the young man whose shoes I was polishing would think if he knew I had resigned a position paying a hundred and thirty dollars a month to go into this humble sort of service! But the queerest feeling that came my way was when I received my first tip. For an instant I felt as though I were receiving the brand of servitude—accepting the king's shilling, as they would say in England.

At the beginning of my service I worked out a policy as distinct and clear-cut as that of any business house. In general I determined to reverse in every particular the plan apparently followed by the average person in my kind of job. In detail my policy was as follows:

Sham service is the commonest, the dearest and the most despised thing for which a man parts with money; therefore, all service here must be genuine, substantial and, if possible, distinctive.

The most distinctive feature that can possibly be associated with service of this sort—aside from real merit and sincerity—is to have it done with a marked degree of modesty and self-effacement. Consequently the rule of this locker room is to be: After you have done a service for a member or a guest disappear, as though afraid you might be caught in the act.

Consistent study of the needs, the comforts and the luxuries of golfmen will not only help to give better service, but may also open up unforeseen avenues of profit for the locker boy. The boy or man who has a chance to give personal service to several hundred business and professional men when they are at play, with their spending pores wide open, and cannot sell them something, is decidedly lacking in business instinct. Therefore I shall try to have something desirable to sell at all times.

The best salesmanship is to select merchandise that makes its own selling appeal; and that needs only to be seen to be desired. I will do my selling in the selection or the originating of things that every golfer will wish for the instant he sees them; but I will not push these goods on the attention of any member. No man using the locker room shall ever enter it with the fear that Jimmy is going to bone him to buy anything.

Every man has individual peculiarities, and a ready knowledge of these personal kinks is the best capital any man selling either service or merchandise can have; so I will study the habits and characteristics of all the members with as much care as though my future depended on the results of those researches alone. There is more profit in a first-hand knowledge of men than in any other kind of knowledge the ordinary man can secure; and I'm going to know the men of this club better than they will ever suspect.

The same service for all is the only fair and safe line for any worker to follow who serves either the general public or a special public; partiality and the dispensing of special favors are the surest and shortest ways by which anyone employed to give personal service can separate himself from the pay roll and the opportunity to make extra income. Therefore I will give as scrupulous care to the satisfaction of the man who gives me no tip and who buys nothing from me as to my best patron. In a word, I shall try to give to every member and guest of the club a service greater in quantity and quality than he may reasonably expect or could secure in any other club.

Samples of Locker-Room Salesmanship

THIS was the platform with which I started my service campaign. I have never had reason to regret or change a single plank in it. In actual practice it has worked out better than it looked on paper—for I actually wrote it out before I had been with the club a week!

When I first took my job the club was quartered in one of the old farmhouses and the equipment of the locker room was of a temporary and makeshift character. As a new building was being planned it was natural that the club, as an organization, should spend as little money as possible on the temporary house. The lockers were simply bare lockers of the cheapest sort, with a few hooks in them. This looked to me like an opportunity.

On my day off I scoured the city for locker attachments that were really good and could be bought cheap. I found a stock of excellent hangers that could be bought for a dollar a hundred and were about the best in the market; so I took a chance and bought enough to equip every locker in the club. The risk was small, as the total investment was only five dollars; but I was immensely interested in the outcome of the little venture, because it would undoubtedly indicate whether or not I had made a mistake as to the possibilities of my kind of locker-room merchandising.

There was one member who was especially friendly and who was also a neat dresser. I picked him for my experiment in silent salesmanship. While he was standing near I took from my own locker one of the hangers and was about to slip my coat on it when it caught his eye; and he asked:

"Could you get me one or two of those—I think three would be about right."

I produced the hangers and he handed me seventy-five cents. That started the game; and I sold more of those hangers than the club had members without once offering my merchandise. My first customer fixed the price for all who came after him. It was a reasonable retail price, too, in spite of the fact that it gave me a profit of twenty-four hundred per cent.

The next adventure in merchandising was more pretentious. My first Saturday in the locker room was enough to show me that members found it practically necessary to keep a small supply of fresh linen and ties in their lockers; but the bottom of the locker was the only place provided for this purpose, and the cleanliness of the linen depended almost entirely on how carefully the package was wrapped.

In most cases this meant that the man who expected to find clean linen was disappointed if it had been in the locker longer than a few days. Here was a service need that should be met and that would yield a revenue in the meeting. I designed a boxed-in drawer that would fit tightly into the bottom of a locker, that was

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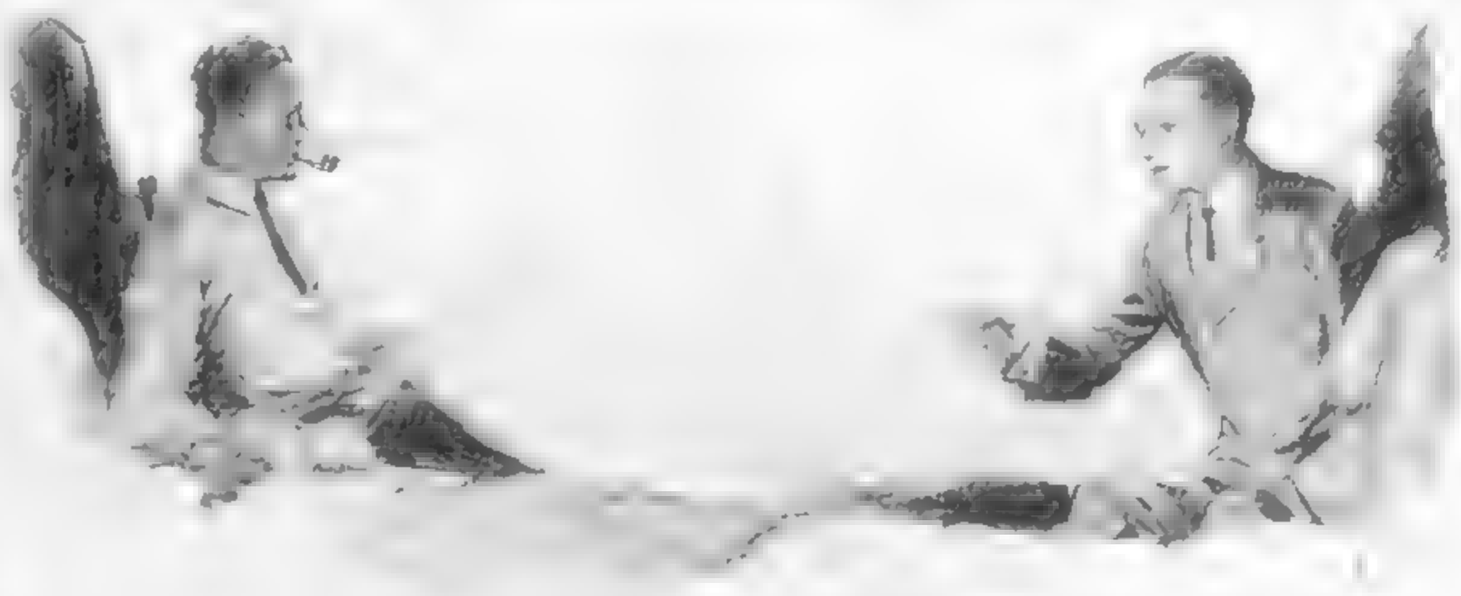
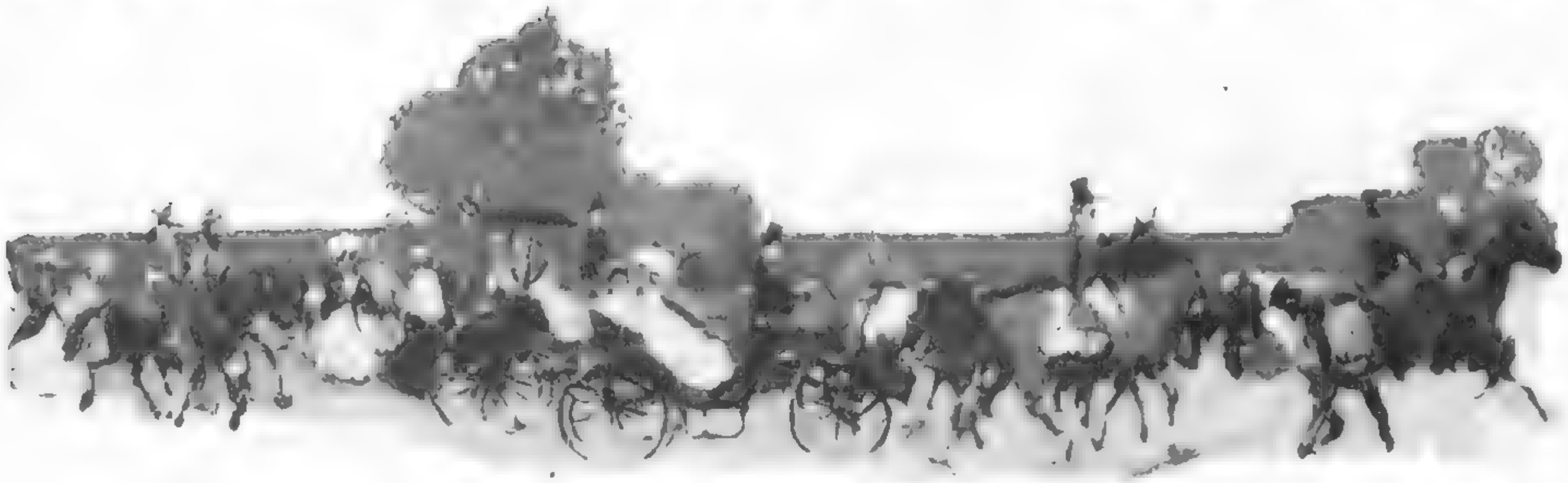


"Nothing to It, Jimmy! That Sort of Thing Is All Right for Immigrants, Day Laborers and Dubs"

THE GRAY DAWN



All Races of the Earth Seemed to be Represented

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VIII

KEITH returned to the hotel very late and somewhat exalted. He was bubbling over with good stories, interesting information and ideas; so he awakened Nan and sat on the edge of the bed, and proceeded enthusiastically to tell her all about it. She was very sleepy. Also an exasperated inhabitant of the next room pounded on the thin partition. Reluctantly Keith desisted. It took him some time to get to sleep, as the excitement was seething in his veins.

He came to consciousness after a restless night. The sun was streaming in at the window. He felt dull and heavy, with a slight headache and a weariness in all his muscles. Worst of all Nan, in a ravishing pink, fluffy affair, was bending over him, her eyes dancing with amusement and mischief.

"And how is my little madcap this morning?" she inquired with mock solicitude.

This stung Keith to some show of energy, and he got up.

The sun was really very bright. A dash of cold water made him feel better. Enthusiasm began to flow back like a tide. The importance of the evening before reasserted its claims on his imagination. As he dressed he told Nan all about it. In the midst of a glowing eulogy of their prospects he checked himself with a chuckle.

"Guess what the Sherwoods are," said he.

Nan, who had been half listening up to this time, gave him her whole attention.

"A gambler! A common gambler!" she repeated after him, a little dismayed.

"I felt the same way for a minute or so," he answered her tone cheerfully. "But after all I remembered—you must remember—that society here is very mixed. And anyway Sherwood is no common gambler. I should say he was a most uncommon gambler!" He chuckled at his little joke.

"All sorts of people are received here. We've got to get used to that. And certainly no one could hope anywhere to find nicer, more presentable, people."

Nan nodded, but with a reservation.

"Surely nowhere would you find kinder people," went on Keith. "See how they took us in!"

"Look out they don't take you in, Milton," she interjected suddenly.

Keith, brought up short, sobered at this.

"That is unjust, Nan," he said gravely.

She said nothing, but showed no signs of having been convinced. After her first need had passed Nan Keith's natural reserve had asserted itself. This was the result of heredity and training, as part of herself, something she could not help. Its tendency was always to draw back from too great or too sudden intimacies. There was nothing snobbish in this, it was a sort of instinct, a natural reaction. She liked Mrs. Sherwood, admired her slow, complete poise, approved her air of breeding and the things by which she had surrounded herself. The older woman's complete kindness had struck in her a deep chord of appreciation. But somehow circumstances had hurried her too much. Her defensive antagonism, not to Mrs. Sherwood as a person, but to sudden intimacy as such, had been aroused. It had had, in her own mind, no excuse. She knew she ought to be grateful and cordial; she felt that she was not quite ready. The fact that the Sherwoods had proved to be common gamblers gave just the little excuse her conscience needed to draw back a trifle. This, it should be added, was also quite instinctive, not at all a formulated thought.

She said nothing for some time, then remarked mysteriously:

"Perhaps that's why they go to meet boats."

Keith, who was miles beyond the Sherwoods by now, looked absolutely bewildered.

Keith had letters of business introduction to Palmer, Cook & Co., a banking firm powerful and respected at the time, but destined to become involved in scandal. The most pressing need, both he and Nan had determined, was a house of their own; the hotel was at once uncomfortable and expensive. Accordingly a callow, chipper, self-confident, blond little clerk was assigned to show them about. He had arrived from the East only six months ago; but this was six months earlier than the Keiths, so he put on all the airs of an old-timer. In a two-seated calash, furnished by the bankers, they drove to the westerly part of the town. The plank streets soon ran out into sand or rutty earth roads. These bored their way relentlessly between sand hills in the process of removal. Steam paddies coughed and clanked in all directions. Many houses had, by these operations, been left perched high and dry, far above the grade of the new streets. Often the sand was crumbling away from beneath their outer corners. All sorts of nondescript, ramshackle and temporary stairs had been improvised to get their inhabitants in or out. The latter seemed to be clinging to their tenements as long as possible.

"They often cave in," explained the clerk; "and the whole kit and caboodle comes sailing down into the street. Sometimes it happens at night," he added darkly.

"But isn't anybody hurt?" cried Nan.

"Lots of 'em," replied the clerk cheerfully. "Git dap!"

They now executed a flank attack on the fashionable quarter of the town.

"They're grading the street down below," the clerk justified his roundabout course.

Here were a number of isolated, scattered wooden houses, of some size and of much scroll and jigsaw work. Some of them had little ornamental iron fenceletsrunning along their ridgepoles; or lightning rods on the chimneys or at the corners, although thunderstorms were practically unknown. The clerk at once began to talk of these as mansions. He drew up before one of them, hitched the horse and invited his clients to descend. Nan looked at the exterior a trifle doubtfully. It was a high-peaked, slender house, drawn together as though it felt cold; with carved wooden panels over each window, miniature balconies with elaborate, spindly columns beneath, and a haughty, high, narrow porch partially clothing a varnished front door flanked with strips of colored glass.

The clerk produced a key. The interior also was high and narrow. Much glistening varnish characterized the front hall. They inspected one after another the various rooms. The house was partly furnished. In the show rooms hung heavy red curtains held back by cords with gilt tassels. Each fireplace was framed by a mantel of white marble. But the glory was the drawing room. This had been frescoed a pale blue, and all about the wall and even across part of the ceiling had been draped festoon after festoon of fishnet. Only this was not real fishnet, as a closer inspection showed. It had been cunningly painted! In the dim light, and to a person with an optimistic imagination, the illusion was almost perfect. Nan choked suddenly at the sight of this; then her eyes widened to a baby stare and she became preternaturally solemn. They looked it all over from top to bottom, the clerk fairly tiptoeing about with the bent-backed air of one who handles a precious jade vase. From the front windows he showed them a really magnificent view, with the blue waters of the bay shining and the Contra Costa shore shimmering in the haze.

"In the residence next door to the west dwell most desirable neighbors," he urged—"the Morrells. They are English, or at least he is."

"I met him last night," said Keith to Nan; "he looked like a good sort."

"Who is in the big house over there?" asked Nan, indicating a very elaborate structure diagonally opposite.

"That—oh, that—well, that is in rather a state of transition, as it were," stammered the little clerk, and at once rattled on about something else. This magnificent mansion, he explained, was the only one Palmer, Cook & Co. had on its lists for the moment. Therefore he drove them back to the Bella Union. Keith departed with him to look up a suitable office downtown.

Nan bowed solemnly to his solemn salutation in farewell; and turned as quickly as she could to the interior of the hotel. Sherwood sat in his accustomed place, his big, steel spectacles on his nose, his paper spread out before him. He arose and bowed. She nodded, but did not pause. Once inside the hall she picked up her skirts and fairly flew up the stairs to her room. Slamming the door shut, she locked it, then sank on the edge of the bed and laughed, laughed until she wiped the tears from her cheeks, rocking back and forth and hugging herself in an ecstasy. Every few moments she would pull up; then some unconsidered enormity would strike her afresh and she would go off into another paroxysm. After a while, much relieved, she wiped her eyes and arose. "This place will be the death of me yet," she told her distorted image in the mirror.

She rummaged in one of her trunks, produced writing materials and started a letter to an Eastern friend. This occupied her fully for two hours. At that period it was customary to "indite epistles" with a "literary flavor," a practice that immensely tickled those who did the inditing. Nan became wholly interested and quite pleased with herself. Her first impressions, she found when she came to write them down, were stimulating and interesting. She was full of enthusiasm; but, had she been capable of a real analysis, she would have found it quite different from Keith's enthusiasm. She looked on this strange, uncouth, vital city from the outside, from the superior standpoint. She appreciated it as she would have appreciated the quaintness of the villages in some foreign land.

About noon Keith returned.

"I've looked into every possibility," he told her. "Honest, Nan, I don't see exactly what we are to do unless we build for ourselves. That Boyle house is the only house in town for rent—that is, of any size and in a respectable quarter. You see they are too new out here to have built houses for rent yet; and if you find any vacant at all, it is sheer good fortune. Of course to stay in this little box is impossible, and ——"

She had been contemplating him, her eyes dancing with amusement.

"You've taken it!" she accused him.

"Well—I—— Yes," he admitted, a little red.

She laughed.

"I knew it," she said. "When can we move in? I want to get started."

IX

KEITH'S first plunge into the teeming life of the place had to suffice him for all the rest of that week, there seemed so many pressing things to do at home. The Boyle house was only partly finished. Each morning he and Nan went downtown and prospected for things needed. This was Nan's first experience of the sort; and she confessed to a ludicrous surprise over the fact that pots, pans, brooms, kitchen utensils, and such homely matters, had to be thought of and bought.

"I had a sort of notion they grew on the premises," she said.

Mrs. Sherwood gave them much valuable advice, particularly in regard to auctions. In the Keiths' limited experience auctions generally had meant cheap or second-hand articles, but out here the reverse was the case. A madness possessed otherwise conservative Eastern merchants—especially of the staid city of Boston—to send out on speculation immense cargoes of all sorts of goods. These were often the despair of consignees. Heavy freights, high interest charges, tremendous warehouse rates, speedily ate up whatever chance of profits a fresh consignment might have. The only solution was to sell out as promptly as possible, and the quickest method was the auction. Therefore auctions were everywhere in progress; and the professional auctioneers were a large, influential and skillful class of people. Their advertisements made the bulk of the newspapers. They dressed well, carried an air of consequence, furnished refreshments, brass bands or other entertainment to their patrons. The era of fabulous prices was at an end; but the era of wild speculation as to what the public was going to want was in full tide. Keith and Nan found these auctions great fun, and piece by piece they accumulated the items of their housefurnishing. It was slow work, but amusing. At times Mrs. Sherwood accompanied them, but not often. Her advice was always good.

"Wing Knows All the Chinks in Town and Bosses About Half of Them"

As to Mrs. Sherwood, Nan Keith found her attitude very vague. There was no doubt that she liked her personally, admired her slow, purposeful, half-indolent movements, the poise of her small patrician head, the unconscious, easy grace of her body, the direct commonsense quality of her mind. One met her face to face; there were no frills and furbelows of the spirit. Also Nan was grateful for the other woman's first kindness and real sympathy, and she wanted to "play the game." But, on the other hand, all her social training and her instinct of formalism tended to hold her aloof. She blamed herself intellectually for this feeling; but since it was a feeling, and had nothing to do with intellect, it persisted.

In the auction rooms, also, she seemed to meet—be formally introduced to—a bewildering number of people, most of whom she could not place at all. There seemed to be no reason for meeting them; certainly she would not have met them in the East. Nevertheless, they all shook her by the hand and bowed to her whenever subsequently they passed her on the street. Keith told her this was all usual and proper in the new and mixed social order, and she was perfectly willing to make the effort. She was really charming to everybody. The consciousness that she was successfully adapting herself to their primitive provincial scope, and her very gracious condescension to all types, filled her with respect for her democracy and breadth of mind.

The afternoons they spent at the house receiving boxes and packages. Keith worked busily, happily, feverishly, in his shirt sleeves. He attacked the job on the principle of a whirlwind campaign, hammering, ripping, throwing papers down, deciding instantly where this or that chair or table was to stand, tearing on to the next, enjoying himself dustily and hugely.

Nan was more leisurely. She found time to gossip with the drayman who brought up the goods, actually came to a liking and a warm friendly feeling for him as a person. This was a new experience for Nan, and she explored it curiously.

John McGlynn was a teamster, but likewise a thoroughly independent and capable citizen. He was of the lank-hewn, lean-faced, hawk-nosed type, deliberate in movement and speech, with a twinkling, contemplative, appraising eye and an unhurried drawl. He told Nan he had come out in '49.

"No, ma'am," he disclaimed vigorously, "I didn't go to the mines. I am a teamster, and I always did teaming." He did not add, as he might have done, that in those days of the individual he had been an important influence.

His great pride was his team and wagon, and that pride was justified. The wagon was a heavy flat affair, gayly decorated, and on the side of the box were paintings of landscapes. The horses were great, magnificent creatures, with arching thick necks, long, wavy manes and forelocks, soft, intelligent eyes, and great hoofs and hairy fetlocks. They carried themselves in conscious pride. Their harness was heavy with silver and with many white and colored rings. In color they were dapple gray.

"That team," said John McGlynn, "is a perfect match. Took me two years to get them together. Wuth a mint of money. That Kate, there, is a regular character. You'd be surprised how cute she is. I often wonder who Kate is. She must be some very famous woman."

John McGlynn was a very wonderful and very accommodating person, Nan thought. He would help carry things in, and was willing to unpack or to carry out the mess Keith's mad career left behind it. Also he cast an eye on the garden possibilities, and issued friendly, expert advice to which Nan listened breathless. They held long, intimate consultations as to the treatment of the soil.

"A few posies does sort of brighten things up; they're wuth while," quoth John.

Without previous consultation he appeared one day with a rotund, bland, gorgeous Chinaman perched beside him on his elevated seat.

"This is Wing Woh, a friend of mine," he announced. "You got to have a Chink, of course. You can't run that sized house without help. Wing knows all the Chinks in town and bosses about half of them."

Wing Woh descended, and without a word walked into the house. He was a very ornate person, dressed in a skullcap with a red coral button atop, a brocaded, pale lavender tunic of silk, baggy, pale-green trousers tied close round the ankles, snow-white socks and the typical shoe. Gravely, solemnly, methodically, he went over the entire house; then returned and clambered up beside John.

"All right," he said to the astonished Nan.

Next morning she found waiting on the veranda a smiling "China boy," dressed all in clean white. A small cloth bundle lay at his feet.

"My name Wing Sam," he announced. "I wo'k you thirty dolla' month. Where you keep 'im bloom?"

That day John McGlynn stopped, after unloading his boxes, to give a little advice.

"Chinks are queer," said he. "When you show this fellow how to do anything be sure to show him right, because that's the way he's going to do it forever after. You can't change him. And show him, don't tell him. And let him do things his own way as much as you can, instead of insisting on your way."

McGlynn also advised Keith as to where he could to the best advantage hire a horse and buggy by the month.

"You want a good, safe animal, so Mrs. Keith can drive him, but you don't want a cow. Jump aboard and I'll take you round. Never mind your coat," he told Keith; "it's warm."

So they jumped aboard and drove down the street. Nan gurgled with amusement over the episode. She sat on the high seat beside John McGlynn's lank figure, above the broad backs of the great horses; and Keith in his shirt sleeves, his hair every which way, a smudge of black across his nose, balanced in the flat dray body behind. Nan tried to imagine the sensation they would create in Baltimore, and laughed aloud.

"Is sort of funny," commented John McGlynn sympathetically. "But everything goes out here."

Nan, aghast at the uncanny perspicacity of the man, choked silent. In her world there had always been a sort of vague, unexpressed feeling that the lower classes were dull.

They used the horse and buggy a great deal. It was delivered at the hotel door every morning, and taken from the same place every evening. Innumerable errands downtown for things forgotten kept it busy.

At night they returned to the hotel pretty well tired out. It was a tremendous task, much as they were enjoying it

"Seems to me the more we do, the worse it gets," said Keith. "Let's dig some sort of a hole and move in anyway."

"In a few days," agreed Nan, who as general in chief had a much clearer idea of the actual state of affairs than the dusty private.

X

ONE morning the accumulated fatigue had its way and they overslept scandalously. It was after ten o'clock before they were ready to drive up the street. As they turned the corner from Kearney Street they were saluted by the ringing of numerous bells.

"Why, it's Sunday!" cried Keith after a moment's calculation. In the unexpectedness of this discovery he reined in the horse.

"It will never do to work to-day," she answered his unspoken thought. "I suppose we ought to go to church."

But Keith had turned the horse's head to the left.

"Church!" he returned with great decision. "We're going on a spree. This is a day of rest, and we've earned it."

"Where?" asked Nan, a trifle shocked at his implication as to church.

"I haven't the remotest idea," said Keith.

They drove along a plank road leading out of town. It proved to be thronged with people, all going in the same direction. The shuffle of their feet on the planks and the murmur of their many voices were punctuated by the klop, klop of hoofs and occasional shouts of laughter. All races of the earth seemed to be represented. It was like a congress of the nations at some great exposition. French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Dutchmen, British, were to be recognized and to be expected. But also there were strange peoples—Turks, Arabs, Negroes, Chinese, Kanakas, East Indians, the gorgeous members of the Spanish races, and nondescript, queer people, to whom neither Nan nor Keith could assign a native habitat. At every step one or the other called delighted attention to some new exhibit.

Most extraordinary were possibly the men from the gold mines of the Sierras. These were mostly young, but long-haired, bearded, rough, wilder than any mortal man need be. They walked with a wide swagger. Their clothes were exaggeratedly coarse, but they ornamented themselves with bright silk handkerchiefs, with feathers and flowers, with squirrel or bucktails in their hats, with long, heavy chains of nuggets, with glittering and prominently displayed pistols, revolvers, stilettos, knives or dirks. Some had plaited their beards in three tails, others had tied their long hair under their chins. But even the most bizarre seemed to attract no attention. San Francisco was accustomed to it.

Indeed, the few fashionable strollers were much more stared at. Most of the well dressed were in some sort of vehicle. The Keiths saw many buggies like their own. A few very smart or rather very ornamental double rigs dashed by. In these sat generally good

"You're a Dear, Innocent Boy, and I'll Have to Look Out for You"

looking but rather loud young women, who stared straight ahead with an assumption of supreme indifference. Hacks or omnibuses careened along. In these the company was merry but mixed, though occasionally a good-looking couple had hired an ordinary public conveyance. Horsemen and horsewomen were numerous. Some of these were very dashing, indeed—the women with long, trailing skirts, and high hats from which floated veils; the men with skin-tight trousers strapped under varnished boots, and long, split-skirted coats. Others were simply plain ahorseback. The native Californians, with their heavy, silver-mounted saddles, braided rawhide reins and bridles, their sombreros, their picturesque costumes and their magnificent fiery horses, made a fine appearance. Occasionally screaming, bouncing Chinese, hanging on with both hands, would dash by at full speed, their horses quite uncontrolled, their garments flying ecstatically, scared and happy, causing great confusion. "Evidently we're headed in the right direction," remarked Keith.

After a drive of two or three miles, never far from the bay, they arrived at what had evidently been a sleepy little village. The original low, picturesque, red-tiled adobe buildings still clustered about the Mission. But much had been added. The Keiths found themselves in an immense confusion. Screaming signs cried everywhere for attention, advertising bearpits, cockfights, theatrical attractions, sideshows, and the like. Innumerable hotels and restaurants, small, cheap and tawdry, offered their hospitality, the liquid part of which was already being widely accepted. Men were striking pegs with hammers, throwing balls at negroes' heads thrust through canvas, shooting at targets. A racecourse was surrounded. Dust rose in choking clouds and the sun beat down heavily.

"Goodness, what a place!" cried Nan in dismay.

Had they known it, there were many quiet, attractive, outlying resorts catering to and frequented by the fashionables, for the Mission was at that time in its heyday as a Sunday amusement for all classes. As it was, Keith drove on through the village, and so out to a winding country road.

"This is heavenly," said Nan, and laid aside her veil.

The road wound and meandered through the low hills of the peninsula. The sun beat down on them in a flood, only its heat, no longer oppressive, had become grateful.

"Doesn't it feel good on your back!" exclaimed Nan, recognizing this quality. "One seems to soak it in, just the way a thirsty plant soaks in water."

The rounded hills were turning a ripe, soft brown. Across their crests the sky looked very blue. High in the heavens some buzzards were sailing. Innumerable quail called. On tree tops perched yellow-breasted meadow larks with golden voices. In the bottom of the narrow valley where the road wound were green willow trees and a little trickle of water. From the ground came upward waves of heat and a pungent, clean odor of some weed. Nan was excited and keenly receptive to impressions.

"It's a hot day," she cried, "and the road is dusty. By rights it ought to be disagreeable, but it isn't. Why is that?"

The little valley widened into a pocket. Back from the road stood a low, white ranch house. Its veranda was smothered in the gorgeousness of bougainvillea. A grave, elderly, bearded Spaniard on horseback passed them at a smooth, shuffling little trot, and gave them a sonorous greeting. The road mounted rapidly. Once when Keith had reined in to breathe the horse, they heard the droning, crescendo hum of a new swarm of bees passing overhead.

"Isn't this nice!" cried Nan, snuggling against Keith's arm.

Suddenly over the crest and down the other side they came on sand hills. The horse plodded along at a walk. Nan hung far out watching, fascinated, the smooth, clean sand dividing before the wheels and flowing back over the rim. And so over a little rise, and the sea was before them.

"Oh, the Pacific!" exclaimed she, sitting up very straight. The horse broke into a trot along the smooth, hard shore.

The wind was coming in from the wide spaces. A taste of salt was in the air. Foam wreaths advanced and receded with the edge of the wash, or occasionally blew in a mass across the flat until gradually they scattered and dissipated. The horse pricked up his ears, breathed deep of the fresh, cool air, expanded his nostrils, snorting softly, pretended to shy at the foam wreaths. The wash advanced and drew back with a soft, hissing sound; the wind blew flat and low, so that even on the wet parts a fine, white, dried mist of sand was always scurrying and hurrying along close to the ground. Outside the surges reared and fell with a crash.

After the tepid or heated atmosphere of the hills the air was unexpectedly cool and vital. A flock of sickle-billed curlews stood motionless until they were within fifty yards; then rose and flew just inside the line of the breakers, uttering indescribably weird and lonely cries. A long file of pelicans, their wings outspread, sailed close to the surface of the ocean, undulating over the waves and into the hollows, exactly paralleling at a height of only a few feet the restless contour of the sea. Occasionally they would all flop their wings two or three times in unison.

"I believe it's a sort of game—they're having fun!" stated Nan with conviction.

Everything seemed to be having fun. Close to the wash were forty or fifty tiny white sanderlings in a compact band. When the wash receded they followed it with an incredibly rapid twinkling of little legs; and when again the wave rushed shoreward, scuttle, scuttle, scuttle went they, keeping always just at the edge of the water. Never were they forced to wing; yet never did they permit the distance to widen between themselves and the inrushing or outrushing wave. There were also sundry ducks. These swam just inside the breakers, and were carried backward and forward by the surges. Always they faced seaward. At the very last instant, as a great curler bent over them, they dipped their heads and dived. If the wave did not break, however, they rode over its top. Their accuracy of eye was uncanny. Time after time they gauged the wave so closely that they just flipped over the crest as it crashed with a roar beneath them. A tenth of a second later would have destroyed them. Keith reined up the horse to watch them and the sanderlings.

"It is a game," he agreed after a while, "just like the pelicans. It isn't considered sporting for sanderlings to get more than three inches away from the edge of the wash; or for a duck to dive unless he actually has to. It must be a game, for they certainly aren't catching anything."

At this moment the sanderlings, as though at a signal, sprang into the air, wheeled back and forth with instantaneous precision and departed. The ducks, too, dived.

"Good little sportsmen!" laughed Keith. "They play the game for its own sake. They don't like an audience."

After a few miles they came to a cliff reaching down to the beach and completely barring the way. Offshore were rocky islets covered with seals and sea lions. A lone blue heron sat atop a sand dune, absolutely motionless.

"I don't know where we are, or how we get out," said Keith, "but I'm going to take that chap there as a signpost." And he turned his horse directly toward the heron.

Sure enough, a track led them through the sand and by a zigzag route to the top of the knoll that had barred their way along the shore. They came to an edge. Before them lay an arm of the sea, sweeping and eddying with a strong incoming tide. Over the way stood a great mountain, like a sentinel. Far to their right the arm widened. There was a glimpse of sparkling blue and of the pearl of far-off hills and the haze of a distant dim peak.

"It's the Golden Gate!" cried Keith in sudden enlightenment.

He told Nan that the mountain over the way must be the foothill of Tamalpais; that the pearl-gray, far-off hills must be Contra Costa; and that the distant dim peak was undoubtedly Mount Diabolo. She repeated the syllables after him softly, charmed by their music.

Simultaneously they discovered that they were hungry. The wind whipped in from the sea. An outpost tent or so marked the distant, invisible city over the hills. Keith turned his horse's head toward them. They drove back across what are now the Presidio Hills.

But in a hollow they came upon another ranch house like the first—low, white, red-roofed, covered with vines. Keith insisted on driving to it. A number of saddled horses dozed before the door, a half-dozen dogs sprawled in the dust, fowls picked their way between the horses' legs or over the dogs' recumbent forms. At the sound of wheels several people came from the shadow of the porch into the open. They proved to be Spanish Californians, dressed in the flat sombreros, the velvet short jackets, the slashed trousers and soft leather *zapatos*. The men, handsome, lithe, indolent, pressed round the wheels of the buggy, showing their white teeth in pleasant smiles.

"Can we get anything to eat here?" asked Keith.

They all smiled again most amiably. The oldest swept off his hat with a free gesture.

"At your feet, madam," he said in Spanish; "but I do not speak English. Do you speak Spanish?" he continued in that tongue. Keith understood the last sentence.

"No," he shook his head violently; "no *Español*. Hungry." He pointed to Nan, then to himself. "She, me, hungry." This noble effort brought no results, except that the Californians looked more politely distressed and solicitous than ever.

(Continued on Page 46)

"The Little Darlings! Look, Milton, See This Little Rascal!"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 21, 1915

A Literary Survival

YOU remember, perhaps, the charming old-school melodrama in which you could tell the moral status of the characters from their clothes the instant they stepped on the stage. No starched shirt collar was without guile. If a man's trousers were freshly creased you knew him for a rascal. If he wore evening dress you shuddered at the depths of villainy which his garb signified. But if he wore overalls and a flannel shirt, preferably open at the neck, you were certain that, however much of a blockhead he might be, his heart was pure gold. If there were holes in the shoes and the shirt was patched your soul expanded in anticipation of the angelic virtues he was sure to disclose.

In this age of labor-saving inventions so neat a literary device could not be suffered to perish. We are glad to see that it has been adopted bodily by a school of fiction that takes itself with tremendous sociological seriousness. If the novel introduces you to a house with a butler you know at once that the owner has just bribed a judge or is poisoning the inmates of the old people's home by adulterating their flour with ground glass. If the character is described as a bank president, you turn the page to see what franchises he has been stealing that morning, while the chief occupation of railroad presidents is running heavy freight trains over poor workmen and then blackmailing the Supreme Court to get the damage judgment reversed. But if the house is in decay, or only a tiny suburban affair, and the owner comes to the door in baggy trousers, you trust yourself to him implicitly, knowing that though he may be an ass his integrity is unshakable. If he is a shabby clerk with the same job he had twenty years ago, you hardly need wait for the author's explanation that it is because he refused to help his ruthless employer rob an orphan. You lay down the book with a deepened conviction that no man can possibly have more than eight dollars at one time without being a scoundrel.

This simplifies things immensely for the reader, and especially for the writer. By a careful application of this principle literary art might fairly be reduced to mathematical terms, so that when the reader saw a page with nothing printed on it except a dollar sign and seven numerals, he would experience that revulsion which a normal mind feels in the presence of vice, while a photogravure of three pennies in a row would exalt his heart with a concept of virtue.

The New Adam

ANOTHER device that proves convenient for contemporaneous fiction with sociological ambitions is the assumption that greed, dishonesty and extravagance were first introduced into human society on Manhattan Island about 1885. This amounts to appropriating the Biblical account of the fall of man and forging a new date for it. Though it saves the author a lot of bother we think the ethics of the proceeding is somewhat dubious. At least credit should be given to the original source in a footnote and some apology offered for the date in an appendix.

Grandfather, in the novel, may have made a very comfortable fortune by impeccable means. The old gentleman is apt to be stern, but he has a kindly heart and an upright mind. Men of his generation never dreamed of bribing or overreaching or oppressing. They would have dropped dead, for example, at the notion of robbing the Government on Civil War contracts or by a Whisky Ring fraud. They always sustained the most benevolent and Christian relations with their employees—as anybody can see historically by digging back into child labor and kindred topics. They led simple, abstemious lives, with a whisky consumption only twice what it is now.

The Satanic principle was injected into their Garden of Eden just about 1885, when some malevolent persons in New York discovered—presumably by laboratory experiments—that greed, bribery, chicane, oppression, if applied to business, would yield some profit for the time being.

That abominable discovery at once revolutionized all human society. After that the only way a man could make any money worth mentioning was by stealing it in some fashion or other. Of grandfather's two grandsons one is honest and in the poorhouse, the other is rich and ought to be in the penitentiary. But that was inevitable under the new conditions, and it is as unfair of the novelist to blame the one as the other. If only the unfortunate fellows had been born sixty years earlier, both would undoubtedly have got on first rate.

Regulated War Profits

MANUFACTURING war munitions for another nation is a pleasanter occupation nowadays than manufacturing them for one's own country. American makers of shells, fuses, rifles, explosives and like commodities are agreeably counting on large profits. When an enormous demand for certain commodities suddenly develops, the prices of those commodities and the profits of those engaged in making them—if the dear old law of supply and demand is left unrestricted—will mount skyward. But in a modern nation at war, where nearly everybody else is making sacrifices for the common cause, great profits to munition manufacturers are not tolerable. Clearly no small group should grow fat on the nation's calamity. Yet munition makers are entitled to some advantage from their position, just as wheat growers are, on the general principle that life is compounded of fat and lean and no human art can set up an exact balance between the two.

Dealing with this situation in rough-and-ready fashion, England proposes that profits of munition makers shall be limited to those of the year preceding the war plus twenty per cent. There and in France the government is empowered to commandeer all factories making war supplies, so limitation of profits is comparatively easy. Probably the situation in Germany is similar. Not many years ago a proposal to take control of war-supply factories and limit profits would have been rejected as socialistic. The change shows an advance in social consciousness—which, however, may not in the least involve Marxian socialism.

Rural-School Needs

A SPEAKER at the recent Banker-Farmer Conference in Chicago shed an odd little sidelight on that much debated question of a literacy test for immigrants. It is contended—cogently too—that a man who has had no educational opportunities in his childhood is less apt, on the whole, to make a profitable citizen than one brought up in a community where education is prized. On that principle Congress declared that persons unable to read and write in any language should be excluded.

It is well known that the immigrant usually settles in a city, and there his children attend a public school that cost all the way from a hundred thousand to half a million dollars, a school probably well built, well ventilated and well equipped. Public-school libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums, lecture rooms, will probably be available to that immigrant child.

"Turn now," said Professor Christie, of Purdue, "to the children of native stock engaged in the basic industry of agriculture. We find them tramping down a muddy road into a little bare, two-by-four schoolroom that has no pictures, no shrubs, no books, no laboratory, where they are taught by a girl sixteen to eighteen years old, just out of high school, with no training, burdened with a multiplicity of duties. And we say that upon these native farmers' boys and girls the hope of America depends!"

Think that over. Does the unattractive, incompetent, out-of-date, one-room country school still obtain in your region? Or have your neighbors waked up and begun consolidating the rural-school districts—with a tolerably convenient, fairly well-equipped, comparatively modern graded school in each new district?

Trade's Legal Handicaps

A SAGE editor once remarked that as between a man who was trying to get elected to office by hand and a man who was trying it with a machine the latter had an advantage. American manufacturers often discover the same thing when they try to sell goods in South America or Asia—to say nothing of Europe. Their foreign competitors often work in combination, which gives them a good deal the same advantage that a big trust, under unlimited competition, has over a small rival. They can maintain a more expensive and efficient selling organization. In a given region they can, if they please, cut prices below cost until the individual adventurer is discouraged. We hear that the Department of Commerce has become considerably impressed with the disadvantages under which a single-handed American manufacturer labors, and that the Federal Trade Commission may recommend legislation specifically sanctioning combinations for foreign trade. Whatever the Sherman Act may say about it, such combinations would evidently be not in restraint of trade but in promotion of trade.

This is so obvious that there is no other country, we believe, in which a combination of manufacturers to extend foreign trade would be subject to any legal doubts. But our antitrust laws are still so obscure and debatable that hardly anybody would venture to say what view the Supreme Court, in applying those laws, would take of any trade situation that involved cooperation. To illustrate, we do not even yet know whether the Steel Corporation is lawful or unlawful. The trial court has given its opinion, but the Department of Justice thinks it wrong and carries the case up. Naturally manufacturers looking for foreign trade hesitate to embark upon a legal sea so little charted and so full of unpleasant rocks.

The City-State

TO SAY that seventy per cent of the population lived in the country in 1880 against little over half the population now doesn't give the full measure of city growth. A few states contain hardly any rural population. Only three per cent of the inhabitants of Rhode Island, seven per cent of the inhabitants of Massachusetts and ten per cent of the inhabitants of Connecticut live outside of towns having twenty-five hundred or more population. More than three-quarters of the inhabitants of New York and New Jersey are townfolk, and nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants of Illinois. About a third of the total population of the country lives in cities of thirty thousand and upward.

There are a hundred and ninety-nine such cities, containing altogether over thirty million people; but thirteen millions of this combined city population is found in nine of the biggest cities. These nine biggest cities, then, have about one-eighth the total population of the country, and their joint bank account exceeds that of all other cities combined, receipts from revenue and nonrevenue sources running over a billion dollars a year. They are states in size and they ought to be virtually states in other respects. They should have at least the fullest measure of self-government in every respect that is attainable without changing the Constitution of the United States.

We haven't a doubt that the urban population will continue indefinitely to increase faster than the rural population. There are many reasons why it should. Getting the fullest yield from the land is much less a question of more hands than of better farming, while there is no end to the possibilities of urban production. Probably the bigger cities will grow relatively faster than the smaller ones. A freer, more independent political status for the biggest ones will become increasingly expedient.

Two Barrels of Money

IT IS an interesting fact, although not necessarily of much sociological significance, that clerks, school-teachers, wage-earners and persons in like unaffluent circumstances have more cash on hand than all the plutocrats, trusts and railroads in the country.

That is a fair inference, at least, from figures contained in the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency. When any bloated aggregation of wealth in your neighborhood—whether it appertain to an individual, a trust, a railroad, a trolley line, a telephone company, or what else—goes over to the bank to deposit its cash, the banker enters the money as an "individual deposit." A great deal of money that does not appertain to bloated aggregations of wealth, such as that of the grocer, butcher, doctor, dentist, is also entered as "individual" deposits. The total of individual deposits held by all the banks of the country is nine and a half billion dollars, while the total of savings deposits is seven and a quarter billion dollars. Allowing for the nonplutocratic individual depositor, patrons of savings banks have the bigger bank roll—that is, considering only cash on deposit. Incidentally, the same report shows that all banks in the country have six billion dollars loaned merely on names—that is, on notes not secured by mortgage or collateral. Undoubtedly the six billions is distributed among very many borrowers, the majority of whom have no club acquaintance with a money trust and did not ask its permission before getting their loans.

All of which has no particular significance, except as to the impressive theory that, with comparatively few exceptions, everybody in the United States is broke and unable to borrow a dollar.

COMRADES

By Reginald Wright Kauffman
AUTHOR OF WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

The Brotherhood of International Socialism and the Little Family Quarrel in Europe

Ring, bells! Cannon, thunder in the air,
Without shame and without fear:
Ring for our kindred; ring for our friends!
Ring for those who die at the front for their country!
If metal should fail, O bells and chimes,
Down from your towers and turn you to cannon! . . .
Sens! Tonnerre! Carlepont!
Argonne! Argonne!
Lyons, Rennes, Strasburg and Paris!
Versailles! Versailles!

NO, GENTLE reader, the original of this rough translation of a French war hymn is not the work of Paul Déroulède, professional patriot-militarist. It is one of a series that has been appearing daily in La Guerre Sociale, that famous newspaper established to oppose international wars, organize the Socialists and workers of France against military service, and advocate armed rebellion should France for any cause take up arms against any nation. And the shrieks of La Guerre Sociale in favor of the present war but echo those of all the powerful Socialist papers in warring Europe.

The editor of La Guerre Sociale is a man before whom the advocates of battle were supposed to tremble. He is Gustave Hervé. He was No-Compromise Hervé, the Sea-green Incorruptible of Universal Brotherhood. English Walling, himself the Junius Brutus of Socialism, numbered him "among the most influential representatives of the extreme revolutionary wing"—Hervé, hounded by hateful militarist Capitalism from one college to another; reviled, imprisoned; proudly signing himself "A Man Without a Country"; preaching everywhere so sternly the doctrine of antipatriotism that it has been known as Hervéism; flaunting in his paper the phrase, "Down with the Republic!" leading the Congress of Nancy with a resolution calling all reservists "to strike and rise in insurrection on the outbreak of war."

A Case of Great Cry, Little Wool

IT WAS Hervé who wrote: "In no case can Socialists slaughter one another for the present countries; an international war that would set German and French Socialists at each other's throats would be the failure and the shame of the International!" Yet the outbreak of the present war saw this same Hervé a veritable recruiting sergeant, enlisting French Socialists in a war against a German Army, one-third of which is composed of German Socialists. And what he did was, in effect, done, each for his own country, by every powerful Socialist leader of every country embroiled in the European conflict.

Is it any wonder that plain men of all sorts, and the rank and file of Socialism in particular, have asked: "What has happened to the great International Socialist Brotherhood?"

To some of us it seemed wisest to refrain from attempting an answer until the first few months of madness were over; but the first few months are over now, and other months have followed, and still the task of a reply is as mortifying as it was on the thirty-first of August, 1914.

The trouble with the Socialist party is deeply rooted and many branched. To begin with, its leaders lack the courage of their convictions. Most important in the present issue is the fact that they preached the general strike and insurrection as a preventive of war. They said their organization was strong enough to make such measures effective; and when war came they ate their words. The result has proved that they either deceived their followers or else they could not estimate the power of their party and that of their opponents. In either case they have demonstrated their incapacity for leadership.

The theory of the general strike was simple. Said the Communist Manifesto—that very foundation of the party: "Workers of all countries, unite! You have but your chains to lose; you have a world to gain!" Marx himself insisted that, whoever won a war, the proletariat always lost it; and there is a splendid passage in the third volume of his Das Kapital wherein he demonstrates this point by reference to the triumphs of the Roman patricians over the Roman plebeians, and of Charlemagne's paladins over Charlemagne's peasants.

According to this theory every war is waged for Capitalism's aggrandizement; in the conquering country the working class will lose, because victory will have secured for its capitalists fresh opportunities of exploiting their workers; in the conquered country the working class will lose, because its national capitalists will sweat their workers the harder to recover war-squandered money and to pay war indemnities. Consequently patriotism and nationalism are the worker's enemies; the worker has no country, his only cause is the cause against Capitalism and its wars—the workers' brotherhood is one that must oppose all war. Applied, this theory was to stop the next war threatening between the great Powers by inducing the workers to stop all work, thus to rob the rulers of munitions, to starve the ruling class into a peaceful frame of mind, and to intimidate authority by insurrection.

For the general strike had an active as well as a passive side. The truly red French Socialists, for example, meant to "parallel all plans for mobilization by plans for insurrection." The French Federation of Labor worked out the details for prevention of mobilization by strikes of the telegraphers and by instructions to engineers for the wrecking of every locomotive. Though the Socialist representatives in the various national legislatures made no effort to disarm their respective countries, they made every effort to keep the armaments down to what they thought a suitable minimum; and the propaganda against military service was employed to deplete armies and weaken their resistance on the day of revolt.

"The soldier," said Walling, "must be reached." And again: "In countries where there is no compulsory service the political objective is to prevent enlistment; where there is compulsory service the Socialists have for years been preaching openly desertion and insubordination." Less cautious leaders went still farther. When next the great Powers declared war volunteers would not be forthcoming; reservists would go to jail rather than to battle; enlisted men would throw down their guns; Socialists would go to the gallows rather than to the front. "Their class loyalty will astonish the world," said George R. Kirkpatrick, one of the most effective antimilitarists, in a vision of the future; "they will spike every cannon on earth; they will scorn the commander."

This twin theory of insurrection and the general strike to prevent war has been reiterated at every International Socialist Congress of the past decade. At that of 1910, both English and French delegates agreed on a resolution which declared:

"Among the means to be used to prevent and hinder war the Congress considers as particularly efficacious the general strike."

At that of 1912 the same thing was said by the same people, and supported by the American delegate, Haywood.

Fighting War With Revolution

TO THE Stuttgart session there was presented a resolution calling for revolution in case of war; and there the Internationalist-Socialist party, officially and as a body, discerned that it was "clearly its duty to encourage the working classes everywhere in their opposition to militarism. As a matter of fact," the Congress continued, "since the last International Congress the working classes have adopted various ways of fighting militarism; . . . they have been successful in preventing outbreaks of war. . . . All efforts bear testimony to the growing power of the proletariat and to its absolute determination to do all it can to maintain peace." The statement ended with the decision of the party "to take advantage of the profound disturbances caused by every war to hasten the abolition of capitalistic rule" a phrase that can be honestly interpreted in but one way.

Even the authorities and governments of the world looked forward to the fulfillment of such promises, or to a serious attempt to fulfill them. So strong a hold had the idea on the people of France that when Millerand and Viviani opposed a general strike they were forced out of the Cabinet of the republic.

So long ago as 1892 Blood-and-Iron Bismarck, referring to a still earlier date, confessed to Dr. Otto Karnell:

"The Social-Democratic question is a military question; in Hamburg already a good part of the troops consists of Social-Democrats. The Kaiser was frightened; he said to me that he wouldn't precisely care, at the very beginning of his reign, to wade knee-deep in blood. I said to him: 'Your Majesty will have to wade deeper if you give way now.'"

And individual Socialist leaders went to the extent of public threats. At the time of the Moroccan crisis the German branch of the party invited a visit from representatives of their French comrades, during which, in Berlin,

The House of Cards

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the great Yvetot defied the capitalistic governments of the two countries.

"Just you try, you blockheads," he cried, "to arm one people against the other! You will see if they won't make an entirely different use of the weapons you put in their hands—wait and see if the popple don't go to war against an entirely different enemy from what you expect!"

The whole world party was back of him then and thereafter. Jaurès, that mildest of French Socialists, advocated the general strike "to prevent war"; nay, it would, he said, be even more than a defensive measure—would, indeed, be a measure chiefly offensive—"a last and desperate means." Walling at first had some doubts as to the preparedness of his comrades, but ended by agreeing with Jaurès. Farther still went the leaders in England, Russia, Austria and Belgium. The very Germans who had managed to postpone final decision on the part of the international congresses could not any longer evade the dilemma. "There is no economic necessity for continuation of the great competition in the production of armaments," wrote Kautsky in Die Neue Zeit; "at best, such a continuation would serve the interests of only a few capitalistic groups."

The Socialists' Fine Peace Plans

At the Mannheim Congress, a few years before his death, the implicitly obeyed Bebel gave it as his opinion that the party and the labor unions were not yet quite strong enough to use the general strike "for other than defensive purposes"; but the party heard this without alarm, because Bebel had always taught that the prevention of war was, above all else, defensive of the working class; and because in the next breath he added that if they were able to double their strength—"and it now seems," commented Walling in 1912, "that they will have accomplished this within a very few years"—then the day would come when the measure could be applied for aggressive purposes also.

If the Socialist leaders spoke in this way, and if the rulers of the nations believed them, is it strange that the rank and file of the party expected a general strike and insurrection when the next great war was declared? We did believe it implicitly. Here in America it was thundered on hundreds of street corners, sent forth in print, made the burden of party songs. Charles Edward Russell, as a candidate on the Socialist ticket, used it as one of his strongest arguments. For my small part—I write in sackcloth and ashes—"I myself am not exempt." In a hopeful little book I confidently preached war's end through Socialist opposition.

"In innumerable leaflets," says Uswald, "in countless pamphlets, in our party press, from street platforms, we have laughed at the capitalists and political rulers of Europe; it has been our proudest boast that Socialism would make war impossible." It was all very well for a few faint birds to twitter about exceptions in favor of national defense; the leaders caged those birds and resumed their own chorus against nationalism. Everywhere the authorized speakers and organizers of the party—"and," says Uswald, "the speakers became the party"—with smug self-satisfaction counted 4,500,000 Socialist votes in Germany; 1,500,000 in Austria; 1,600,000 in France; 500,000 in England. These 8,100,000 votes were to be cast against war; and if they were counted out, then the 8,100,000 men were to rise in revolt.

Then there was war. Bang! Like that.

Here was the concrete example for which the Socialist leaders had pretended to clamor. Here was their economic determinism made articulate in guns. Capitalism was calling Socialists to kill one another in its service: it remained only for the slaves to rise against their masters. The moment had come for the doctors to administer the medicine they had themselves compounded. It was the awaited instant for the general strike and uprising of the 8,100,000 men of the Socialist party.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
Where iss das barty now?

Well, the party is in the trenches—Socialist shooting Socialist! No French revolutionary went—like Robespierre—to the guillotine for the sake of his opinions; no German was hanged; the only men executed in the Tower of London were a couple of German spies. The leaders did not even call their strike; the rulers called the leaders' bluff, and the Socialists of the International became—in that instant—patriots.

It is well enough for the man who has always been an unbeliever to laugh at the present situation of the Socialist party—that situation is grimly ludicrous; but we that believe cannot laugh. The statisticians say that out of every four men in battle one is either killed or wounded; which means, as the now silent Socialist leaders know, that more than a million German Socialists will be maimed or slain, four hundred thousand French Socialists, and so on down the list. The International is broken into shard. The very trade unions are shattered. "Under the terrific conditions brought on by modern warfare," says William E. Bohn, "it is impossible to keep even the form of labor organizations." Worse and worse, that "grand old man of Anarchism," Peter Kropotkin, has shouted: "The German invasion must be repulsed!"

Consider the International list groups nationally—as they now consider themselves:

There are two alleged Socialist parties in England—the Independent Labor and the British Socialist—each claiming to be the real thing; both are supporting the war. When battle only threatened the former held a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square—got a Russian, a German and a Frenchman to hug one another before the crowd; extended greetings to its Teutonic comrades; the latter sent forth a manifesto declaring that the war would not be "a war of peoples." When, a few days later, the struggle became a fact both parties agreed to drop all opposition to it—the only tactics they had ever agreed on and the only leaders of any party that continued to object were leaders in a frankly capitalistic party, were the Liberal Cabinet members, Lord Morley, historian and philosopher, and John Burns, long hooted at from many a Socialist platform as a renegade from Socialism.

The others? George Lansbury found that to hold out for peace was to bring his Daily Herald into bankruptcy. Ramsay Macdonald, head of the Independent Labor Party, blaming the war on the "shortsightedness and blunders" of Sir Edward Grey, was asked by his comrades why, if he thought Sir Edward a blunderer, he had so long persuaded his party's representatives in Parliament to support Sir Edward—he was forced from his command. Bernard Shaw had ceased to be a Socialist in the eyes of Socialists two years before; but Rowland Kenney came out with a cry of "Success to the British arms!" Robert Blatchford, the Socialist free lance, had favored the war even before it occurred, and had been scolded by the Socialist politicians as an alarmist, an ammunition-makers' press agent, an ex-soldier who wanted war, and who, having been a soldier, must be ignorant of war. Hyndman, head of the British Socialist party, devoted his powers of agitation toward securing bigger pensions for practical patriots; H. G. Wells called on the women to arm; and Kier Hardie, who once preached that the working class could and should oppose all war, ate that doctrine and avowed:

"I have neither said nor written anything to dissuade our young men from volunteering. I know too well all there is at stake."

The Call of Nationality

We have seen that the Socialists of Italy could hold out for only nine months. Servia had no strong Socialist organization, and Japan locks up a Socialist as soon as he finds any Japanese to listen to him. As for the Belgian comrades, they were swept off their feet by the sudden German invasion; leader and disciple, they rushed bravely to the front; their famous Maison du Peuple stood empty; their evangelist, Emile Vandervelde, had, at the Stuttgart Congress, supported the resolution for a general strike and insurrection in case of war: he now accepted the portfolio of Minister of State in Belgium's War Cabinet.

Among the Socialists of the nations now at war one group only—except the since-surrendering Italian—was even apparently consistent—the Russian; for the Socialists in the Duma refused to vote in favor of the war appropriation, demanded a pardon for all Socialist political prisoners and, when refused this, left the hall, followed by the representatives of the Labor party. Then war was declared, and not a few of their leaders urged support of the national cause; the others were accused of being in Germany's pay.

Turn back to France. Jaurès, whose oratory has well been likened to the strains of the revolutionary La Carmagnole, printed in his paper, L'Humanité, as long ago as the twenty-second of December, 1910, a call for all conscripts "to send in their names, so that financial aid might be sent to help them in organizing 'insubordination and desertion.'" In that same paper, on the eve of the war, he published "A confession of man's irremediable need to save his family and country, even through armed nationalism." The Confédération Générale du Travail—the French revolutionary syndicalist organization—appealed to trade-unionists to enlist in "the defense of France."

Marcel Senbat, the idol of the Socialist rank and file, echoed this appeal; so did Vaillant. Guesde, the patriarch of the party, whom Bohn has called "one of the bravest, cleverest revolutionists in the world," followed the way taken by Vandervelde in Belgium; he accepted a portfolio in the War Cabinet of his country and said: "I am entering the Cabinet—not to govern, but to fight."

Remained Hervé, who had passed years in jail for his antiwar, antipatriotism propaganda, whose book, My Country, Right or Wrong, is at once the most violent and most able attack ever made on nationalism—Hervé, who at international congresses has called on all comrades to answer any declaration of war, from whatever side it may come, by military strike and insurrection. Hervé has turned his great French following into soldiers to fight his former disciples from Germany.

The Germans' Fault, Says Hervé

I sought, through Briggs Davenport, an interview with Hervé. Here is its result—Hervé is the first speaker:

"I admit that the menace of the present war presented the greatest opportunity the world has ever known for testing the theory of the general strike as a preventive measure against international conflict. We thought that a general rising would be practicable, because we had a certain amount of faith in the German Socialists' sincerity. Events proved that faith misplaced; and so the responsibility for the failure to attempt the general strike rests entirely on our German comrades."

He went on:

"We French Socialists have always been ready to take the initiative in an insurrection against war, and would have done it at this time had we been assured that the German Socialists would follow our example—or, rather, have acted simultaneously with us. We would have done it, though fully knowing the risk of failure and the consequences to us individually in case of failure, if, by so doing, there had been the slightest prospect of averting the war. The prospect was precisely the reverse; and so it became our duty to defend our Fatherland against wanton aggression by the two greatest military autocracies in the world. Our attitude on both of these points was that of our English and Russian comrades; they knew, as did we, that no antiwar strike could succeed if the German proletariat did not take part in it."

"But, in case of the Allies' success, do the Socialists of the Allies' countries favor the exaction of a war indemnity from Germany and Austria?"

The late evangel of antipatriotism, the enemy of property, did not even hesitate.

"Yes," he said. "There must be an indemnity sufficient to cover all the destruction of property caused by the Germans."

"And won't the weight of that fall not on the German capitalists, but on the German workers? Won't the capitalists, to get the money to pay the indemnity, sweat it out of your German comrades?"

"Yes."

"Then how can you ——."

"Our German comrades, by acting intelligently and in unison, could have prevented the overgrowth of German militarism and, hence, the war. They did not so act; therefore, it is right that they should pay for their folly and inertia. They have put themselves outside the pale of fraternal consideration; we no longer regard the German Socialists as our brothers."

Let us observe what these Teutonic Socialists did and what they are saying. The important actions of the Austrians were and are those of the Germans; so that an account of the Germans will serve for both.

In Germany the organization had long secretly suffered from the delusion that

numbers are power. Not only were its members lulled by twenty years of economic prosperity—the party had increased so fast that increase had dazzled it; and growth, size, the maintenance of the party's huge membership, appeared, in the final test, as of more importance than internationalism.

Of course the old catchwords were still in common use. Bebel, whom Hervé once called the Kaiser of the German party, said: "When war appears to be imminent the working class of the countries immediately concerned, and their representatives in Parliament, are in duty bound to do all that lies in their power to prevent the outbreak of war." And, though the German delegates successfully opposed the antiwar strike theory at the International Congress of 1910, on the ground of unpreparedness, they did declare that it was the Socialists' duty "to vote down all taxes and appropriations for armies and navies."

Yet, when the question of the present war came before the Reichstag, what did the Socialist delegates do? They thought that, in his statement of the defensive nature of the impending struggle, the Prime Minister might be tricking them; and so they went to that Prime Minister for information on the point of his honesty—and accepted what he told them. Do not call their course political craft; choose the alternative—it was beautiful simple-mindedness.

So they voted for the war budget. Eighty of the more than one hundred Socialist members attended a preliminary group caucus, at which about seventeen dissented, including Liebknecht and Karl Kautsky, who indulged in some plain speaking; but the majority decided in favor of the war, and the group, when back in the Reichstag, voted for it as a unit.

"Now that they had to decide how the defense of the country was to be conducted," said the Socialist Vorwärts, "the Social Democracy . . . were not going to leave the Fatherland in the lurch."

A Remarkable Peace Manifesto

That is about the only adequate comment made in any of the German Socialist papers—and it is of a sort that carries one meaning in Germany and another outside. I have found nothing better in the Neue Zeit or the Sozialistische Monat-schrift. One writer declares the class struggle suspended during the war; a second assumes that, since Socialism originated in Germany, to fight for Germany is to fight for Socialism. And there you are!

"Ah," I hear a hopeful murmur from the ultimate bench, "but we must not forget the Peace Manifesto published in Vorwärts on June twenty-sixth."

No; we must not forget it—but, oh, if only we might!

The general tenor of it is doubtless familiar to you, but it is necessary here to reprint the vital portions. After giving us the news that there is a terrible war going on in Europe, and asking whether such a state of things must go on "indefinitely," this manifesto continues:

"The Socialist party *foresaw this world catastrophe* and predicted it. *It has consistently fought, therefore, against . . . the fatal competition in armaments, which in the last instance is the cause of this war.* . . . When, last year, threatening war clouds were gathering, . . . the German Socialists, up to the very last moment, *bent all their energies to preserve peace.* . . . But . . . they were unable to avert the catastrophe. Then, when the Czar's Cossacks came across the border . . . the Socialists made good *the promise that had been given by their leaders*—they put themselves at the service of the Fatherland. . . .

"The German Socialist party, from the very first days of this awful tragedy, has striven to further the cause of a speedy peace. When the first war loan was voted . . . the Socialist group in the Reichstag . . . said: 'We demand that, *as soon as guarantees of national safety are secured, and the enemy shows an inclination to make peace*, the war be brought to an end.' . . . This demand, which was accompanied by an expression disapproving any policy of conquest, was repeated when the new war loan was voted. . . . After Italy had intervened, the statement was made . . . that the desire for peace was increasing and that the Socialists wanted no policy of conquest. . . . At a meeting in Vienna . . . representatives of the German and Austro-Hungarian parties again adopted a resolution in favor of peace. . . . The German Socialists . . . *have striven for a renewal of international relations with the Social-Democrats of all countries*; and when the Executive Committee of the International Socialist organization made a proposal to hold a meeting . . . to discuss the possibility of peace negotiations, the German Socialist leaders agreed, *under condition that the French Socialist party participate. All efforts . . . were thwarted by the attitude of the French Socialists.*

"We recognize, with satisfaction, that *in England, as well as in France*, there are Socialists who are working for peace. That cannot blind us to the deplorable fact that *the majority of the Socialists*, both in England and France, *favor continuing the war* until Germany is completely conquered.

"The Socialists in the Reichstag and the official leaders of the Socialist party . . . protest again, with all possible emphasis, against all efforts looking to the annexation of foreign territory. . . . The people . . . want peace. If the war is not to go on . . . until all the nations are completely exhausted, some one of the Powers involved must stretch out the hand of peace. On Germany . . . rests the duty. . . . We urge the government to try to end the struggle. We expect of our fellow Socialists in other belligerent countries that they will make the same demand on their own governments."

* * *

One explanation of this remarkable document is that offered me in a talk with Gustavus Myers, one of the most influential Socialist writers in the country.

"The German Government used the Socialist deputies as its agents in August," said he, "so as to be able to go before the nation with the statement that even the Socialists approved the war. If it could use them then to make war, why can't it use them now to start peace? Such a declaration as this manifesto could be backed up if it caught the ear of other governments, or repudiated if it failed. It did fail; and the German Government made on the office of Vorwärts what the grafting police in New York used to call a 'friendly raid.'"

Is the manifesto really a feeler put out from 77 Wilhelmstrasse?—in other words, from the Imperial Chancellery? There are some queer features about it. It was indeed printed in Vorwärts—but Vorwärts printed it as a paid advertisement! It did not call itself an official utterance of the German Socialist Party; it announced itself as fathered by an organization hitherto unknown by Socialists in general—something calling itself the German Socialist Peace Party. That title is an admission that the party which has opposed all war has become a war party; it is as though in America there should emerge from the Republican Party a separate organization styling itself the Republican Protective-Tariff Party.

Character Dwarfed by Materialism

Whoever wrote the manifesto, their sole argument is now not against war, but against conquest; but they admit refusing to act against conquest unless their French and English comrades agree to act with them. If it shows anything the paper shows that such German Socialists as now ask for peace have been so impotent in the past as to encourage no hope of their future potency. Where their document is not contradicted by the facts, it contradicts itself. It is the true German Socialists' confession of failure.

There, then, is the whole story. The newspapers have been too full of war news to publish it, except piecemeal; the Socialist press has been too justly ashamed. It appears here, as far as I can discover, for the first time in its entirety. This was the order of its occurrence; there remains to consider its reason.

Hindsight is easy. I have said the Austrian Socialists resembled their German neighbors; really, all the branches of the international party—even the French—resembled one another. Their differences were of degree rather than kind; and this was so because they were all, particularly the American, built on the German model. To a greater or less extent, what had happened to the German branch had happened to every other. Though it had progressed farther in Berlin than in Paris, Petrograd, New York or London, the malady was the same. It is safe, therefore, to take as our example the German organization.

In common with its fellows of other lands, who were indeed its followers, this organization regarded humanity from one standpoint and no other—it believed that the only impulses effective on society were mass impulses, and that every mass impulse had a materialistic origin. When Bismarck undertook to change metaphysical Germany into industrial Germany it behooved the German Socialist party to adapt itself—if it was to be tolerated—to this order of things; and that was no difficult task, because, though to a different purpose, the Bismarcks and the Bebels both considered humanity in the same way. The result was that what the former did to the empire the latter did to the party—the party was a bureaucracy which dictated the will of the rank and file; the party endured no freedom of speech; the party insisted, first, last and all the time, on the rigid obedience of the individual to that constituted authority which was called the will of the mass.

The larger the mass, the greater the fear that would be inspired in the ranks of opposing political organizations. Consequently every effort was made to increase membership, and principles were subordinated to persuasions—in matters of theory there were as many sorts of Socialism as there were Socialists; theory did not count, but in matters of tactics there was only one sort, and that was the sort decided by the bureaucracy.

As prosperity increased, the letter supplanted the spirit at the cost of character. Political power, prestige, numbers, resources—these things grew; but character declined, for character is the expression of things spiritual, and the Socialist organization was basically materialistic.

Numbers and Nothing Besides

By the time it had won the first struggle to maintain its footing of equality among the other parties of the empire, the Socialist organization, retaining this doctrinal point of view, had sacrificed everything but the letter of its old dispensation. It had ceased to be revolutionary and had become reformistic. In a very real sense the Prussian drill sergeant had been at work in it; its members must do what the party ordered. When a bill was brought into the Reichstag to grant money for military purposes, the Socialist delegates opposed it only so long as the workers would have to bear its burden; when the militarists amended the bill so that the burden was shifted to the merchants and landowners, the Socialists approved it and voted an increase of militarism.

Seen in the light of these facts—backward—the German Socialists' action in the crisis of the present war is not surprising. Any other sort of action would have been inconsistent.

Nor have you any right to expect more of the Socialist Party in America than of the same party elsewhere; it will never keep the United States from war. It is no better—though it is no worse—than the German party, on which it was modeled. For a decade and more its only textbooks were those of the German Socialists, or paraphrases of them.

"Everybody knows that we have numbers," cried Rowland Kenney to his English comrades; "and everybody but our leaders knows that we have nothing else." The Socialist theory of war prevention failed last year because the Socialist leaders were either incompetent and did not know the relative strength of their own forces and the forces opposed to them, or were politicians and did not care; they were either deceived or deceivers.

And the theory will continue to fail, because the creed of those who framed it and who alone attempt to translate it into action takes too much account of the material to leave place for the spiritual—deals so largely with mass impulse as to neglect individual character. When, last August, the time came for spiritual courage, the spirit was gone; when character was needed, character was simply not there.

In New York, the other day, I talked with an old French communard, who fought on the barricades in 1871.

"When it was over," he said, "how I saw them walk out to Père Lachaise—walk out to execution—walk out to stand against a stone wall and be shot down while crying '*Vive la Commune!*' Young men and old, women and girls—even the children—they went smiling. You understand, they believed—and so they could die for their faith; but in these days there is nobody who believes enough—nobody!"

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THE SINGING SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 9)

to think. The word came from the Czar that we were to go and fight, and that is the end of it. We go and we fight. It is hard, and it is cold, and the trench is not so comfortable as one's kitchen at home; but one cannot have everything in this world. If we are killed we are killed—*nitchevo?*"

There you have it—*Nitchevo?*—What does it matter? The Russian soldier is more than philosophical—he is filled with a religious emotion on which is built a superstructure of the most dogged patience this world has ever known. Men who were with the Russian Army in Manchuria, when they were fighting the Japanese ten years ago, tell me that the Russians then were utterly hopeless and mostly helpless. They were crushed and beaten before they began to fight. It is different in this war. There is a new Russia fighting, and this new Russia has a new spirit. It is hard to describe that spirit, but there is a certain fatalism, combined with the religious impulse that makes him a curious sort of fatalist so far as his own death goes, but a wild enthusiast for winning for his Czar and his church.

Hence he pays no heed to his own safety and probably thinks little of it, but he is much concerned over the outcome, and he firmly believes that he must triumph, for how can God fail? They ask this question with the utmost reverence, considering themselves the instruments for bringing about this glorious end. And they go to battle, and enter on their long marches, and fight their fights and make their retreats, and press forward, and doggedly fall back all in this spirit, singing their songs the while.

The Orthodox religion of Russia is the religion that makes the peasant spiritually elated in the face of death for the church and the Czar, for to die a death of glory is to live forever in holiness.

Soldiers Without Guns

Of course the mental conception of all this by the peasant is not so elaborate as the description of it necessarily must be. It is a rather complicated process to set down a simple belief in words. But this is the idea of it, as it comes to me, and in describing it I do not wish to ascribe to these blond and blue-eyed hulkers any virtues that do not belong to them. The point I want to make is that their firm belief that they are fighting a holy war and their glimmerings of a national spirit have made them remarkable soldiers—far more remarkable than their leadership, the bureaucratic bungling and delaying and quibbling and grafting in Petrograd, has given them, as yet, a chance to prove. For it is hard to say which is the more useless, a gun without a soldier, or a soldier without a gun, albeit there has never yet been a gun without a soldier in Russia, and the number of soldiers who have been, and still are, without guns surpasses belief.

I was in a hospital in a certain part of Russia when they were bringing in wounded men—men who had been shattered and torn by the shells of the enemy. It was not a pleasant sight, and I have no desire to recall it, much less to write of it. What I want to say about it is this: No matter how badly wounded those Russians were, they were to a man, even when suffering frightfully, patient, noncomplaining, grateful for the smallest attention, philosophically waiting their turn, eager for only one thing, which was to be allowed to kiss the Cross. And when not so seriously mangled as to make them unconscious or semiconscious, they were childishly interested in everything that was going on.

"Well, how are you, little one?" the surgeon would ask of his patient. "Are you badly hurt? Come, let us have a look at you."

And the wounded man would feebly salute, if he could, and would gasp "*Nitchevo*"—it is nothing—what does it matter?—if his pallid lips could frame the word. Ordinarily it is held that this callousness to suffering—if it is callousness—is due to lessened sensibilities, to lack of imagination, but it is my opinion that—in the case of the Russian peasant at least—it is due to excess of imagination. He considers himself a potential martyr, of the seed of the church. He marched to battle as he starts on a journey to a shrine. He is as much a pilgrim in war as he is a pilgrim in his religious peregrinations.

So far as I could discover, after talking to many soldiers of this type, the Russian entertains no particular hatred for his enemies. He is rather coldly impersonal toward them. His business is to kill them, and he kills them, if the chance comes his way. Roused by his songs, and by his religious enthusiasms, and by his vague sense of nationalism, he rushes into a charge with a fine impetuosity and enthusiasm, but that impetuosity and enthusiasm are due as much to his idea that he will be the gainer thereby, in a personal and religious way, as it is to the necessity of slaying the men who are opposing him.

In the early days of the war this attitude toward their prisoners was strongly marked. The Russians looked at them rather good-humoredly. They had no particular grudge toward the Germans. It was the fortune of war that they were fighting Germans instead of Frenchmen or Englishmen. They were willing to let battle bygones be bygones, these Russians, and to get along affably with the men they had captured. However, stories began to come back that the Germans did not deal so softly with Russian prisoners, and this roused a resentment that made it exceedingly uncomfortable for Germans, after the idea became general in the Russian Army that the Germans and Austrians were by no means as good-humored as the Russians originally were.

Cossacks de Luxe and Others

I was not in Russia at a time fortunate for making any very extensive battle-front observations. When I was there the Russians were not steam-rolling toward Berlin and crushing Austrians and Germans flat before them. Instead, they were being driven back all along the line.

Day after day they crumpled before the German onslaught. They lost kilometer after kilometer of ground gained in the earlier campaigns. It looked as if they were to be forced from Galicia. The news was bad. The proud flags that marked on the maps their great advance last fall and winter were daily removed toward the rear. The Germans were steam-rolling themselves. The Russians fell back and back and back, and the military critics and chroniclers told how this was strategy, when in reality it was submission to superior forces and, most of all, to superior quantities of guns and ammunition. The Russians were not inviting inspection in those days as they had been earlier in the war. They had closed the open door.

Minute as my observations were—when compared to the great front of five hundred or more miles, and to the millions of men engaged—I discovered nothing to shake my opinion that the Russian private soldier is a remarkable soldier, given half a chance. He is a fine fellow. He is courageous, noncomplaining, patient—almost to the extent of obstinacy, amenable to discipline, adaptable to conditions, earnest, and dogged in his defensive. He froze in the Carpathians without a murmur. He wallowed through the mud of Poland, struggled across Galicia, and he took what was coming with a smile and a *nitchevo*. A fine fellow is Ivan, the soldier of the Great White Czar.

Thus far I have written of the peasant soldier, the Orthodox Great Russian, with his blue eyes and his light hair and his fatalism and his patience. Another great arm of the Russian military force is the Cossack. Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of Cossacks—Siberian Cossacks, Cossacks of the Don, and dude Cossacks. The first two divisions are to be observed wherever there is fighting, or scouting, or policing to be done.

The third division is mostly to be found in the Astoria Hotel in Petrograd. They are the Cossacks de luxe, and quite interesting in their way, as are their companions, the princes of the Caucasus, and the gaudy chieftains of the Tartars.

Experts know how to distinguish Cossacks. Siberian Cossacks wear one kind of stripe on their trousers, and Don Cossacks another. Cossacks de luxe can always be told by the rhinestones in the handles of their daggers, and by the fact that they never fail to strut four times round a restaurant or café before they find a table that suits them. If you would take one of these Cossacks de luxe and put him through a winnowing machine, I am quite

confident the result would be about a peck of rhinestones.

The more de luxe they are the greater the number of jewels they have in the handles of their daggers and crusted in the hilts and scabbards of their swords. Also, they wear cute little capes of one color or another—scarfs, rather—slung negligently round their necks, and falling in graceful folds almost to their tapering waists. Their boots are of the softest kid. Their caps are of the finest astrakhan. Their long, wide-skirted coats are of the best materials, and they certainly are picturesque to the Western eye, of which fact they are fully cognizant.

Diagonally across the breast of the long coat of each Cossack de luxe there is a cartridge belt that is a part of the coat, a series of compartments for these useful appliances of war. However, cartridges are not particularly ornamental, and the Cossack de luxe puts a round piece of ivory, carved to resemble a cartridge, in each compartment, which is much more decorative than a real cartridge would be. His dagger hangs in front of him, and his sword at his side. Both glitter like the window of a diamond palace. His astrakhan hat is always worn at a raffish angle, and his mustaches are always waxed and twisted to a point. He is at his best between five and six in the evening, when he strolls about the hotel lobbies and ogles the women. I suppose his clothes are so expensive he does not go to war for fear of mussing them. He has active competition in the elegant personages of various and numerous princes from the Caucasus, and in chieftains of Tartar regiments. They certainly are handsome devils and use only the best Parisian perfumes.

The real Cossacks are subdivided into many groups. There are Ural Cossacks, Grebna Cossacks, Cossacks from the steppes, and many others. Every male Cossack must be a soldier. There are no exceptions. Among Russians there is an exemption for only sons and for certain others, but this does not apply to the Cossack. He gets his land from the government on condition of his military service, and he is always supposed to be attached to the colors. When he tills the land he is technically on leave. His villages are, in reality, not villages but military stations and so called *stanitzas*. He has the reputation of being the best horseman, the best irregular cavalryman, the fiercest soldier in the world.

A Race of Warriors

The Cossack has pushed far into Siberia, into the great reaches toward Mongolia and Manchuria. He is always military. Every little boy Cossack knows he is to be a soldier, and he is put on a horse as soon as he can cling there. The whole scheme of the universe, so far as the Cossack is concerned, revolves about military service, either present, past or to come. Their tales are all tales of war. Their songs are all war songs. He is a fighter from his birth until his old age.

Also, being a military person, he does not deign to do much work. He hunts and fishes and rides, and lets the women do the work, or the natives of the place where he has settled. The Cossacks exact implicit obedience from their women. Their wives must work from youth to old age. The women are submissive enough, and their ambition is to have male sons who may grow up to be warriors. In the early days the Cossacks were marauders, robbers, murderers. Now, by a constant course of persuasion, flattery, cajolement and encouragement, they have been jollied into the idea that they are the personal bodyguards of the Czar, and they are as loyal as they were once ferocious. They are superstitious, uncleanly, mostly illiterate, and they pillage every time they get a chance.

Their horses are about the size of what our Westerners call cow ponies, and they ride exceedingly well, but as for being the best riders in the world that is nonsense. I have seen a good many Cossacks at their fanciest riding and I, personally, know plenty of cowboys in our West who can put it all over the best of them. Still, they are skillful horsemen and wild enough to suit the most fastidious.

They carry long lances, made of heavy wood and pointed with steel. Each Cossack has a lance in his stirrup as he rides, and a carbine slung on his back. The Cossacks wear long, full-skirted coats, and hats made of goatskin, shaped like a fez but larger. Some are blond and some are dark. They run somewhat to beards, but many of them wear only mustaches. Indeed, there isn't much to distinguish a Cossack from a Russian save that, in general, the Cossacks are of smaller frame, quicker and more alert than the Russians. The Cossacks are used for scouting, for cavalry work, and often for work on foot. They are the usual advance guards, and they often have the functions of mounted police in cities and in camps.

The Cossacks are potentially barbarous. They are supposed to be Orthodox Christians, but about all there is to their religion is the idolatrous worship of the icons and symbols. They take but few prisoners. They give no quarter and ask none. They are ignorant and savage. When the first Cossacks got to Warsaw they thought they had reached Berlin, and asked when the killing and looting were to begin. If they ever do reach Berlin that community will be in a sad fix. They have not the patience nor the obstinacy nor the simplicity of the Russian peasant. Intrinsically, they are robbers and descendants of robbers, and though they have been curbed and glozed with a certain civilization, they forget all that part of it very easily.

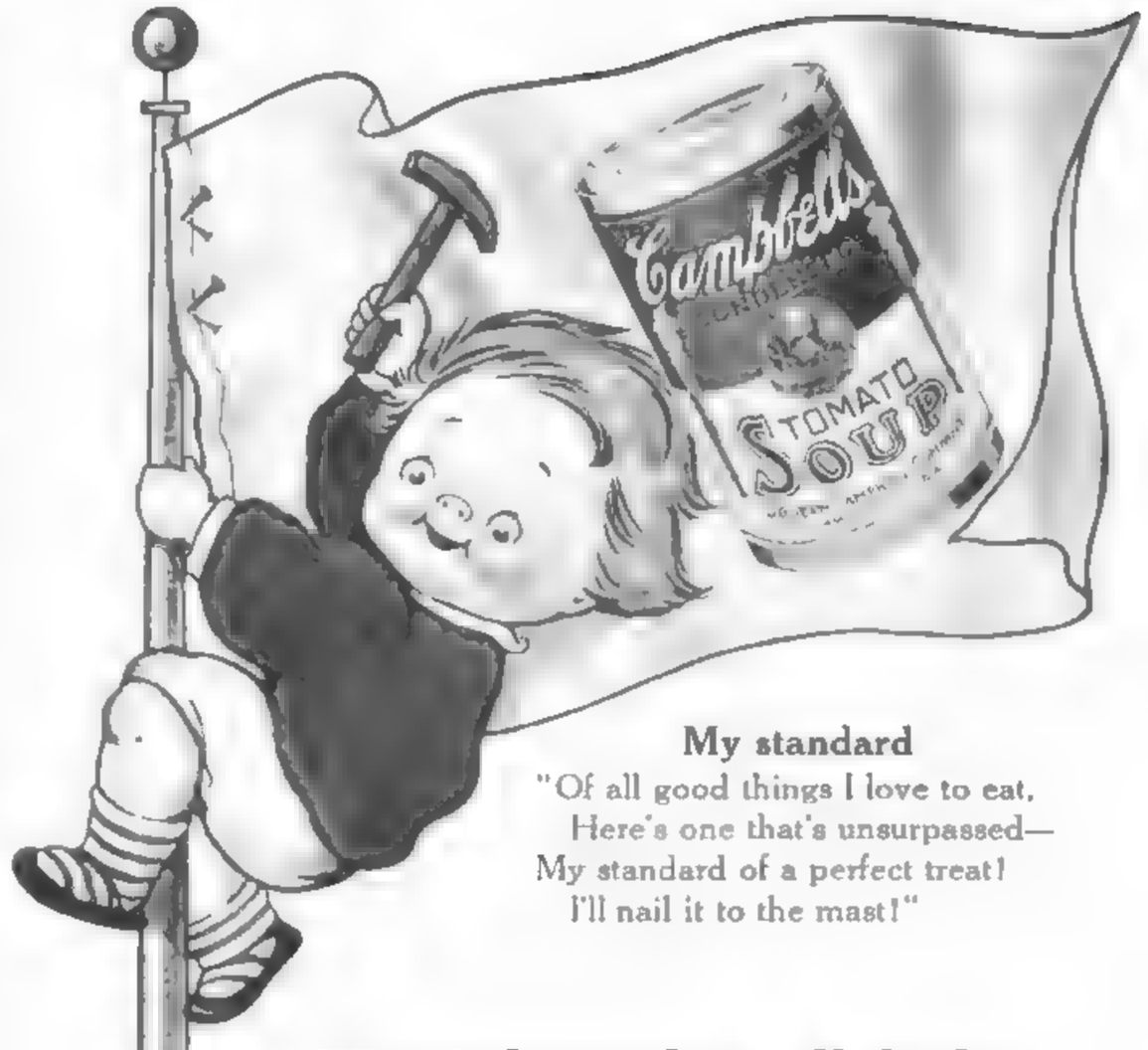
When Russia Gets Started

The Germans and the Austrians, having heard tales of their savagery, are mortally in terror of them. Every German or Austrian who is taken by a Cossack expects to be killed in some ferocious fashion—and a good many of them are. The Cossacks are not so talkative as the Russians and much more suspicious. There is no simplicity about them. They are wary, tricky, distrustful. I saw a good many of them, one way and another, but not many of them would talk either about themselves or about their experiences. At that, they are boastful among themselves and regard themselves as wonderful warriors, and as the backbone of the Russian Army. They are rather contemptuous of the ordinary Russian foot soldier. They can shoot well and they have unlimited courage. They take themselves very seriously.

The Russians have a great respect for the Cossack's fighting qualities. If a Russian can put it over, he will label himself a Cossack for purposes of personal glorification. I have had Russian soldiers beat themselves on the breast before me and proclaim themselves Cossacks, gritting their teeth, and being as ferocious as a mild-mannered muzhik can bring himself to be. Nor does the real Cossack ever let you be in the dark as to himself. He tells you he is a Cossack, and then lapses into self-conscious silence and leaves you to guess the ferocious rest.

That they are good soldiers is beyond all cavil. They have limitless courage and stop at nothing. It was their repeated charges that helped save Warsaw from the foe. They turned a defeat into a victory for the Russians. They charge, swung over on the sides of their horses; but these tactics are not so effective as they were in the old days before machine guns came into general use. I never saw a Cossack charge, but a man who did see one tells me it is a most wonderful spectacle. The charge looks, from a distance, like a wild stampede of a herd of horses without riders. Then, when the Cossacks reach the enemy, they pull themselves up on their saddles and begin killing. They do not believe in taking prisoners. Kill or get killed is the Cossack idea of warfare. The Siberian Cossacks and the Cossacks from the Ural regions are held to be the wildest and most daring. However, any sort of Cossack is fierce and bloodthirsty enough for all ordinary purposes.

In addition to the Cossacks there are numerous other tribesmen, or clansmen, serving in the Russian Army, each with his racial and tribal peculiarities, and each, apparently, quite earnestly fighting for the Czar. There are eight or ten millions of them already rallied to the colors—seas of men—oceans of them—and more to come. If the top of Russia remains right the bottom can be trusted to do its share.



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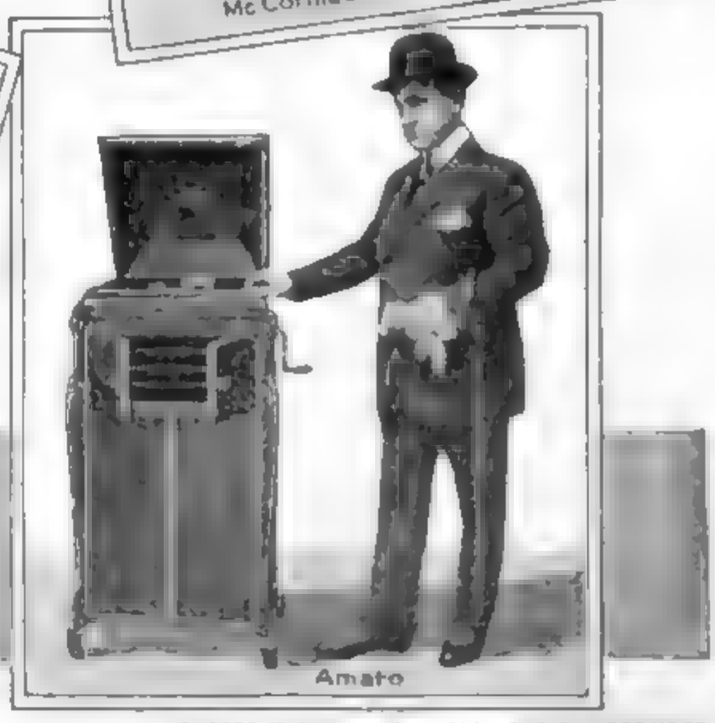

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NOVO helps build New York Subway

Scene showing building of new Subway at 42nd Street and Broadway
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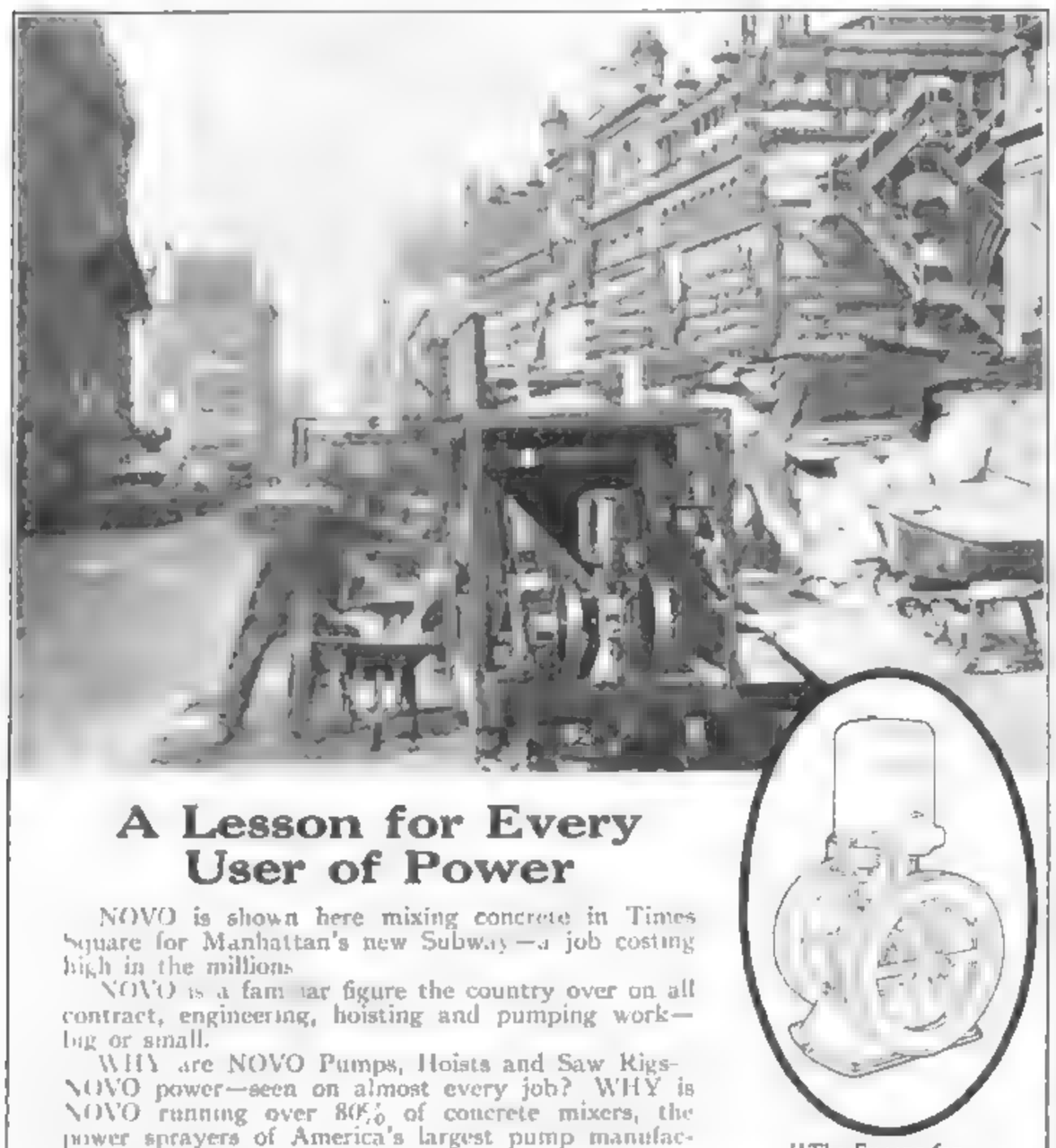

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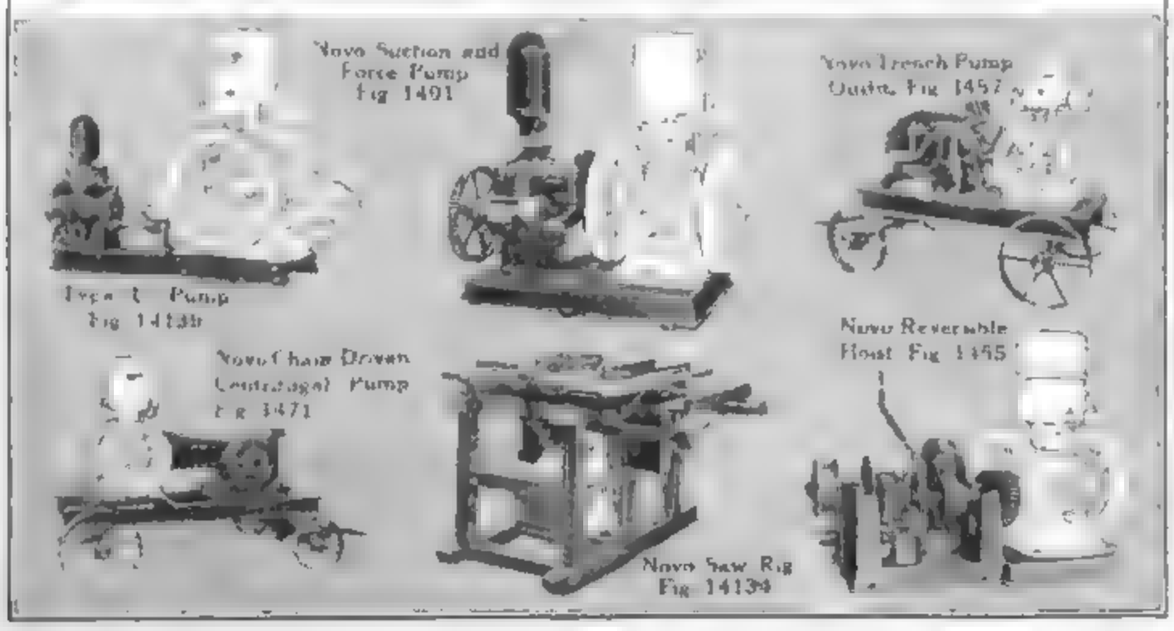
Novo Suction and Force Pump Fig 1491
Novo Trench Pump Outfit Fig 1457
Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pump Fig 1471
Novo Reversible Hoist Fig 1455
Novo Saw Rig Fig 14134

THE ZONE OF PARIS

(Concluded from Page 4

of the Germans before their advance in this region curved eastward into a retreat. This tomb was a very impressive thing. The driver had thrilled me again.

We drove on. We were now in a large rolling plain that sloped gradually behind us southward toward the Marne. It had many little woods and spinneys and no watercourses. To the civilian it appeared an ideal theater for a glorious sanguinary battle in which thousands of fathers, sons and brothers should die violently because some hierarchy in a distant capital was suffering from an acute attack of swelled head. A few trenches here and there could still be descried, but the whole land was in an advanced state of cultivation. Wheat and oats and flaming poppies had now conquered the land, had overrun and possessed it as no Germans could ever do. The raw earth of the trenches struggled vainly against the tide of germination. The harvest was going to be good. This plain, with its little woods and little villages, glittered with a careless and vast satisfaction in the sheets of sunshine that fell out of a blue too intense for the gaze.

We saw a few more tombs, and a great general monument or cenotaph to the dead constructed at crossroads by military engineers. The driver pointed to the village of Penchard, which had been pillaged and burned by the enemy. It was only about a mile off, but in the strong, dazzling light we could distinguish not the least sign of damage. Then we came to a farmhouse by the roadside. It was empty; it was a shell, and its roof was damaged. The Germans had gutted it. They had taken away its furniture as booty. What they intended to do with furniture out of a perfectly mediocre farmhouse hundreds of miles from home it is difficult to imagine. Articles which it did not suit them to carry off they destroyed. Wine casks, of which they could not drink the wine, they stove in. And then they retreated.

This farmhouse was somebody's house, just as your home is yours and mine is mine. To some woman or other every object in it was familiar; she glanced at the canister on the mantelpiece and said to herself: "I really must clean that canister to-morrow." There the house stood with holes in its roof, empty. And if there are half a million similarly tragic houses in Europe to-day, as probably there are, such frequency does not in the slightest degree diminish the forlorn tragedy of that particular house which I beheld.

At last Barcy came into view—the pierced remains of its church tower over the brow of a rise in the plain. Barcy is our driver's show place. Barcy was in the middle of things. The fighting round Barcy lasted a night and a day, and Barcy was taken and retaken twice.

"You see the new red roofs," remarked the driver as we approached. "By those new red roofs you are in a state to judge a little what the damage was."

Some of the newly made roofs, however, were of tarred paper.

The street by which we entered had a smallpox of shrapnel and bullet marks. The post office had particularly suffered—its bones were laid bare. It had not been restored, but it was ready to do any business that fell to be done, though closed on that afternoon. We turned a corner and came upon the church. The work on the church was well up to the Teutonic average. Of its roof only the rafters were left. The windows were all smashed and their lead fantastically twisted. The west door was entirely gone; a rough grille of strips of wood served in its stead. Through this grille one could see the nave and altar in a miraculous and horrible confusion. It was as if housebreakers had spent days in doing their best to produce a professional effect. The oak pews were almost unharmed. Immediately behind the grille lay a great bronze bell, about three feet high, covered beautifully with incised inscriptions; it was unhurt.

Apparently nothing had been accomplished, in ten months, toward the restoration of the church. But something was contemplated, perhaps already started. A polished steel saw lay on one of the pews but there was no workman attached to it.

While I was writing some notes on the porch three little boys came up and diligently stared at me.

"What dost thou want?" I said sharply to the tallest.

"Nothing," he replied.

Then three widows came up, one young, one young and beautiful, one middle-aged.

We got back into the carriage.

"The village seems very deserted," I said to the driver.

"What would you?" he answered. "Many went. They had no home. Few have returned."

All round were houses of which nothing remained but the stone walls. The Germans had shown great prowess here, and the French still greater. It was a village upon which rival commanders could gaze with pride. It will remember the fourth and the fifth of September.

We made toward Chambry. Chambry is a village which, like Meaux, lies below the plain. Chambry escaped glory; but between it and Barcy, on the intervening slope through which a good road runs, a battle was fought. You know what kind of a battle it was by the tombs. These tombs were very like the others—an oblong of barbed wire, a white flag, a white cross, sometimes a name, more often only a number, rarely a wreath. You see first one, then another, then two, then a sprinkling; and gradually you perceive that the whole plain is dotted with gleams of white flags and white crosses, so that graves seem to extend right away to the horizon marked by lines of trees. Then you see a huge general grave. Much glory about this spot!

And then a tomb with a black cross. Very disconcerting that black cross! It is different not only in color but in shape from the other crosses. Sinister! You need not be told that the body of a German lies beneath it. The whole devilishness of the Prussian ideal is expressed in that black cross. There, as the road curves, you see more black crosses, many black crosses, very many. No flags, no names, no wreaths on these tombs. Just a white stenciled number in the center of each cross. Women in Germany are still lying awake at nights and wondering what those tombs look like.

Watching over all the tombs, white and black without distinction, are notices: "Respect the Tombs." But the wheat and the oats are not respecting the tombs. Everywhere the crops have encroached on them, half-hiding them, smothering them, climbing right over them. In one place wheat is ripening out of the very body of a German soldier.

Such is the nearest battlefield to Paris. Corporate excursions to it are forbidden, and wisely; for the attraction of the place, were it given play, would completely demoralize Meaux and the entire district.

In half an hour we were back at an utterly matter-of-fact railway station, in whose café an utterly matter-of-fact and capable Frenchwoman gave us tea. And when we reached Paris we had the news that a captain of the French Army had been detailed to escort us to the front and to show us all that could safely be seen. Nevertheless, whatever I may experience, I shall not experience again the thrill which I had when the weak and melancholy old driver pointed out the first tomb. That which we had just seen was once the front.

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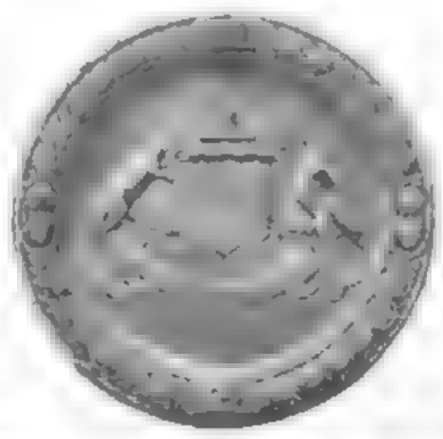

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GIDDY GIRL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, all the nice, proper Americans." She drew herself up proudly as she spoke, but her words came wearily. "That miserable Meggs fellow and his wife are the worst; but they're all bad—looking away from me when they pass me on the street, and whispering about me and my highly improper ways. Oh—believe me!—it's a relief to come back to Señora Fulu-Yan's!"

"I see!" I rubbed my forehead, as it suddenly dawned on me that Meggs had been going round town for five days, stirring up the righteous against Giddy Girl for the swiping of that Book of Old Songs and Meggs' church choir's cornet. "Well, well!" I added. And just about then I happened to think that all Zamboanga must have been gossiping about Giddy Girl's kicking that cornet out of the player's mouth and overboard at the dance on the after deck of the Virginius. "That's too bad!"

I shook my head at her; and I meant it too—believe me! For when a small colony of missionary folks, and army men and their wives, ten thousand miles from anywhere, works up a first-class moral indignation I'm sorry for the victim. I'd rather be chased by a Malay amuck.

While all this was running through my head I glanced round the room; and—honest to goodness!—I felt sorry enough to cry, though I'm not leaky-eyed. There wasn't much more in sight than the clothes on Giddy Girl's back, one pitiful wee trunk over in one corner, and that queer moving-picture camera of hers she had tried to snap Billy Sayres and me with that day she came round and mistook us for savages.

On the table with the camera lay a cheap, coarse straw hat, a tired-looking hairbrush, two old combs, a ragged roll of torn moving-picture film—and nothing else! I gulped a little and looked at Giddy Girl; while she scanned me in anger not the least disguised.

"Miss Adams"—I bowed—"may I prevail on you to accept the hospitality of Uncle Sam during the rest of your stay in Zamboanga? We've got a couple of nice spare guest rooms over at the Capricorn Club ——"

"No, thanks!" Giddy Girl was icy.

"There's running water and no bugs," I wheedled. "The club'll be a heap more comfortable. And you'll probably meet some army people there who'll be going up on the Manila boat with you."

"Oh, no, they won't!" said she; and she moved over to the other end of the room and began fussing with her camera.

"W-why! How do you know that?"

"Because," she explained with a quick snap, "I'm not going up on any Manila boat."

"Say!" I opened my eyes. "You aren't thinking of taking a dirty tramp steamer straight back to the States, I hope? I know they're as cheap as dirt and you've got to save the pennies; but —— Well, miss! Could you lie on a straw mattress in a Turkish bath and watch fifteen rats as big as terriers hold a council of war on the foot of the bed, trying to decide which of your pretty pink toes to gnaw off first? If you could, take the tramp."

"I shall not take it." She turned defiant fire at me. "I am going to stay in Zamboanga. I can't waste money going back to New York. I've scraped together a few hundred dollars by selling off my wardrobe. It's all I've got in the world."

"Girl!" I gasped. "You're out of your head! You hustle back to little old Manhattan as fast as steam can tote you! You've friends there who'll look after you. The wireless said so."

"Do you think I'm going to live on charity the rest of my life?" she blazed.

"Well"—I pegged out my words one by one and slowly—"what else have you to live on? Forgive a tough old man, miss, if he says things that hurt; but this is no time for watchful waiting—believe James Higgins on that score! You've got to look facts in the face; and don't put on smoked glasses for the job, either, miss! Here you are, darned near dead-broke and ten thousand miles from Broadway. You've never had to shift for yourself. You've always had maids to scurry round for your little jobs and lawyers to hump themselves on the big ones.

"What's the result? Why, to put it straight, you're a spoiled child. You've had one long good time all your life. You're used to having your own way, and you're proud and haughty. That's why you hate to live off your friends. But"—up went my forefinger—"when you come right down to rock bottom you've got to do it. 'Cause why? 'Cause you don't know how to shift for yourself. I'll bet you can't even trim your own hat! And, as for making ends meet in Zamboanga ——"

Right there I had to laugh, for all that the poor creature was staring at me with a pale, terror-stricken face.

"I will do it! I will!" she shrieked. "Go away! You brute!"

"Sure, I'm a brute!" I grinned. "Got to be, in my business of uplifting; but how are you going to get along here? Can you repair gasoline engines? There's a good opening in that line. Can you lay concrete? The Government needs somebody to do that on the new macadam road. Can you ——"

"I will not listen to these insults!" Giddy Girl ran toward the door, panting: "Señora! Señora! Make this man get out!"

"By the way"—I caught her arm as she tried to pass me—"seeing that you think you can shift for yourself, allow me to ask what you know about Señora Fulu-Yan."

"She's a lady; and you're no gentleman!" Giddy Girl wrenched herself free.

"That's news!" I shot back, and with one big jump I flung myself against the door, shutting us two in and the señora's ears out. "Now listen, my dear!"

And I told her about the señora's cellar and about Señor Alvarez de Laguna, promoter of insurrections; and about Hi-Yet-Sen, eminent distributor of opium; and—as delicately as possible—about Mangadunga, manufacturer and distributor of harems.

How did Giddy Girl take it all? Well, for a little minute she held her breath while those heart-crazing flower-garden eyes of hers opened wide in fright. Then the beautiful little simpleton tossed her head proudly and heard me through, with a flickering smile on those peony lips.

"Thanks for the information," she said sweetly. "I'll put my eight hundred dollars in the bank to-day."

"And you'll move over to the Capricorn Club," I added, "and catch to-morrow's boat for God's Country."

"I shall stay right in this room"—she glided round me and opened the door with a gesture of ushering me out—"and I'll get along somehow—somehow."

"You can't!" I raged. "And you're too foolish to understand that you can't. In a couple of days you'll come to your senses; and then don't hesitate to call on James Higgins. You know where I live, child. And, for God's sake, don't do anything rash!"

"I shall not call on you." She smiled almost arrogantly as she waved me out into the hall. "I'll fish; I'll go live in the jungle; I'll—I'll do anything before I'll take alms from people who call me a spoiled child and—a Giddy Girl!"

"And so," I finished a little speech to Señora Fulu-Yan and half a dozen of her prominent lodgers, some minutes after having been evicted from Giddy Girl's room, "she's a nice girl and a straight girl, but a foolish girl. She's a helpless girl, but she's also a proud girl. And this is to let you know that I'm on to her curves the same as I'm on to yours. I'm going to ship her back home to New York as soon as she's gotten over her tantrums. And if you, Mangadunga, get fresh with her I'll remove your hide with a hoe and rub you down with salt.

"As for you, Hi-Yet-Sen, if I catch you so much as saying good morning to her I'll give you seven hypodermic injections of .45 Automatic Soothing Syrup. And to you, my adorable and lovely Señora Fulu-Yan, I hereby give the high post of First Lady of the Bedchamber to Giddy Girl, with all the moral responsibilities appertaining thereunto. Get me?"

"Honored Master Higgins"—Señora bowed exquisitely, flirting a yellow ivory fan before her maraschino-cherry lips—"I get!"

"Good!" said I; and thereupon I left in a hurry toward the wireless station for a confab with Billy Sayres on the subject of keeping a watch over Giddy Girl.

Round the first corner I bumped into a long face fastened to Meggs, the missionary.

Refinement of Detail, Lightness without the Sacrifice of Strength, Ease of Operation and Fine Shooting Qualities are found in

WINCHESTER

12, 16 AND 20 GAUGE
REPEATING SHOTGUNS

The Winchester Model 1912 lightweight, hammerless shotgun, although only recently introduced, already occupies a prominent place in the sun in the sporting world. Its strength of construction, due to the use of Nickel Steel for the metal parts, its ease of operation, its simple take-down system, and its strong shooting qualities have led critical experts to designate it "The Most Perfect Repeater." It does not take an expert to appreciate this gun, for the beauty of its lines, its fine balance, the refinement of every detail, the right "feel," and the easy way it "comes up" are apparent to those who shoot only occasionally. Before the advent of this Winchester it meant money to get a lightweight shotgun, but the Model 1912, carrying as it does the modest *list* price of $30.00, fulfills every requirement in that line as well as a much more expensive gun.

THE SHOTGUNS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

"Why—When Did You Begin to Smoke a Pipe?"

The first day you appear with your new pipe, you can't get away from that question. Your friends all show renewed interest in you. You explain half apologetically that you used to smoke a pipe a good many years ago. Advice is offered you. You are told that it will improve a new pipe to boil it in milk, to soak it in whiskey, to swathe it in chamois, to rub it with this and dip it in that—none of which things you do.

Then the question of tobacco comes up.

Every man recommends the brand he thinks is best. Some men go so far as to offer you a pipeful to try.

The whole proceeding is human nature in one of its simplest and most beautiful forms.

It is human nature for us to want you to try Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco in your pipe. We want to give you a sample package containing quite a few pipefuls.

Of course it's business with us, too. We're not chumps. We realize that if you try Edgeworth you will probably want to smoke it all the time, as thousands of those who try it do.

But there is a lot of satisfaction in it, too. If a man sends for a sample of Edgeworth, tries it, and likes it, there is a pleasure in feeling that you have introduced him to a tobacco in whose flavor he has found "Peace and Good Will."

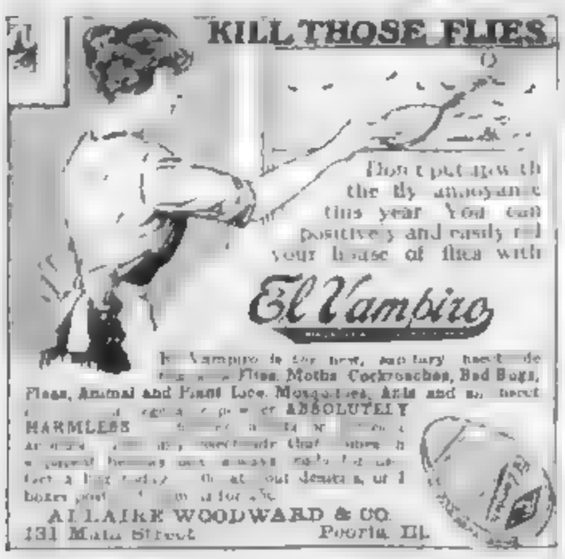
If you will send us your name and address and the address of the store where you buy most of your tobacco, a sample package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed will be sent to you.

You will like it, if we understand what pipe-smokers like—and we think we do.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proffer of the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE—SWEET—WHOLESOME

"It's a terrible scandal," moaned the face. "'Twill have a most disastrous effect on our native converts. We of the church look to you to deliver us from the infamy."

"What the devil are you bleating about, parson?" I asked.

"About the one and only thing that's being talked about in all Zamboanga," he answered solemnly; "about that Adams girl. It's the old, old story."

"How so?"

"A pretty girl, used to luxury," Meggs explained; "a pretty girl who has always loafed and played and frittered her youth away; a pretty girl who, all of a sudden, finds herself penniless and has to make her way in the world alone. She can't earn her living honestly, so she earns it as any pretty girl can."

"Look here, Meggs," I blurted, a little hot; "you're talking too loose! Florence Adams just blundered into that crooks' lodging house—believe me! She didn't know what sort of a joint it was."

"Just the same," persisted Meggs gloomily, "now that she's in with Señora Fulu-Yan, she's going to run with the crowd."

"Nonsense! In a couple of days she'll get over her fit, and then she'll come begging me to pack her off home—which I'll do, with joy," said I.

"You don't know what's been going on while you were down with fever!" Meggs set his finger tips together and contemplated heaven. "With my own eyes I've seen her out walking with the señora on the edge of town. I've seen her go strolling off with that yellow fiend, Hi-Yet-Sen, over the road half a mile back of the wireless station. I've seen her sneak off down the east beach early in the evening of day before yesterday—away, away down past the second cove; and there I've seen that old trouble breeder, Señor de Laguna, step out of a thicket and waddle up and kiss her hand."

"Meggs, I beg your pardon," I cried. "You're right! There's something black astir; but she's not walking into it with open eyes. She's been tricked along. Those scoundrels are playing on her ignorance and her credulity and her helplessness."

"You're wrong." Meggs shook his melancholy head. "Go ask Billy Sayres. He's seen more than I have."

Up the hill to the wireless I toddled, and there was poor Billy, staring blankly at his brown toes. Hard hit he was, and no doubt about that.

"What do I know?" He looked up at my query. "Too much; Higgins! Yesterday I tried again to see her—she'd been turning me away every day before and I was getting desperate. This time I told señora I had to see the girl. 'She's out walking—not home; won't be back till late,' said the señora. That got on my nerves; so I pretended to go away—but I sneaked round to the jewelry shop that backs up against the señora's house. I went through to the back and watched the upper windows; and pretty soon I spied Miss Adams. She was sitting in plain view, laughing away at that reptile, De Laguna; he was smirking at her and kissing her hand! Higgins, we've got to get her out of there—right away!"

"I guess you're right, son!" was my answer. "You come off duty at four o'clock, don't you? Good! Drop down to my place. I'll have four of my men there. We'll load our guns and toddle over to the señora's and take pretty little Giddy Girl by her pretty seashell ear and march her straight over to the Capricorn Club, where we shall keep her in the lovely big front room until I put her aboard the Manila boat to-morrow."

"God bless you!" blubbered silly Billy; and he grabbed me rudely by the arm as though I were a piece of pipe and he a pipe wrench.

"And may He everlastingly damn all idle-rich mothers," I snorted in disgust, "who bring up spoiled children and teach them how to do nothing gracefully!"

Four o'clock, and we set out—Billy, and Mississippi, and Piang, and Piang's two husky sons, and James Higgins, alias myself—armed fore and aft, and bound for Señora Fulu-Yan's charming hostelry. The sky was one white flame—not a shred of cloud to screen the heartless heat of the Sulu sun nor a puff of air to dry the streaming sweat off a fellow's face.

It was the siesta hour, and one when every sane human in Zamboanga was sure to be lolling in the darkest, coolest corner of his house, praying that Allah would put smoked glasses on the center of the solar system. That's why I picked the hour for our visit; I knew I'd certainly find the whole pack of thugs and looters and harem brokers at home—and Giddy Girl with them, of course.

Once I knocked on the señora's blackish door. Twice I knocked. Three times I hammered, and snarled as my knuckles beat the stubborn wood. But the door did not open.

"Wake up, you!" I shouted through the heavy green blinds of the nearest window; but no answer came, though I rattled the shutters like a southeast gale.

"They saw us coming and are playing us for suckers." Billy gnashed his brilliant teeth. "They're laughing at us in the back room this very minute—damn 'em!"

"Well," I snorted, "here's where I smash etiquette and a perfectly good front door!" Which I did, with the aid of three shoulders.

Into the cool front hall we all leaped, guns drawn. It was empty. We dashed through to the long portico, where the señora's boarders dined. It was empty.

"Guard the doors, front and back!" I yelled to my Malay boys; and as they leaped to their posts Billy and I lunged upstairs. To the big back room we raced—rapped—rapped—rapped loudly; then broke in.

In one corner of the room we saw a pitiful wee trunk. It stood open and empty. On the table lay a tired-looking hairbrush and a ragged roll of torn moving-picture film—nothing else! The cheap straw hat was gone. The two old combs were gone. And poor little Giddy Girl was gone—gone along with the whole pack of cutthroats and Mohammedan flesh traffickers!

I screamed with rage. And Billy Sayres' handsome head went down with a thump on the bare table, where he cried his heart out.

Of course we had all Zamboanga out on the trail of the vanished gang and vanished girl in ten minutes. We searched the town and the water front, and even the four freighters at anchor in the harbor—and we found precisely and exactly nothing. Then I sent out fifteen runners over every road back inland, and my Malay men scoured the shore on foot and in proa, east and west, and over Basilan way, until two o'clock in the morning—and they found precisely and exactly nothing.

Then Billy Sayres dragged himself over to my Official Residence, I assisting him by his shirt collar; and the poor kid flung himself flat on my floor and sobbed:

"You've got to bring her back, Higgins! You've got to! I—I can't go back to work until she's safe. She's—everything to me! I didn't know it before, but I know it now."

"Son"—I spoke like a granddaddy to him—"the hour's late for argufying; but I'm going to say one thing, and I want you to hear it through and then sleep on it. Florence Adams is a beautiful creature. I don't blame you for falling heels over head in love with her. She's the lulu-est white girl you've seen in two years—and you're only twenty-five years old, boy; but she's not the woman for you. Some day you're going to be Provincial Governor, Billy, and you'll need a wife with brains. Giddy Girl hasn't got 'em. Dance she sure can—and when it comes to looking, those violet eyes of hers could lead a man through rivers of blood; but she's a spoiled child and as helpless as a day-old kitten. We saw that when she wirelessed me to run errands for her. And now we're seeing it at its blackest. No, Billy—forget her! Quick! She'd be a millstone round your neck."

"You've got to bring her back!" the boy wailed, and covered his streaming face with his bare brown arms. "What spirit she showed when that miserable Meggs and his crowd froze her out of the good crowd! She's a patrician—Florence is! Proud!"

"Pride is a fine thing, son," said I, "if you've got something to be proud of; but that poor child hasn't. Now go to sleep!"

Late afternoon of the next day, and down the north shore road came sneezing and wheezing an Early Renaissance automobile, with two wild-eyed citizens in it and the news that trouble was brewing for fair this time up round Sibuku Bay.

"You're going to have something to do this trip, Mr. Higgins!" the pair yelled at me. "That insurrection you were hunting for broke out in the open this morning; and it's a thousand to one that it'll be the nastiest that ever spattered good red corpuscles over Mindanao. This morning we

(Continued on Page 37)

False Teeth No Joke

They are a mighty serious reality to lots of people. And what else can you have if you lose your natural teeth?

The cause of tooth-decay, scientists say, is, in nine out of ten cases, "Acid-Mouth."

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

The passengers of the Ansonia told of unusual excitement when a ship was sighted at 3 o'clock last Wednesday morning. The Ansonia was almost to a stop and a boat from a British cruiser came alongside with a strong detachment of soldiers and tobacco. Cases of it were carried aboard the cruiser, the supplies she required. They got all the surplus stock the ship's steward had.—*New York Evening World, December 11, 1914*

American smokers demand millions of MECCA cigarettes every day—will smoke no other cigarette, because MECCA alone gives them "Perfect Satisfaction." Its *quality* has made this wonderfully mild, sweet, mellow Turkish blend the largest selling brand in America. MECCA brooks no rival and comparison proves it.

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Made in 8, 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.

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Remington UMC

IT IS an interesting fact—the happiest indication for the future of shooting in this country—that sportsmen are growing more critical every year.

Now, your American sportsman is first of all a ***business man.***

And while he may forget business when he takes a day off with his gun and a pocket full of shells—he can't forget his ideals of *efficiency.*

His regard for efficiency, for ***results*** in his shooting, makes the Remington-UMC "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" the leading smokeless powder shells of the day all over America.

Steel Lined—all the drive of the powder *put to work*—the shot thrown quicker to the mark.

Taken together, the "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" are known everywhere as the *Speed Shells*—a nickname that is one of the finest compliments any ammunition could receive.

Just as the Remington-UMC "New Club" are called everywhere "The Old Reliable Black Powder Shells."

Yet, like all nicknames, this compliment opens the way to mistakes—especially when you have not time to go to the leading dealer—the man who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC,* the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

The way to Remington-UMC Shells—to *Remington-UMC results in your shooting*—is to ask for these famous shells by the specific names, "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" (or in *black powder* shells, "New Club"). The Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC on every box.

New Club Shot Shells
(Black Powder)

Made in 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24 and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular black powders.

REMINGTON UMC

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Woolworth Bldg. (233 Broadway) New York

London, England **Windsor, Ontario**

(Continued from Page 34)

saw more'n five hundred warriors marching through the hill trails five miles this side of the bay. They were armed and made up for real fighting, sir. And, what's worst of all, they were being led by that big villain, Señor Alvarez de Laguna, and that bigger, blacker woman-hunter, Mangadunga."

That's as far as they got. I blew a whistle that brought my Malay men on the run; and before the sun tumbled into the blue sea water I was rounding the western capes and veering northward in my motor boat, followed by ten others carrying two companies of khaki and six machine guns—not to mention Billy Sayres, who scandalously jumped his job.

Round dawn of the following day we were skirting the hilly shore south of Sibuku near the place where hell was breaking loose—when, on a flattish, grassy clearing atop a promontory, Mississippi spied the glint of many spears and the confused motion of many black heads bobbing through the reedy growth.

Cautiously we worked round the cape and up to the reeking mouth of a sluggish little brook; then up this afoot for hours, splashing and stumbling over the stones in the bumpy bed, until we struck a freshly broken trail through the hillside tangle. Up this we hurried, as still as snakes, Billy and I and my Moro men in the lead, and two boatloads of khakis close behind, all ready on the trigger.

We reached the crest. We glided through the tall bamboo grass. In a minute there came floating to us on the steamy air the short, sharp grunt of many men running in the heat; and on the heels of it came the clear, high voice of Giddy Girl, shrieking:

"Stand back! Keep your distance! Oh, please! Please!"

Billy Sayres drew in his breath and leaped forward, gun in hand, and with a savage, desperate contortion of his handsome face.

Ten strides we ran, Billy and I and my Moro men; then the grass suddenly shortened to a mere lawn, and we stumbled into a clearing as big as the old Polo Grounds back in New York. One look at the scene and James Higgins' spunk oozed. What did I see? I saw, charging across the space at full tilt, a mob of wild Manobos in all their war finery; a raging gang of Moros, also attired for a scrap; and a rabble of raving Mandayas from the inland hills.

"Hell's sure loose!" I screamed. "Never yet have Manobos and Moros and Mandayas met without slicing each other up—and here they are, fighting together! Oh, but here's a really-truly insurrection for poor James Higgins to squelch!"

"Look! Look!" Billy screeched in agony; and he pointed to the opposite side of the clearing—to a point at which the wild men were charging.

I looked. And may I be served up as hash to a white shark if I didn't see Giddy Girl, her back against a whopping tree fern, and her pretty right arm waving madly at that villain, De Laguna, and that accursed harem broker, Mangadunga! The precious pair were stealing up on the girl, while down behind them came charging those ugly hill tribesmen, yowling their horrible murder chants.

"Get away from me!" Giddy Girl was wailing helplessly. "Please!"

"Don't shoot them, Billy!" I yelled as I saw Billy lift his revolver. "She's on a dead line with them. You might hit her. Work round to the left. I'll go the right. Then pick the hell mongrels off. Pump 'em full of lead!"

Mangadunga turned his wicked head toward us as I sang out. Under the glare of sunlight I saw his blackish lips draw back in a snarl of infuriation. He whirled and, with a single tigerish bound, vanished into the head high *cogon* grass behind the tree fern. As for De Laguna, the wily fiend stepped aside a few paces and bowed to me with full Castilian sweep and grace.

"Charge!" I thundered to the khakis trailing behind us. "Cut between her and those devils!" I gesticulated toward the tribesmen, who were now not more than fifty paces from Giddy Girl.

"No! Stop!" screamed Billy; and of a sudden he pitched forward on the grass and, writhing, howled: "Oh, it's too funny! Oh! Higgins! Higgins!"

"What the——" I began; then my eyes went to Giddy Girl.

And what did they see? Eh? You won't believe it; in fact, sometimes I don't. It's too crazy. It's a cross between a thoroughbred nightmare and a mongrel comic opera. It's—oh, rot! There's no saying what it is!

There stood Giddy Girl, smiling into the apish mugs of those five-hundred-odd lunatics. Smiling, drat it—smiling! And in her firm little right hand was a husky .45 automatic, while her busy little left hand was spinning the shining crank of her moving-picture camera. And into the face of the camera came galloping those yelping Moros and Manobos and Mandayas!

"Drop your guns, you bunch of mutts!" I bellowed at my khakis, who came smashing through the bamboo behind me, ki-yi-ing like a grand stand full of football rooters. And you bet they minded, the minute they set eyes on the scene ahead.

Then up I marched toward Giddy Girl and sang out:

"Now what does this mean, young woman? What are you up to anyhow?"

She never so much as glanced at me. She kept her big violet eyes on the advancing wild men, and all the while that left hand kept the camera purring away.

"I'm rather glad you dropped in," said she without a quiver or quaver. "If you hadn't I should have had to shoot that nasty Mangadunga man. He was getting very rude!" Then, to De Laguna and two chiefs who were edging up to the camera: "Hey there, you! Stand back! If you get in front of this machine I'll not pay your men one red cent. You'll spoil the whole reel!"

Billy Sayres gaped at the machine like a blank fool.

"What—wh-what—how did you get here?" he chattered idiotically.

"A little bird brought me in his beak," sauced back Giddy Girl with never a twinkle. "Divide, you! Divide! Don't come up too close—half to the right and half to the left. Now! That's the stuff!"

It was as bad as the bloodiest head-hunting party or harem raid I ever looked on. Tough as I am, it got my goat. I wheeled toward Señor Alvarez de Laguna and demanded, in my most authoritative voice, which is some thunder—believe me:

"You hunk of Gorgonzola! What do you mean by leading this woman into such a hellhole? You're under arrest!"

"Master Higgins," the fellow shivered and yelped, "I'm innocent! I'm ——"

"Quit rough-housing, you two!" put in Giddy Girl as she stopped the camera and came over toward us. "The señor's all right. This is my tea party, Mr. Higgins."

"But you're crazy, my dear child!" I laughed. "I suppose this beast and his running mate, Mangadunga, fed you some pretty tale about getting snapshots at local color back here in the jungle—eh? I've heard of that game before. Only last winter Mangadunga caught three Spanish women that way."

"Oh, Master Higgins!" howled De Laguna like a kicked cur.

"Keep still, you!" Giddy Girl snapped her fingers at the fomenter of revolutions, and the fomenter of the aforesaid dried up like a dewdrop in an alkali desert. "You're wrong as usual, Mr. Higgins. This is my party. I suggested it. I got tired of sitting round Zamboanga, doing nothing. I wanted some good photos of savages—and you wouldn't pose for me, you remember. So I asked the crowd at the señora's to fix up this war dance. I gave Señor de Laguna fifty dollars for the job, and he's done it well. I gave the señora fifty dollars for coaching that mob of brownies."

"But that Mangadunga meant harm," I protested.

"I'm afraid he did." Giddy Girl smiled quietly. "I didn't invite him to my party, and I guess he was peevish. I've been standing him off for an hour; he pretended he wanted to see how the camera worked." She waved her revolver and laughed nervously. "He was anxious to get near me—but this discouraged him. Maybe some of Those Present were sorry he missed out."

"Well, I guess!" said I, and gave De Laguna a look that he'll remember until the undertaker comes round for him. "Young woman, you're even sillier than I thought you were—running off with a pack of pirates, thugs and murderers into Sibuku jungle, and meeting Moros and worse savages just for the fun of taking their pictures!"

"Just for the fun?" Giddy Girl drew herself up, and from those exquisite eyes of hers there burned a fire altogether too hot for the comfort of one James Higgins. It was a fire that made even the Manobos and Mandayas huddle round, hushed and wondering. "Just for the fun of taking pictures? Fun! Oh, you stupid! See here!" She changed her tone, and pointed

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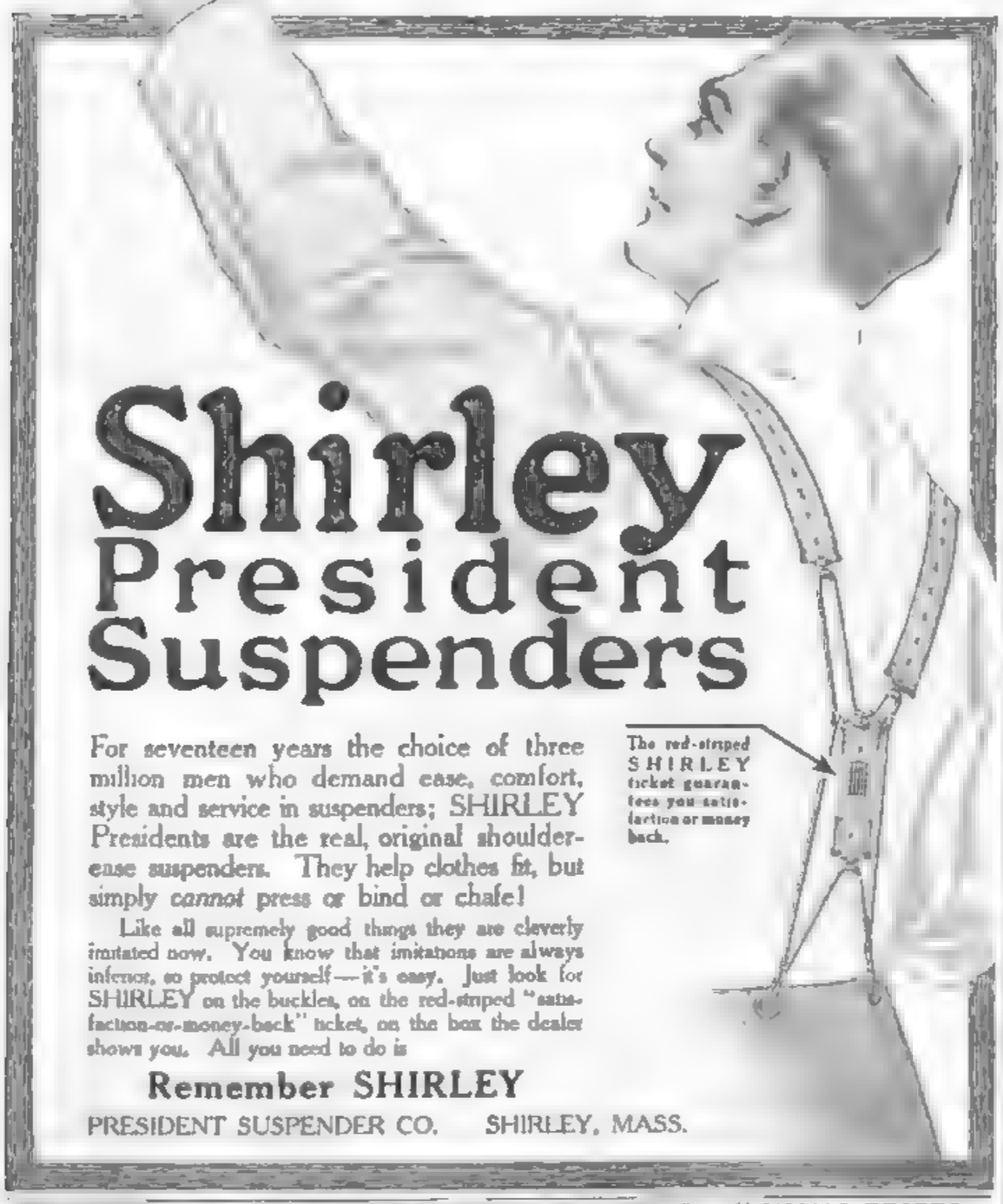

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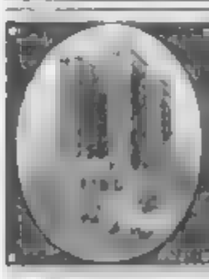

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to a squad of my soldiers who had just broken through into the clearing, lugging our little field wireless plant, which I always lug about on my expeditions. "Will that thing carry a message as far as Zamboanga?"

"Twice as far," I answered. "What's up?"

"Set it up—quick!" She gave the order to Billy, and Billy stepped lively.

In a jiffy the pole was up, and a man was working the big, stiff crank of the hand dynamo, which set the whole blue sky of God a-tremble. Thereupon Giddy Girl waved Billy to the key and dictated as follows while I held my breath:

"Zamboanga—Relay to Manila. SIMON EINIGMANN, Broker, Avenida del Re, Manila: Have secured three reels of Mindanao tribes on war path. Perfect light and excellent composition. Guaranteed authentic by James Higgins, U. S. agent and high authority on Mindanao. What is your best cash offer? Reply within twenty-four hours.—F. ADAMS, Moving-picture Studio, Calle Madero."

"Hold on, Miss Adams!" I chattered unsteadily. "This is too much to throw at a fellow in one gob! Do I get you right? You're taking these pictures as a business?"

"It's going to be my business, Mr. Higgins"—she smiled sweetly—"as long as the island of Mindanao remains above water and I keep my health. I've got to shift for myself, you know!"

"You wonderful woman!" breathed Billy Sayres, and his eyes lifted to meet hers.

"Don't be silly!" She flushed, but right good-naturedly. "What must be, must be. If I don't feed myself I'll starve."

"But," I cried, "you are a wizard, young lady, considering that you—er—never had to button your own shoes all your life; and—um—er——"

"And have been a spoiled child and a pampered daughter of the Idle Rich!" She took up my thought maliciously. "I've braced up considerably—eh? Well, Mr. Higgins, let me tell you something: You needn't shoot off any fireworks on my account. I've done no more than any girl I know would have done."

"That's not true!" Billy burst forth angrily. "You're the most wonderful girl I ever ——"

She turned her back on poor Billy and boldly winked at me. Winked! Yes, sir!

"He's a nice boy, isn't he?" she whispered. "I hope he grows up fast. I really do like him. Say, Mr. Higgins, what would a real Moro house cost me? It'd be lovely to have that sort of studio," she sighed—"if only that Manila man'll buy these reels. Do you suppose he could turn them down?"

"We'll see about that, miss," said I.

And to Billy at the key I dictated as follows:

"SIMON EINIGMANN, Broker, Manila: Understand you have option on famous Mindanao reels from the Adams Studio. Would you consider selling same to Government of Moro Province?—JAMES HIGGINS."

"Now let's have a real tea party," said I.

And we did, right there in the short grass under the shade of the big trees, while Florence Adams passed round—so help me Allah!—a bucketful of bright copper cents to her army of warriors.

Late afternoon, and we were fidgeting to start home, when the wireless started to crackle. Billy jumped to his seat and read off this:

"F. ADAMS, Zamboanga: Will take reels at three dollars a foot, good clear film.—EINIGMANN, Manila."

"I—I've got three thousand feet—three—thou——" Florence Adams gasped. "Nine thousand dol——" She crumpled up in a dead faint.

"Nine thousand dollars!" I stuttered, while Billy and I picked her up and spilled water on her white, still face. "That's a knock-out drop. It's enough to make her a Giddy Girl!"

And this was the only time Billy had the impudence to swat me one on the jaw and bowl me over.

I got even on him, though—I did! I built her a Moro-fashion studio next day, and the door is always open to me; but Billy is allowed to call only when he's dressed up and she's not busy developing reels. When he does drop in she's developing something else—if you can't guess what you've no business reading this yarn.

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4½ x 36	27.35	28.70
5 x 37	32.30	33.90

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Then too there is the WAXTITE package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out

W. K. Kellogg

AT GEISENHEIMER'S

(Continued from Page 11)

I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk-pail on my arm.
I miss the rooster,
The one that useter
Wake me up at four a. m.
I think your great big city's
Very pretty,
But nevertheless I want to be there. . . .

"Num-bahs thirteen, sixteen and seventeen, good-by!" Off we went again.

I was born in Michigan,
And I wish and wish again
That I was back
In the town where I was born. . . .

"Num-bah twelve, we hate to part with you, but—back to your table!"

A plump dame in a red hat, who had been dancing with a kind smile as if she were doing it to amuse the children, left the floor.

"Num-bahs six, fifteen and twenty, thumbs down!"

And pretty soon the only couples left were Charlie and me, Mrs. Charlie and the fellow I'd introduced her to, and a bald-headed man and a girl in a white hat. He was one of your stick-at-it performers. He had been dancing all the evening. I had noticed him from the balcony. From up there he looked like a hard-boiled egg.

He was a trier all right, that guy, and had things been otherwise than what they were, so to speak, I'd have been glad to see him win. But it was not to be. Ah, no!

"Num-bah nineteen, you're getting all flushed. Take a rest!"

So there it was, a straight sporting contest between me and Charlie, and Mrs. Charlie and her man. Every nerve in my system was trembling with excitement, was it not? It was not.

Charlie hadn't a suspicion of the state of the drama. As I've already hinted, he wasn't a dancer who took much of his attention off his feet while in action. He was there to do his durnedest, not to inspect objects of interest by the wayside. The correspondence college he had graduated from doesn't guarantee to teach you to do two things at once when it mails you your diploma.

He was breathing heavily down my neck, with eyes glued to the floor. All he knew was that the sporting contest had thinned out some, and the honor of Ashley, Maine, was in his hands.

You know how the public begins to sit up and take notice when these dance contests have been narrowed down to two couples. There are evenings when I quite forget myself, when I'm one of the last two left in, and get all excited.

There's a sort of hum in the air, and as you go round the room people at the tables start applauding. Why, if you weren't wise to the inner workings of the thing you'd be all of a twitter.

It didn't take my practiced ear long to get next to the fact that it wasn't me and Charlie that the great public was rooting for. We would go round the floor without getting a hand, and every time Mrs. Charlie and her guy got to a corner there was a noise like election night.

I took a look at her across the floor, and I didn't wonder that she was making a hit. Say, she was a different kid. I never saw anyone look so happy and pleased with herself. Her eyes were like lamps, and her cheeks all pink, and she was going to it like a champion. I knew what had made the hit with the people. It was the look of her. She made you think of fresh milk and new-laid eggs and birds singing. Just to take a slant at her was like getting away to the country in August. It's funny about guys who live all the time in the city. They chuck out their chests, and talk about little old New York being good enough for them, and there's a street in heaven they call Broadway, and all the rest of it, but it seems to me that what they really live for is the three weeks in the summer when they get away into the country. I knew exactly why they were rooting so hard for Mrs. Charlie. She made them think of their vacation which was coming along, when they would go and board at the farm, and drink out of the old oaken bucket, and call the cows by their first names.

Gee! I felt like that myself. All day the country had been tugging at me, and now it tugged worse than ever.

I could have smelled the new-mown hay if it hadn't been that when you're at Geisenheimer's you have to smell Geisenheimer's and nothing else, because it leaves no chance for competition.

"'At-a-boy!" I breathed into Charlie's ear. "Keep-a-working. It looks to me as if we were going back in the betting."

"Uh-huh!" he grunted, too busy to talk.

"Pull some of those fancy steps of yours. We need them in our business."

And the way that boy worked—it was a sin!

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Izzy Baermann, and he wasn't looking happy. He was nerving himself for one of those quick referee's decisions—the sort you make and then duck under the ropes and run five miles to avoid the incensed populace. It was this sort of thing happening now and again that prevented Izzy's job, otherwise one of the world's softest, from being the perfect cinch. Mabel Francis told me that one night, when Izzy declared her the winner of the great sporting contest, it was such raw work that she thought there'd have been a riot. It looked pretty much as if he was afraid the same thing was going to happen now. There wasn't a doubt which of us two couples was the one the customers wanted to see pull down that love-r-ly silver cup. It was a walk-over for Mrs. Charlie, and Charlie and I were simply among those present.

But Izzy had his duty to do, and drew a pay envelope for doing it, so he moistened his lips, looked round to see that his strategic railroads weren't blocked, swallowed twice, pulled at his collar, and said in a husky voice:

"Num-bah ten, please re-tiah!"

I stopped at once.

"Come along," I said to Charlie. "That's our exit cue."

And we walked off the floor, amidst applause.

"Well," says Charlie, taking out his handkerchief and attending to his brow, which was like the village blacksmith's, "we didn't do so bad, did we? We didn't do so bad, I guess! We ——"

And he looks up at the balcony, expecting to see the dear little wife draped over it with that worshiping look in her eyes, adoring him. And just as his eye is moving up, it gets caught by the sight of her a whole heap lower down than he had expected—on the floor, in fact, behaving like Mrs. Castle and the Dolly Sisters rolled into one.

She wasn't doing much in the worshiping line just then. She was too busy.

It was a regular triumphal procession for the kid. She couldn't have felt much more popular if she had been Queen of Coney at the Mardi Gras. She and her partner were doing one or two rounds now for exhibition purposes, like the winning couple always does at Geisenheimer's, and the room was fairly rising at them. You'd have thought from the way they clapped that they had been betting all their spare cash on her.

Charlie gets her well focused, then he lets his jaw drop till it pretty near bumped against the floor.

"But—but—but ——" he began.

"I know," I said. "It begins to look as if she could dance well enough for the city after all. It begins to look as if she had sort of put one over on somebody, don't it! It begins to look as if it were a pity you didn't think of dancing with her yourself."

"I—I—I ——"

"You come along and have a nice cold drink," I said, "and you'll soon pick up."

He tottered after me to a table, looking as if he had been hit by a street car. He had got his.

I was so busy looking after Charlie, flapping the towel and working on him with the oxygen, that, if you'll believe me, it wasn't for quite a time that I thought of glancing round and finding out how the thing had struck Izzy Baermann..

If you can imagine a fond and trusting father whose only son has swung on him with a brick, jumped on his stomach, and then gone South with all his money, you have a pretty good notion of how poor Izzy looked. He was staring at me across the room and talking to himself and jerking his hands about. Whether he thought he was talking to me or whether he was rehearsing the scene where he broke it to the

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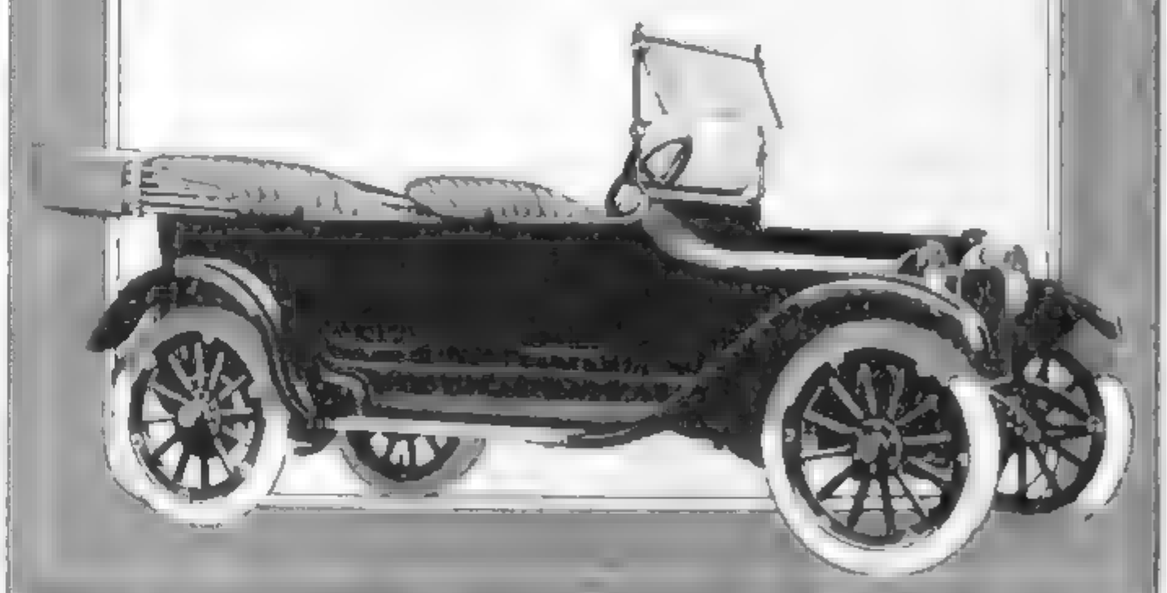

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boss that a mere stranger had got away with his love-r-ly silver cup, I don't know. Whichever it was, he was being mighty eloquent.

I gave him a nod, as much as to say that it would all come right in the future, and then I turned to Charlie again. He was beginning to pick up.

"She won the cup!" he said in a dazed voice, looking at me as if he expected me to do something about it.

"You bet she did!"

"But—but—well, what do you know about that!"

I saw the moment had come to put it straight to him.

"I'll tell you what I know about it," I said. "If you take my advice you'll hustle that kid straight back to Ashley, or wherever it is that you poison the natives by making up the wrong prescriptions, before she gets New York into her system so deep that you can't get it out. Otherwise you're in for trouble. When I was talking to her upstairs she was telling me about a fellow in her village who got it in the neck just the same as you're apt to do."

He started.

"She was telling you about Jack Tyson?"

"That was his name. It seems he lost his wife by letting her have too much Broadway. Say, don't you think it's funny she should have mentioned him, if she hadn't had some notion that she might act the same way his wife did?"

He turned quite green.

"You don't think she would do that!"

"Well, if you had heard her! She couldn't talk of anything except this Tyson and what his wife did to him. She spoke of it sort of sad, kind of regretful, as if she was sorry but felt that it had to be. I could see she had been thinking about it a whole lot."

Charlie stiffened in his seat, and then began to melt with pure fright. He held up his empty glass with a shaking hand and took a long drink out of it. It didn't take much observation to see that he had had the jolt he wanted and was going to be quite a lot less jaunty and metropolitan from now on. In fact, the way he looked, I suspected that he was through with metropolitan jauntiness for the rest of his life.

"I'll take her home to-morrow," he said. "But—will she come?"

"That's up to you. If you get real smooth and persuasive, maybe. . . . Here she is now. I should get busy at once."

Mrs. Charlie, carrying the cup, came to the table. I was wondering what would be the first thing she would say. If it had been Charlie in the same position, of course he would have said "This is the life!" but I looked for something snappier from her. If I had been in her place there were at least ten things I could have thought of to say, each nastier than the other.

She sat down and put the cup on the table. Then she gave the cup a long look. Then she drew a deep breath. Then she looked at Charlie.

"Oh, Charlie dear," she said, "I do wish I had been dancing with you!"

Well, I'm not sure, but I guess that that must have stung about as much as any of the things I would have said.

Charlie got right off the mark. After what I had told him he wasn't wasting any time.

"Darling," he said humbly, "you're a wonder. What will they say about this at home!"

He did pause here for a moment, for it took nerve to say it; but then he went right on.

"Mary, how would it be if we went home right away—first train to-morrow—and showed the folks the cup?"

"Oh, Charlie!" she said.

His face lit up as if someone had pulled a switch.

"You will? You don't want to stop on? You aren't crazy about New York?"

"If there was a train I'd start to-night. But I thought you loved the city so, Charlie?"

He gave a sort of shiver.

"I never want to see it again in my life!" he said.

"You'll excuse me," I said, getting up. "I think there's a friend of mine wants to speak to me."

And I crossed the room to where Izzy had been standing for the last five minutes, making signals to me with his eyebrows.

You couldn't have called Izzy coherent at first. He certainly had trouble with his vocal cords, poor fellow! There was one of those African explorer men used to come to Geisenheimer's a lot when he was home from roaming the trackless desert, and he used to tell me about tribes he'd met, who didn't use real words at all but talked to one another in clicks and gurgles. He pulled some of their chatter one night to amuse me and, believe me, Izzy Baermann was talking the same language now. Only he wasn't doing it to amuse me.

He was like one of those talking machines when it's getting into its stride.

"Be calm, Isadore," I said. "Something is troubling you. Tell me all about it!"

He clicked some more, and then he got it out.

"Are you crazy?"

"I'm not. Why do you ask?"

"What did you do it for? Didn't I tell you as plain as I could, didn't I tell you twenty times, when you came for the tickets, that yours was thirty-six?"

"Didn't you say my friend's was thirty-six?"

"Are you deaf? I said hers was ten."

"Then," I said handsomely, "say no more. The mistake was mine. It begins to look as if I must have got them mixed."

He did a few Swedish exercises.

"Say no more? That's good! That's great! That's the best I've heard! You've got the nerve! I will say that."

"It was a lucky mistake of mine, Izzy. It saved your life. These guys would have lynched you if you had given me the cup instead of her. They were solid for her all right."

"Never mind about that. What's the boss going to say when I tell him?"

"Forget the boss! Haven't you any romance in your system, Izzy? Look at those two, sitting there with their heads together. Isn't it worth a silver cup to have made them happy for life? They are on their honeymoon, Izzy. Tell the boss exactly what happened, and say that I thought it was up to Geisenheimer's to give them a wedding present."

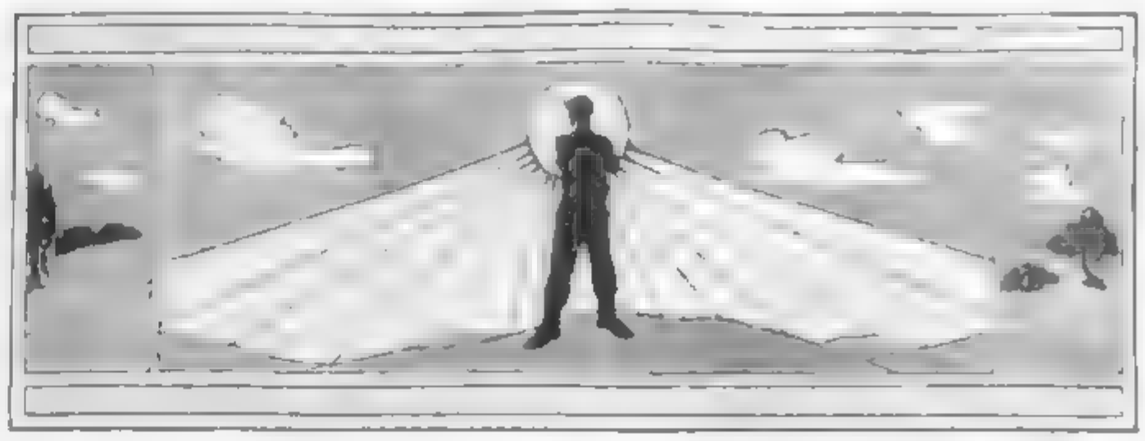
He clicked for a spell.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! Now you've said it! Now you've given yourself away! You did it on purpose. You meant to mix those tickets. I thought as much. Say, who do you think you are, getting fresh that way? Don't you know that professional dancers are three for ten cents? I could go right out now and whistle and get a dozen girls for your job. Just one minute after I tell the boss what you've done you'll find yourself fired."

"No, I shan't, Izzy, because I'm going to resign."

"You'd better!"

"That's what I think. I'm sick of this joint, Izzy. I'm sick of dancing. I'm sick of Broadway. I'm sick of everything. I'm going back to the country while the going is good. I thought I had got gingham and sunbonnets clear out of my system, but I hadn't. You can write this out and stick it up over your shaving mirror, Izzy, because it's true: Once a rube, always a rube. I've suspected it for a long, long time, and to-night I know it. Tell the boss that I'm sorry, but it had to be done. And if he wants to talk back, he'll have to do it by mail. Mrs. John Tyson, General Delivery, Rodney, Maine, is the address."



RINGS

THAT man who once stood on London Bridge and offered gold sovereigns at nineteen shillings, with no takers, could not do the same thing today.

Your modern citizen would have seen the stamp of unquestionable value on the coins, and cleaned him out forthwith.

Now, on your Solid Gold Ring, what is to be your mark of *assured value?*

Ask your jeweler—the representative dealer of your community. He will point out the *O-B Mark* in his fine rings, and tell you that this O-B Mark is as dependable as the Government's mark on a coin.

When you buy a solid gold ring—*find the mark.* Even an expert jeweler cannot tell anything about an *unmarked ring* except by file and acid.

There can be no question about a solid gold ring marked O-B. There never has been any question in the thirty-six years since O-B Rings came before the public. Strong, ample mountings in stone-set rings. Engraving done by master workmen. Designs—6,000 of them—fine examples of art in jewelry design.

Above all, *plump quality,* purer gold than the Federal law requires—up to the strictest standards of the British Assay Office.

Of Great Importance to Purchasers of Solid Gold Rings

Go to a reliable jeweler. He has made it his life's work to tell the genuine from the spurious in precious metals and precious stones. He will show you where to find the O-B Mark in his solid gold rings.

Otherwise you will run the risk of paying the solid gold price for something that either is not solid gold or is skimped quality, therefore cheapened value.

A good jeweler in your locality sells the O-B Rings. If he does not have just the pattern you want, he can get you any one of the Six Thousand O-B styles.

Write us your name and address on a postcard. We will send you the name of your nearby O-B Jeweler and the valuable *O-B Style Book,* illustrating many of the latest ring styles.

OSTBY & BARTON COMPANY
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

O-B Wedding Rings—Pure gold, plump quality. Long-wearing alloy. More costly than ordinary wedding rings, but exceptionally fine in quality. Packed in special ring boxes. O-B Jewelers can supply them by writing jobbers or us.

The stamp placed over and seals the package, which keeps out air, thereby preserving the quality of the blended tobaccos. By inserting the fingers as illustrated, the stamp easily breaks without tearing the tin foil, which folds back into its place.

You will smoke blended Camels

regularly in preference to either straight Turkish or straight Domestic tobacco just as sure as you test-your-taste on this new brand.

Camel Cigarettes are as delightful in flavor as they are novel! *Blended* choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos give you an entirely different idea of how good, how palatable, a cigarette can be!

So mild and mellow is the Camel *blend,* it will not tire your taste. And Camels are always refreshing, no matter how liberally you smoke them. Yet there is abundant "body" behind every puff—enough to satisfy any cigarette taste.

And another fact about Camels that's important to you: they *will not* bite your tongue or parch your throat, *and they do not leave any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!*

Men with cigarette-weary appetites should certainly pass judgment on Camels because they have won such instant and such universal favor.

In all fairness to your fondest cigarette fancies, you must experience the satisfaction that Camels will give you. They are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked; and for quality of tobaccos, flavor, aroma and every other factor that appeals to you, *compare Camels with any cigarette at any price!*

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages, 20 for 10c; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-covered carton for $1.00. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

CIGARETTES

THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 21)

"They don't understand us," murmured Nan. "Don't you think we'd better drive on?"

But Keith, who had now descended from the buggy, resorted to sign language. He rubbed his stomach pathetically and pointed down his open mouth; as an afterthought he rubbed the horse's belly. Then with apparent intention he advanced toward Nan. A furious red inundated her face and neck, and she held her little parasol threateningly between them. Everybody burst into laughter.

"*Sí! Sí! Sí!*" they cried.

Several started to unharness the horse. Others held out their hands. After a moment's hesitation Nan accepted their aid and descended. Keith's performance was evidently considered a great joke.

On the low veranda were two women, one most enormously fat, the other young and lithe. They were dressed almost exactly alike, their blue-black hair parted smoothly over their foreheads, but built up to a high structure behind, filmy *rebozos* over high combs, and skirts with many flowered flounces. They both had soft, gentle eyes, and they were both so heavily powdered that their complexions were almost blue. All the men explained to them at once. The younger answered gayly; the older listened with entire placidity. But when the account was finished she reached out to pat Nan's hand and smiled reassuringly.

Various foods and a flask of red wine were brought. There was no constraint, for Keith threw himself with delighted abandon into experiments with sign language.

"*Esta simpática,*" the Californians told each other over and again.

Their manners were elaborate, dignified, deliberate and beautiful. Keith, ordinarily rather direct and brusque, to Nan's great amusement acted exactly like them. They outvied each other. The women touched smilingly the stuff of Nan's gown, and directly admired her various feminine trappings. She, thus encouraged, begged permission to examine more closely the lace of the *rebozos* or the beautiful embroidery on the shawls. A little feeling of intimacy drew them all together, although they understood no word of one another's language.

One of the dogs now approached and gravely laid its nose on Nan's knee, gazing up at her with searching, soft eyes. The older woman cried out scandalized, but Nan shook her head and patted the beast's nose.

"You like?" asked the woman.

"Why, you do talk English!" cried Nan.

But either these two words were all the woman had or she was unwilling to adventure further.

"You like?" she repeated again after a moment; and then, observing Nan's interest, she uttered a command to one of the numerous, ragged small boys standing about. The urchin darted away, to return after a moment with a basket, which he emptied on the ground. Four fuzzy puppies rolled out.

"Oh, the darlings!" cried Nan.

The little animals proceeded at once to roll one another over, growling fiercely, charging uncertainly about, gazing indeterminately through their blue, infantile eyes. The mother left her position at Nan's knee to hover over them, turning them over with her nose, licking them, skipping nimbly sidewise when they charged down upon her with an idea of nourishment.

Nan was enchanted. She left the bench to stoop to their level, tumbling them over on their backs, playfully boxing their ears, working them up to a wild state of yapping enthusiasm.

"The little darlings!" she cried. "Just see their fat little tummies! And their teeth are just like needles. No, no, you mustn't! You'll tear my flounces! Look, Milton, see this little rascal!"

Her cheeks were flushed, and as she looked up, laughing from beneath her hat, she made a very charming picture.

"You like," stated the Californian woman with conviction.

After a while it became time to go. Vaqueros brought out the horse and harnessed it to the buggy. Keith made a tentative movement to offer payment, but correctly interpreted the situation and refrained. They mounted the vehicle.

"*Muchas gracias!*" Nan enunciated slowly.

This effort was received with an admiring acclaim that flushed Nan with an inordinate pride. She had picked up the phrase from hearing it used at table. The fat woman came forward, one of the puppies tucked under her arm. In spite of her apparently unwieldy size she moved gracefully and lightly.

"You like?" she inquired, holding the squirming puppy at arm's length.

"*Sí! Sí! Muchas gracias!*" cried Nan eagerly, employing at once all her Spanish vocabulary. She deposited the puppy in her lap and reached out to shake hands. Keith flicked the horse with his whip. He, too, had recollected a word of Spanish and he used it now.

"*Adios!*" he shouted.

But their hosts had a better phrase.

"*Vaya con Dios!*" they cried in chorus.

Nan was in raptures over the whole episode, but especially over the puppy. The latter, with the instantaneous adaptability of extreme youth, had snuggled down into a compact ball, and was blinking one hazy, dark-blue eye upward at his new mistress.

"Weren't they nice people?" cried Nan. "And wasn't it an adventure? And isn't he just the dearest, cutest little thing? You're not a little Spanish dog any more, you know. You're a—what is it they call us?—oh, yes, you're a gringo now. Why, that's a fine idea! Your name is Gringo!"

And Gringo he became thenceforth.

"What kind of a dog is he?" she asked.

Keith grinned sardonically.

"Of course I do not know his honored father," said he, "so I cannot offer an opinion as to that half of him. But on his mother's side he is bloodhound, bulldog, collie, setter, pointer, St. Bernard and old English sheepdog."

"Which?" asked Nan puzzled.

"All," asserted Keith.

Now suddenly the sun was blotted out. They looked back. A white bank of fog was rolling in from the sea. It flowed over the hills like a flood, reaching long wisps down into the hollows, settling inertly in the flats and valleys, the upper part rolling on and over in a cascade. Beneath its shadow the warmth and brightness of the world had died.

"It strikes me we're going to be cold!" remarked Keith, urging forward the horse.

The roadbed became more solid and they trotted along freely. The horse, also, was anxious to get home. Signs of habitations thickened. The wide waste hills of the ranches had been left behind. Here and there were outlying dwellings, or road houses, the objectives of pleasure excursions of various sorts and degrees of respectability from the city. From one of the latter came a hail:

"Oh, Keith! I say, Keith!"

From a group of people preparing to enter a number of vehicles two men came running. Ben Sansome and Morrell, somewhat out of breath, came alongside. They were a little flushed and elevated, but very cordial, and full of reproaches that Keith had so entirely dropped out of sight during the past week.

"I tell you, you must come over to our house for supper," said Morrell finally. "Everybody comes."

"The Morrells' Sunday-night suppers are an institution," supplemented Sansome.

"I wish I could persuade you," urged Morrell. "I wonder where Mimi is. I know Mrs. Morrell ought to call, and all that sort of thing; but this is not a conventional place. We live next door, y' know. Do be delightful and neighborly, and come!"

Nan hesitated; but the lure of the well-dressed company, so thoroughly at ease with one another, was irresistible in the reaction. She accepted.

XI

THE Keiths arrived to find the Morrells' informal party in full blast. The front parlor was filled with a number of people making a great noise. Out of the confusion Mrs. Morrell arose and came to them, as they stood where the Chinaman had abandoned them.

Mimi Morrell was a tall woman, not fat, but amply built, with a full bust and hips. Her hair was of the peculiar metallic, golden blond that might or might not have been natural; her skin, smooth and white, but coarse in grain, would look better at night

MOON MOON

Once a Moon Owner Always a Moon Owner

MOON cars "repeat." 50% of the entire Moon sales are sales to people who have owned one to three Moon Cars previously. The other 50% represents increased output to new buyers.

¶ Satisfaction is the answer—more than being satisfied with the price or with the car at the price, but with the car's performance based on satisfactory running, power, economy of maintenance, beauty, comfort, length of life and equitable price. Moon owners and new buyers—see the

New 1916

MOON

Six-Thirty

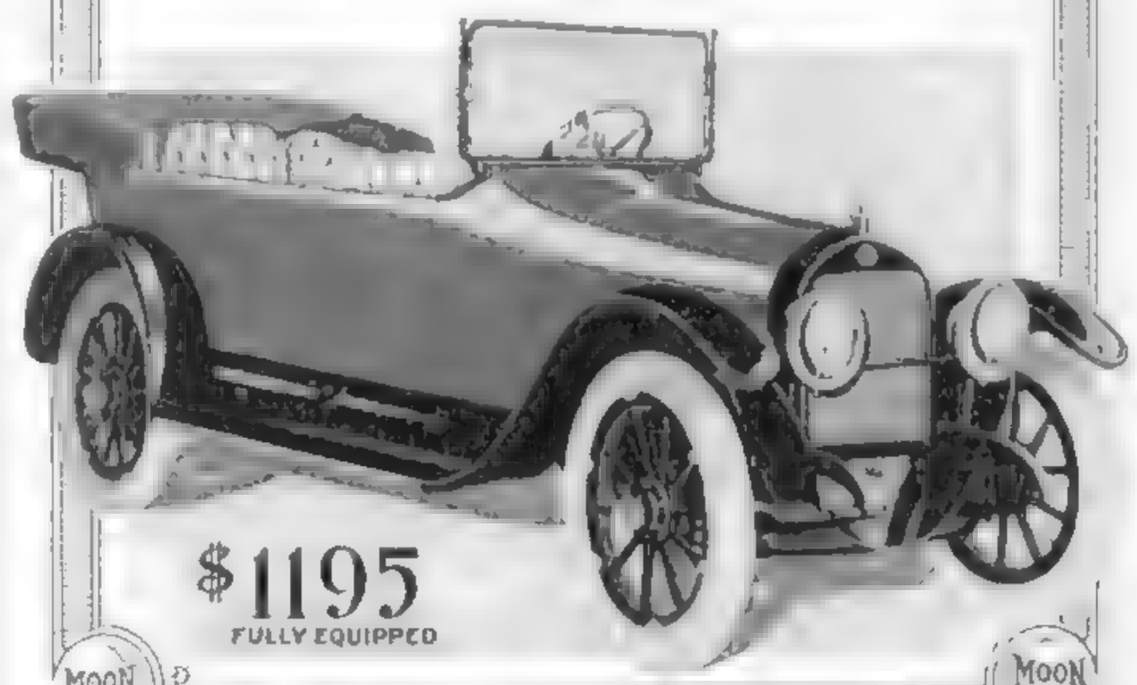
¶ Note its man-size 118-inch wheelbase and generous roominess. View the new body design—convex-side tumble-home.

¶ Examine the luxurious upholstery—genuine tan Spanish leather.

¶ Open the hood and study the powerful new Continental-Moon Six-cylinder motor—the name tells the story. The new 1916 Delco starting, lighting and ignition with new switch having ammeter on dash

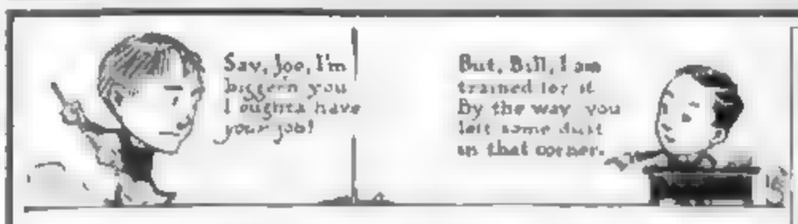
¶ Give this new Moon model the careful inspection it deserves—that's all the argument you need to persuade you that this is *your* car.

MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



$1195
FULLY EQUIPPED

MOON MOON



"How old are you?"
"*Fifteen!*"
"What do you do?"
"*Run errands.*"
"Are you learning anything?"
"*No!*"

Thousands of untrained boys are giving similar testimony every day.

Of the eighteen millions between the ages of five and twenty who attended American schools last year, fourteen millions left school to go to work before they reached fifteen.

This competition the untrained boy must meet.

Boys must be better trained

The best opportunities for boys today are in business, in trade and in the industries.

In his autobiography Benjamin Franklin tells how at the age of eleven he was taken by his father to visit the joiners, the bricklayers, etc., that he might fix upon a trade. The average father today hasn't time to qualify as a vocational counselor

The boy who sells *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is on the way to a real career He gets vocational experience and receives valuable training in Salesmanship. He can become a "Master Salesman." Then upon request we guarantee to obtain for him a good business position.

We shall be glad to send you or your boy full particulars in an illustrated booklet entitled "Salesmanship—A Vocation for Boys."

Vocational Section, Box 27
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sani-Flush Stops and Prevents Odors from Toilet Bowls

Sani-Flush removes the cause of odors from toilet bowls because it cleans the bowl and *trap* thoroughly clean. It removes all accumulations and takes off discolorations.

Sani-Flush

works like a charm. It isn't a general cleanser — meant for only one purpose and it does its work *well*. Patented, nothing is just like *Sani-Flush*. Don't think that because the toilet bowl *looks* white it is sanitary. Get *Sani-Flush* and prevent the bowl from getting discolored and the trap from giving off disagreeable odors. *Sani-Flush* ought to be used in every home, club, office building and hotel.

25c a can

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us 25c for a full-size can, postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

Money back if it doesn't do all we claim.

No More Garages:

You Will Keep Your Car In Your Cellar

AND, just as now you give your friend who calls a glass of water, you will let him charge his car. "A dream," you say. But is it? Read how Charles P. Steinmetz, the foremost electrical engineer in America, works it out.

In the September

Ladies' Home Journal

15 Cents—Everywhere Now—15 Cents

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

than by daylight. Her handsome, regular features were rather hard and set in their expression when in absolute repose, but absolute repose was rare to them. When in action they softened to a very considerable feminine allurement. She moved with decision; and possibly her general attitude smacked the least bit of running things. She gave the impression of keeping a general eye open for everything going on about her. To Nan she seemed tremendous, overwhelming and a little magnificent.

Immediately, without introductions, the whole party moved through the double doors into the dining room. There they took their places at a table set out lavishly with food and drink in great quantity. Mrs. Morrell explained in her high, level voice that servants and service were always dispensed with at her Sunday nights. She rather carelessly indicated a seat to Mrs. Keith, and remarked to Keith that he was to sit next herself. Otherwise the party distributed itself. Ben Sansome promptly annexed the chair next to Nan and started in to make himself agreeable.

A complete freemasonry obtained among all the party. There was a great deal of shouting back and forth from one end of the table to the other. Each seemed to have a nickname. One young man was known exclusively as Popsy, another answered to Zou-zou, a third was called Billy-goat, a very vivid, flashing young woman was Teeny, and so on. They conversed, or rather shouted, to a great extent by means of catchwords or phrases, alluding evidently to events the purport of which the Keiths could by no possibility guess. There were a great many private jokes, the points of which were obvious to only one or two. Every once in a while someone would say "Number Seven!" and everybody would go off into convulsions of laughter. The vivid young woman called Teeny suddenly shrieked, "How about Friday, the Twenty-third?" at Popsy, to Popsy's obvious consternation and confusion. Immediately everyone turned on either Popsy or Teeny, demanding the true inwardness of the remark. Popsy defended himself, rather pink and embarrassed. The young woman, a devilish, knowing glint in her eyes, her red underlip caught between her teeth, refused to answer.

Keith warmed to this free and easy atmosphere. He was friendly and sympathetic with the lively crowd. But in vain he tried for a point of contact. All this badinage depended on a previous knowledge and intimacy; and that, of course, he lacked. Mrs. Morrell, sitting beside him very straight and commanding, delivered her general remarks in a high, clear voice, turning her attention impartially now to one part of the noisy table, now to another.

Suddenly she abandoned the company to its own devices and, leaning her left elbow on the table, turned squarely to Keith, enveloping him with a magnetic, all-for-you look.

"Do you know," she said abruptly, "something tells me you are musical."

"Why, I am a little," admitted Keith, surprised. "But how could you tell?"

"La, now, I was sure you had a voice the first time I heard you speak. I adore music, and I can always tell."

"Do you sing too?" asked Keith.

"I? No, unfortunately I have no more voice than a crow. I strum a bit, but even that has been a good deal neglected lately. There's no temptation to keep up one's music here. I don't know a single soul in all this city who cares a snap of their finger for it."

"We'll have to have some music together," suggested Keith.

"I'd adore it! Isn't it lucky we're neighbors? I've been so—interested"—she said it as though she had almost intended to say, "amused"—"in watching you this past week. You are the most domestic man I know. I never saw a man work so single-mindedly at his house and home. Domesticity is a rare and outworn virtue here, I assure you. It is really quite touching to see a man so devoted these days."

She said these things idly, a little disjointedly, looking at him steadily all the while. Her manner was detached, and yet somehow it impelled him strongly to protest that he was really not a bit domestic.

"Have you met any of the people of the place?" she shifted suddenly.

"Well, I really haven't had much chance yet—a few of the men."

"Well, you'll find things pretty mixed. Don't expect much. One has to take things pretty much as one finds them."

To this simple speech was appended one gesture only—a slight raising of the eyebrows. Yet the effect was to sweep Keith into the intimacy of an inner circle; to suggest that she, too, found society mixed; and to imply, very remotely, that at least certain members of the present company itself were not quite what he—or she would choose in another environment. In unconscious response to this unspoken thought Keith glanced about the table. There was a good deal of drinking going on, and the fun was becoming even more obvious and noisy. Mrs. Morrell occasionally sipped at her champagne. She emitted a slight but rather disturbing perfume.

"Why did you come out here, anyway?" she asked him. "I can't make out. I'm curious."

"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Keith.

"Well, men come here for money, for adventure or to make a career." She marked each on the tablecloth with the end of a fork. "Which is it?"

"Guess," laughed Keith.

"You don't need money—or else you have a wonderful nerve to take the Boyle house. I believe you have the nerve all right. Men with your sort of close curly hair are never—bashful!" She laughed shortly.

"Boyle's rent is safe—for a while," admitted Keith.

"Career?" she went on, looking him in the eyes speculatively, and allowing her gaze to sink deep into his. He noticed that her eyes were a gray-green, like semi-precious stones of some sort, with surface lights, but also with grayer radiations that seemed to go below the surface to smouldering depths—disturbing eyes, like the perfume. "Career?" she repeated. "I think you hold yourself better—a career in the riffraff of this town!" She shook her head archly. "But adventure! Oh, la, there's plenty of that—all sorts!" She gave the impression of meaning a great deal more than she said. "I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, and laughed.

"I'm glad you're not," rejoined Keith sincerely.

She tapped him lightly on the arm with her fan.

"Oh, la!" she cried.

Keith laughed meaningly and mischievously. He was feeling entirely at home, in his mental shirtsleeves, thoroughly at ease.

"You're a lawyer, are you not?" she asked him.

"Try to be."

"Going to practice?"

"If any practice comes my way."

She looked at him, smiling slowly.

"Oh, it'll come fast enough." She seized her glass and held it to him. "Here's to your career!" she cried. "Bottoms up!"

They clinked glasses and drank.

"You must meet people, influential people," she told him. "We must see what we can do. I'll have some of them in."

"You're simply bully to take all this trouble for me!"

She tapped him again on the arm.

"Silly! We take care of our own people, of course! Let's plan it. Have you any connections in town at all?"

"Well, I've met quite a few people about town, and I have some letters."

"Casual acquaintances are well enough; but your letters ——"

"I have one to Calhoun Bennett, and to Mr. Dempster, and Mr. Farwell, and Truett ——"

But she was making a wry face.

"What's the matter with them?" he demanded.

"Cal Bennett's all right, but the others —— Oh, I suppose they're all right in a business way, but ——"

"But what?"

She made a helpless little gesture.

"I can't describe it, you know—the sort that are always so keen on doing their duty!"

She laughed, and to his subconscious surprise Keith found himself saying sympathetically:

"I know—the sort of people who always pay their debts!"

They looked into each other's eyes and laughed in comradeship. In sober life Keith did his duty reasonably well, and was never far behind financially.

She fell silent for a moment; then with a muttered "Excuse me" she leaned directly across his shoulder to impart something low-voiced and giggly to the woman on his right. To do this she leaned against his arm and shoulder. The conversation lasted

(Continued on Page 49)

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

President's Office

To Mr. J. G. Vincent, Vice. Pres. of Engineering Department

Subject Packard Twin-Six Ignition

June 25, 1915.

I want to comment on Packard ignition as it is on the Twin Six which I have just driven to San Francisco from the factory.

On the 22nd day after I left the factory I arrived in San Francisco. Ordinarily I make the trip in 15 days. Notwithstanding the very great improvement in the road conditions along the Lincoln Way, accomplished within the past two years, the journey took 22 days on account of the rainy weather which had prevailed throughout Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. It took me 14 days to get from the factory to Cheyenne and 12 of those days it rained, this on top of continuous rains which had prevailed throughout that district. Those mud roads were something almost hopeless. Many bridges were out, river bottoms were flooded, and the immense amount of new grade work on the Lincoln Highway which had not yet had time to pack down was almost bottomless mud. Motor car travel, and even horse travel, were almost entirely suspended.

I was on the lookout for ignition trouble on account of repeated showers of muddy spray which drenched the motor. But no miss occurred. Finally our radiator became so clogged up with mud that the car was badly overheating and we had to stop it, a roadside ditch and with our canvas buckets dash water on the radiator to clean out the packed mud which filled it. In doing so we necessarily thoroughly wet down the motor, the wiring, and everything else. In fact, we threw bucket after bucket of water on the front end of the motor and the ignition itself to get it so it was visible at all.

We felt that we were hopelessly stuck, and would have to wait until the rain ceased and the motor dried out. I pressed the cranking button just to see if it would go at all. To my amazement, the engine started without a miss and we proceeded on our journey. Our confidence was restored and thereafter we stopped frequently and kept the radiator cleared of mud because we had no fear of ignition troubles.

The wonderful progress which has been made in developing this type of ignition in the last two years is astonishing. It seems to me absolute perfection, and it is entirely fitted to our high speed Twin-Six motor. On the entire trip not once did we touch the ignition. We did not touch a spark plug. We did not make an adjustment of the make and break points. And yet we traveled well over 1,000 miles on first and second speed. The new type of generator ignition is certainly far beyond anything I had hoped for. I cannot say that it is more waterproof than any other ignition I have ever had experience with. But I can say that it is waterproof.

Henry B. Joy.

THE document shown above is a facsimile of an office memorandum—an official report—written by Henry B. Joy, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, to J. G. Vincent, Vice-President of Engineering of the Packard Motor Car Company. Mr. Joy had just returned from a transcontinental tour in a Packard "Twin-Six," equipped with a Delco ignition system, which in this remarkable trip was deliberately subjected by Mr. Joy to the severest possible road conditions and the most crucial test.

This is not a testimonial. It is a field-report of the President of one of America's greatest manufacturing institutions, the President of the Lincoln Highway Association, the man who has made more coast-to-coast motor trips than any other individual, the man who typifies luxurious American touring, written to his engineering lieutenant purely in the cause of Packard efficiency and scientific progress.

The Packard-Delco ignition system, that won this extraordinary tribute from President Joy, is the achievement of scientific co-operation. Packard engineers and Delco engineers worked in closest harmony to accomplish this result. Such unity in design and harmony in accomplishment characterize all Delco Equipments.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

Labor Shortage
OFFSET WITH
RED CROSS
DYNAMITE

Necessity forces the adoption of new methods. And no need is so pressing as the need of men to do the world's work when the supply is short. That condition exists today and will grow progressively worse. Not alone do war conditions demand enormous levies of the male population of belligerent countries for service at the front. A peace army of mechanics and laborers, almost as great as the fighting unit, is also required to run each nation's machinery and maintain its home operations.

A large proportion of the manufacturing plants of this country in many lines are working on commodities for the warring nations—not only military equipment but goods of all kinds which the belligerents are unable to make owing to the scarcity of labor.

The resulting exceptional demand for men in this country has been augmented by the exporting of many skilled mechanics to England. Our farms, being worked to the last square foot of soil to supply the world's need for food, will be seriously handicapped this fall for harvest hands. All of which points to the immediate need of substitutes for labor.

Stumps Blasted Out.

Same Field 10 Months Later

Blasting Mud Out of Millpond

First Story Built of Blasted Boulders.

Last year farmers bought approximately 25,000,000 pounds of dynamite, and their purchases increase yearly.

In what other lines can Red Cross Dynamite serve as a practical substitute for labor?

Here are a few.

Clearing land of stumps and boulders.

Draining swamps and wet spots.

Loosening subsoils for tree planting to lower costs, prevent tree losses and hasten fruition.

Breaking hard subsoil to increase yields of all crops.

Excavating cellars, ponds and reservoirs.

Cleaning the mud out of old ponds and streams.

Loosening old roadbeds for grading with horse shovels or steam shovels.

Blasting holes for telegraph and telephone lines and fence posts.

Straightening streams by blasting new channels.

Wrecking old buildings, bridge piers and stone walls.

Scrapping boilers, machinery, steel buildings and bridges.

Blowing down clay in brick yards.

Breaking up frozen ore on ground or in open cars.

Loosening ground for sewer excavations, thereby saving half the labor. This can be done without danger to the public or to underground pipes. Ask us how.

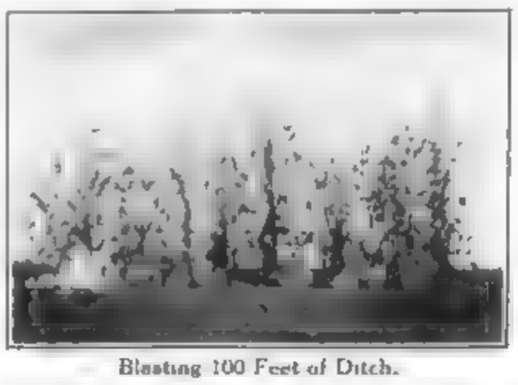
These are but a few of the more common classes of work that can be done with Red Cross Dynamite cheaper and quicker than by labor alone.

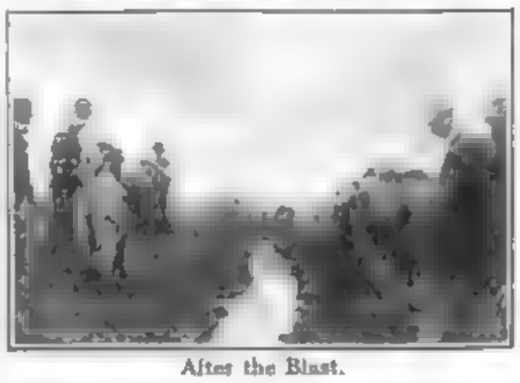
It is low freezing, hence works well in cold weather.

Let every farmer, civil, railroad or municipal engineer or contractor who is worried over the labor problem consider what parts of the work can be done with Red Cross Dynamite.

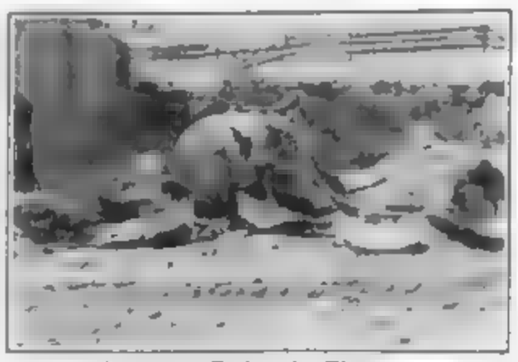
If in doubt, ask us.

If you suspect we can help you, give us the opportunity. Write for name of nearest dealer and blaster and Handbook of Explosives No. 17F.


Blasting 100 Feet of Ditch.


After the Blast.

Blasting Old Covered Bridge.


Scrapping Boilers by Blasting.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company

ESTABLISHED 1802—PIONEER POWDER MAKER OF AMERICA
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF EXPLOSIVES

Wilmington Delaware

A Real Treat—

—Just Heat!

DELICIOUS Frankforts of such rare flavor and texture as to actually "*melt away* in your mouth."

These Quality Frankforts like many others among the 98 varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

are prepared in conveniently sized, sanitary tins, and can be kept on your pantry shelf ready any time for the unexpected guest.

Here are four new ones for dainty sandwiches — entrées or kaltes-aufschnitt

French — Banquet — Social — English
(Real Meat Treats, every one of them.)

If your grocer does not sell them, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

FREE — Send for our book

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-Nation" proposition on profitable delicatessen.

BROKERS: Write.

Ramon Coffman

Your Boy's Hobby

Is more than a harmless pastime. It is an instrument by which you can direct his efforts, guide his development. Let us illustrate how.

Ramon Coffman's parents wanted him to have a good time, to do only what is proper for the son of reputable, dignified, prosperous people; but they also felt that his having influential parents would be no excuse for his growing up an idler and a spendthrift. Mr. Coffman discovered that the boy's ambition then was to own and publish a little magazine of his own.

"By selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*," said Mr. Coffman, "you can earn the money to buy your press, type and paper."

The plan did for Ramon all that his father promised and more. The type with which "The Typical Boy" is set up, and the press on which it is printed, Ramon bought with the money he earned in this way.

Our point is this: Toward whatever vocation your boy's inclinations may point, you should furnish some positive stimulus to his voluntary action. Our plan will help you find the stimulus. For particulars write to

Sales Division, Box 26

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 46)

some seconds. Keith could not hear a word of it, but he was disturbingly aware of her nearness. She drew back with a half-apology

"Feminine nonsense!" she told him. "Mere man couldn't be expected to understand." She was herself a little flushed from leaning over; but she appeared not to notice Keith's rather breathless state. He muttered something and gulped at his champagne.

"Do you know Mrs. Sherwood?" he asked, merely to say something.

But to his surprise Mrs. Morrell answered him shortly, her manner changing.

"No, I don't. We draw the line somewhere!"

Again she addressed a remark to the woman on the right; but this time without leaning across.

"Oh, Amy, the fair Patricia has another victim!" And she laughed rather shrilly. Suddenly she rapped the table with the handle of a knife. "Stop it!" she cried to the company at large. "You're making too much noise!"

They all turned to her except one youth who was too noisily busy with his partner to have heard her. Failing in another attempt to get his attention, Mrs. Morrell picked up a chunk of French bread and hurled it at him.

"Good shot!" "Bravo!" "Encore!" came a burst of applause as the bread, largely by accident, took him squarely between the eyes.

The youth, though astonished, was game. He retaliated in kind. Keith whipped up an empty plate and intercepted it. The youth's partner came to his assistance. Keith, a plate in either hand, deftly protected Mrs. Morrell from the flying missiles. The implied challenge was instantly accepted by all. The air was full of bread. Keith's dexterity was tested to the utmost, but he came through the battle with flying colors. Everybody threw bread. There was much explosive laughter, which soon became fairly exhausting. The battle ceased, both because the combatants were out of ammunition and because they were too weak from mirth to proceed. Keith with elaborate mock-gallantry turned and presented Mrs. Morrell with the two plates.

"The spoils of war!" he told her.

"He should be decorated for conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle!" cried someone.

The idea took. But they could find nothing appropriate, until Teeny McFarlane deliberately stepped up on the table and broke from the glass chandelier one of its numerous dangling prisms. This called forth a mild protest from Morrell, which was drowned in a wild shriek of delight. The process of stepping down from the table tilted Teeny's wide skirts so that for an instant a slim silken leg was plainly visible as far as the knee. "Oh, oh!" cried everyone. Some pretended to be shocked, and covered their faces with spread fingers; others feigned to try another look. Teeny was quite unperturbed.

Keith was the center of attention and a great success. But there were no more tête-à-têtes. Mrs. Morrell managed to convey the idea that she was displeased, and Keith was of sufficiently generous and ingenuous disposition to be intrigued by the fact. He had no chance to probe the matter. In a moment or so Mrs. Morrell rose and strolled toward the drawing room. The others straggled after her. She rather liked thus to emphasize her lack of convention as a hostess, making a pose of never remembering the proper thing to do. Now she moved here and there, laughing her shrill, rather mirthless laugh, calling everybody "dearie," uttering abrupt little platitudes. Keith found himself left behind and rather out in the cold. The company had quite frankly segregated itself into couples. The room was well adapted to this, filled as it was with comfortable chairs arranged with apparent carelessness two by two. The men lighted cigars. Keith saw Nan's eyes widen at this. She was sitting near the fire, and Sansome had penned her in beyond the possibility of invasion by a third. At this date smoking was a more or less doubtfully considered habit, and in the best society men smoked only in certain rigidly specified circumstances. In a drawing room such an action might be considered the fair equivalent of powdering the feminine nose.

In such a condition Keith was left rather awkwardly alone, and was fairly thrust upon a fictitious interest in a photograph album, at which he glowered for some moments. Then by a well-planned and skillfully executed flank movement he caught Mrs. Morrell.

"Look here!" he demanded. "What has the standing army done to deserve abandonment in a hostile country?"

But she looked at him directly, without response to his playful manner.

"My friend," she said, "this is a pretty free and easy town, as no doubt you have observed, and society is very mixed. But we haven't yet come to receiving women like Mrs. Sherwood, or relishing their being mentioned to us."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" demanded Keith, astonished. "Is she as far from respectability as all that?"

"Respectable! That word isn't understood in San Francisco." She appeared suddenly to soften. "You're a dear, innocent boy, so you are, and you've got a dear, innocent little wife, and I'll have to look out for you."

Before the deliberate and superior mockery in her eyes as well as in her voice Milton Keith felt somehow like a small boy. He was stung to a momentary astonishing fury.

"By gad ——" he began, and checked himself with difficulty.

She smiled at him slowly.

"Perhaps I didn't mean all of that," she said; "perhaps only half of it," she added with significance. "My personal opinion is that you are likely to be a curly-haired little devil, and when you look at me like that I'm glad we're not alone."

She looked at him an enigmatic moment, then turned away from the table near which they had been standing.

"Come help me break up some of this twosing," she said.

Shortly after this the party broke up. Mrs. Morrell said good-by to them carelessly or not at all, according as it happened.

"You must come again, come often," she told the Keiths. "It's pretty dull unless you make your own fun." She was half-sleepily conventional, her lids heavy. "Perhaps we can have some music soon," she added. The words were careless, but she shot Keith an especial gleam.

The Keiths walked sociably home together, almost in silence. Keith, after his habit, superexcited with all the fun, the row, and the half-guilty boyish feeling of having done a little something he ought not to have done, did not want to seem too enthusiastic.

"Jolly crowd," he remarked.

"They were certainly noisy enough," said Nan indifferently; then after a moment: "Where do you suppose some of them get their clothes?"

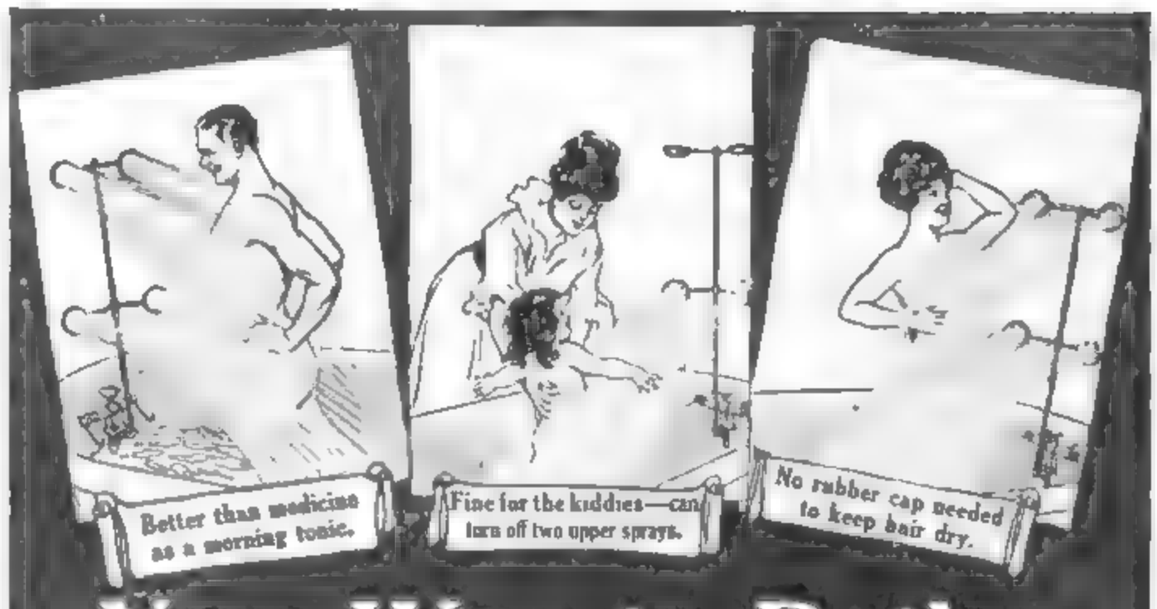
Keith's mind was full of the wild excitement of the evening. He found himself reviewing the company, appraising it, wondering about it. Was Teeny McFarlane as gay as she appeared? He had never seen women smoke before, but that dark girl with the red thing in her hair puffed a cigarette. Perhaps she was Spanish; he had not met her.

And Mrs. Morrell—hanged if he quite dared make her out! It wouldn't do to jump to conclusions nor too hastily to apply Eastern standards. This was a new country; fatal to make a fool mistake; well-built creature, by gad ——

Nan interrupted his thoughts. He came to with a start.

"I think we'd better put the big armchair in the front room after all," she was saying.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



New Way to Bathe
Send No Money

New Model Kenney Needle Shower—Try It Free

Has All These Advantages

1. **No Water Strikes Your Head**—A shower women can enjoy.
2. **No Curtain** to spoil your enjoyment.
3. **Guaranteed Not to Splash Out**—see explanation below.
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So confident are we that you will agree with the hundred thousand and more enthusiastic users of the Kenney Needle Shower who wouldn't be without it at ten times its price, that we want you to try it for ten days in your own home on your own tub without risking a penny.

Don't send any money in advance. We want you to try the new way to bathe in the privacy of your own home before you decide whether you will keep it or not. Just mail us the coupon and we will send it for ten days' free trial. Use it as much as you like. Bathe in the water you've warmed for yourself and at the same time. Then if you are not entirely satisfied, if you don't think it is the most wonderful bathing convenience you have ever seen, if you don't think it is the most delightful way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most refreshing way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most invigorating way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most luxurious way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most convenient way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most economical way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most sanitary way you have ever bathed, if you don't think it is the most satisfactory way you have ever bathed

Are you going to college next month?

Over five hundred young men and women will enter the leading colleges this Fall with all expenses paid by us. It is not too late to arrange a Curtis Scholarship for you. Any course may be selected—the one you now have in mind—at any university, technical school, conservatory of music—even a standard correspondence course if you choose. We have just issued an intensely interesting book telling all about the Curtis Scholarship plan. We will send you a copy and tell you just how quickly and easily matters can be arranged if you will write today.

Educational Division, Box 31

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia

CUTTING OUT THE FRONT

(Concluded from Page 18)

dustproof, and that had convenient compartments for shirts, collars, ties, handkerchiefs and studs. This was carefully planned to conserve space.

I took my plans to a box factory, where a model was made and prices given me. It looked surprisingly attractive; the cost was decidedly reasonable and would leave me a good wide margin of profit if sold at a figure that no member of the club could consider too high. The boxes for linen made a decided hit with the members, many of whom took a new interest in me from the moment they heard that the dustproof locker drawer was my own device.

Though golf was the main thing at this club, it was in a limited sense also a gun club; and at times trap shooting became the chief amusement of a considerable group of members. Perhaps there was no form of extra service I was able to extend to any members of the club that was more appreciated than the correct care of their guns. Next to this came attention to the footwear. The shoes left by members as they went out on the links were promptly polished and put away in the lockers. Whenever the members came in from the links with wet shoes these were always dried and cared for in such a way that they would be soft and pliable.

Another way in which I was able to serve the members to their freely confessed satisfaction was in the care I gave to the drying of clothing.

The handling of telephone messages as a third party to the conversation is not so simple or so easy a task as one might think; in fact it is frequently extremely delicate and difficult. A member would come into the locker room and call out to me:

"Jimmy, my partner is waiting for me out on the links; I'm a little late and do not wish to keep him waiting any longer. Would you mind telephoning to my wife?"

A message of this kind intrusted to me was often complicated, and if delivered awkwardly was likely to prove disagreeable to the men for whom I was speaking. Not a few of these messages called for a considerable degree of diplomacy. Again, important business messages were often intrusted to me, and failure to make a satisfactory delivery of them would have involved serious consequences.

On the other hand, I realized that there was hardly any other way by which a man in my position could more favorably impress a business man than by the prompt, unfailing and intelligent transaction of telephone commissions. If I were pressed to give what I consider the surest way by which a young man may sell himself to men that really count I should say:

"Give me a chance to do the telephoning for a big business man for a week, and I will take chances on getting a good position from him. An opportunity of that kind with a really big man is worth more than all the front which can be displayed by the cleverest actor who ever undertook to sell bonds, insurance or advertising."

Golf Club Sidelines

In feeling my way during the earlier months of my employment in the locker room, I was constantly on the lookout for those things that might merit a mention in the directors' meeting. A rule of the club called for a fee of a dollar for each guest, but this matter had been allowed to drift, and many guests were entertained without assessment of the fee.

Quietly, and on my own initiative, I started the practice of checking these guests to the main office, with the result that the income of the club, during the busiest months, was increased by several hundred dollars. A move of this kind could not fail to command the attention of the board of directors.

The treatment of guests is always a sensitive matter. A club member will often submit to service he knows to be inferior and make no particular complaint when he alone is concerned; but when he brings his friend—who is perhaps accustomed to a more fashionable and expensive club—he becomes sensitive. In recognition of this I have always given particular attention to the comfort of guests; and I have invariably taken special pains to keep my solicitude for guests carefully in the background.

How important this policy in the treatment of guests has been in the success of my effort to cut out the front may be indicated by the fact that I am now doing certain work for other clubs and making a good profit on it. Again, I have several times been consulted by officers of other clubs in respect to service and locker-room requirements. Incidentally I have been offered positions with larger clubs at higher wages; but I have not considered their acceptance for reasons that will be plain when I give a peep into my ledger.

Now as to the building of outside business, which has for its backbone my relations with the five hundred or six hundred members of this club. I had hardly taken hold of my humble job before it became apparent that the two lines along which there was naturally most development to be expected were caring for the laundry of the members and cleaning and pressing their clothes.

After a thorough investigation I selected the laundry that seemed to give the most reliable service and the best work. With this concern I made an arrangement by which I was to received twenty cents on the dollar for all work I furnished, and in addition my own personal laundry work was to be done free. The club members were not solicited for laundry work beyond being asked whether they wished to have their soiled linen laundered and sent to their homes. Almost invariably the answer was: "Oh, you take care of it!"

New Ideas for Making Money

I watched the quality of the work very carefully, and checked up the articles as they came back from the laundry so closely that there was never a piece unaccounted for or returned in bad condition. As a result of all this I very shortly had a laundry business that netted me ten dollars a month and was subject to a natural increase from month to month during the warm season.

The business of pressing, cleaning and repairing garments for the members grew much faster than I had any reason to expect; in fact I was immediately forced into renting a small vacant store on the outskirts of the town and installing a tailor to do this work. The rent for the store amounted to twenty-five dollars a month, but the flat above it brought fifteen dollars, making the net expense ten dollars.

Mary took charge of the shop and saw that the work was done well and promptly. In a short time I found this work was giving so much satisfaction among the members that its volume increased rapidly, and I was obliged to employ two tailors instead of one.

Of course many of the wives of the members came to the club, and the way in which the garments of the men were cleaned, pressed and repaired came to their attention—with the result that they also began to turn their golfing clothes over to me for attention.

This had been going on for only a short time when the wife of a member brought a golfing suit to me for cleaning; and as she handed it over she remarked:

"With just a few simple alterations, I could make that serve nicely for the whole season."

Instantly I saw an opportunity for an extension of the business of the little store, and said:

"If you care to stop in at the little place where my work is done—you pass it on the way to the station—I think it quite likely my wife would be willing to undertake the work for you."

Mrs. Blank seemed to be very much pleased with this suggestion and immediately accepted it. What is more important, Mary was pleased with this new development and did the work in such a way that Mrs. Blank was delighted. This end of our little enterprise also developed quite beyond our expectations and Mary was forced to employ a competent dressmaker. There was not enough work to keep them both busy in the way of repairing and making alterations in the golfing garments from the women of the club, but a demand developed on the part of the women of the village for inexpensive frocks and gowns. Our little shop also acts as agent for one of the most reliable dyers and cleaners in the big city.

About the chief thing which moved me to cut out the front and desert the city was the fact that it would give us a chance to bring up our baby in wholesome country surroundings. This alone has repaid us for the pains and hardships involved in the experiment. She has fairly blossomed and is as robust and healthy as we could wish.

Each week Mary spends one whole day in the city to do our household shopping. It so happens that groceries are rather dear in our town, and this makes it advisable for her to buy much of our food as well as our other household and shop supplies in the city. It is a rule that Mary shall always go to a good show when in the city on a shopping day, and that as often as she wishes she shall invite a friend to go with her.

Mary insists she is happier by far than she ever was before, notwithstanding the fact that she is about the busiest little woman in Sharon, and has almost the responsibilities of a business man at the shop, in addition to doing her own housework and taking care of the baby.

My annual net income is more than three thousand dollars—and when I say net I use that term without doing violence to it. My largest single source of income, and the one that gives me the keenest satisfaction, is the tips or gratuities received from the members of the club and their guests.

At first, as I have indicated, it went considerably against my grain and traditions to take this kind of money; now I am proud of it. Why? Because this matter once came up for discussion in a directors' meeting of the club, I am told, and every director confessed that, so far as I was concerned, he was a persistent violator of the club rules, which said no member should be permitted to give gratuities to servants or employees. It was agreed, however, according to my informant, that money given to me in this way should not be considered as a tip, but as "inadequate pay for extra and superextra services."

But, to go back to definite figures, I receive more than twelve hundred dollars a year from this source.

The wage paid to me by the club is fifty dollars a month and fifty dollars at the end of the year. In addition to this the club, of course, furnishes all my meals.

The profits on merchandise in the form of locker accessories, golf stockings, collar buttons, and the like, amount to more than two hundred dollars; while my laundry commissions bring in a little more than ten dollars a month for eight months in the year. During the open season, when golf is generally played, the profits of the shop are close to forty dollars a week, and they are on the increase.

How Humility Pays

Now my personal and family expenses are only a mere fraction of what they were when we were devoted to keeping up the front. For our little cottage I pay fifteen dollars a month rent, and receive five dollars from my head tailor for the use of one room. My wife spends a little less than one hundred dollars a year for clothing for herself and the baby. This expenditure is mainly for materials, because she makes every garment they both wear.

The cost of my own clothes is considerably less than half of what it was when I was employed in the insurance office and standing on my tiptoes, as far as keeping up the front was concerned.

I have no regrets, however, because I elected to cut out the front. I have gained many of the things worth much more than money and more than all the alleged comforts of a faultless front. Nobody can ever again scare me with the bogy of a reduced scale of living and lower social status. To me it has become a ghost that has been laid, and it has lost all its terrors. I know just how much it can hurt me—and how little! I know, too, that I have a wife who will stand by me under any circumstances, and who is to-day better fitted to meet any desperate emergency which may come to her than she ever was before.

I would not contend that there are not others who may find the Way of the Front a shorter cut to success than the tortoise trail I have undertaken; but my experience has convinced me that thousands who are straining to maintain a plausible front—and deceiving no one by it—would be far happier and more prosperous if they took courage from my example and attempted a little adventure in humility.

"Viceroy" Bath, Plate No. K 1113-A "Fulmore" Lavatory, Plate No. K 141 D

KOHLER manufactures but *one* quality of enameled plumbing ware—of *uniform* color and only the highest *grade*

Whatever you buy bearing the Kohler trademark is always of the same quality—the same materials and workmanship go into every piece, from the lowest priced to the highest.

The beauty of Kohler bathtubs, lavatories and other enameled plumbing ware makes a wonderful appeal to every family.

The graceful, artistic lines of Kohler built-in and regular bathtubs, and of the lavatories, harmonize with any architectural treatment or decorative design.

And this beauty is what might be expected in enameled ware of the real value of Kohler products. When you buy a piece of Kohler enameled plumbing ware, you secure the product of an enthusiastic, efficient organization imbued with high ideals. You select goods which are made by a company that has been in successful existence for over forty-two years—and the work is now and always has been supervised by the same family.

The Kohler factory is the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the production of enameled plumbing ware.

Kohler Enamel has a smooth, white surface—and the color is uniform.

Easily and quickly cleaned, lightened housework is added to its other advantages.

Why you should select KOHLER WARE

KOHLER bathtubs are real *one-piece* construction. The hygienic value of this design is beyond question, and it is furthermore a distinct advantage in beauty. Kohler enamel is uniformly white—it never changes in hue—lasts a lifetime.

No old-style or sectional, unhygienic patterns in the Kohler line.

Your *architect* will tell you that Kohler fixtures express the best modern ideas and principles in bathroom pieces. Kohler Co. was the originator of one-piece enameled bathtubs, lavatories, sinks, etc.

Your *plumber* will be glad to install Kohler enamel ware for you because he has no trouble with it—it makes and holds satisfied customers for him.

It pays you to select Kohler enameled ware. Installing it costs the same as to put in cheaper and less reliable goods. Ask your plumber or architect.

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

Makers of Enameled Bathtubs, Lavatories, Sinks, etc.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis., U. S. A.

Founded 1873

BRANCHES
London New York Chicago
Boston San Francisco

—and the Cadillac "Eight" stands all alone

Do you wish to know how good a car this new Cadillac is?

Follow your own thoughts.

You will find that you are thinking what the nation is thinking.

Look back a little bit.

A few years ago the storm raged around the Cadillac.

A dozen or more cars sold at approximately the same price.

All claimed equality with the Cadillac.

The Cadillac field was the coveted field—because it was a quality field.

These dozen or more cars struggled to find a place in it, because they were eager to share in Cadillac success.

And, now, how do things stand?

A limited market above the Cadillac in price—and a large market below.

And in the center, as solid as a rock, the great Cadillac clientele—greater, and stronger, and more solid than ever.

When you search for a car to compare with the Cadillac, do you look downward?

It is not likely.

And yet many a man in past years has thought that he was buying a car as good as the Cadillac, because he was paying an approximate price.

He cannot think that now, because these cars have removed themselves from the Cadillac field.

The storm that once raged around the Cadillac still rages—but it is in another zone. The Cadillac is out of it, and above it.

In its own great quality class the Cadillac stands alone—all alone.

The Cadillac owner does not believe that its equal exists.

And if ***you*** are looking for its equal—where will you look?

You must first find a car of equally fine construction.

If you search for equality with the Cadillac, where else will you find such workmanship?

Again—in your search for a car equal to the Cadillac, you must find a car of equal experience in V-type engine construction.

The Cadillac has brought the V-type principle to a state of comparative perfection in the building of 13,000 V-type eight-cylinder cars.

Where will you look for a like experience—for equal certainty—for such positive insurance?

What is the utmost you desire in a car?

Your friend who owns a Cadillac already has it.

He cannot think of any respect in which its efficiency could be improved.

In freedom from gear shifting, in ease of control, in swift acceleration, in hill-climbing ability, in comfort and luxury, in all the things which contribute to ideal motoring, the Cadillac owner will tell you that he has them in superlative degree.

In his mind—in your mind—in the mind of the nation—is not the standing of the Cadillac absolutely fixed?

In all the things which constitute quality—the highest known quality—is it not universally accepted as a standard?

Your choice, therefore, is rendered simpler than ever before.

You are freed from the distraction of many claims of equality which may once have confused you.

You know what the Cadillac offers:

—engineering pre-eminence,

—and social pre-eminence,

—unequaled V-type experience,

—the enthusiastic endorsement of 13,000 owners,

—mechanical construction representing the highest type of fine manufacturing extant,

—and an established record of luxury, long life and endurance.

We repeat—you ***know*** that you get these qualities in the Cadillac.

Where else could you get them?

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co, Detroit, Mich.

JONAH

(Continued from Page 8)

library, he himself was compelled to bid in for a hundred dollars. Nobody, he discovered, seemed a bit interested in whether a whale had swallowed Jonah or Jonah had swallowed a whale.

Came the December day when he sat down with Patience to cast up his standing with the world—it was the day they left the marble dolphins behind and moved into a boarding house next door to where the Hathaways had once lived. First, of course, he owned the Jonah Collection. Next, there was the Narwhal—the one ship that had escaped disaster and was as staunch, he contended, as the day she was built. After that came a paid-up life-insurance policy for twenty-five thousand dollars, then ten thousand dollars in cash, and receipts for every cent he had ever owed.

"Not bad—eh, mother?" he asked at the end of the recapitulation.

"No, Sadoc. No, indeed."

"And I'm borrowing ten thousand on this policy. I'd wipe the whole thing out if I could; but it has a suicide clause in it. Can't get more than ten thousand. As though I was thinking of committing suicide! Huh! I'm thinking of just beginning all over again—nothing else."

Patience did not seem to follow this.

"I've been thinking, Sadoc," she said timidly, "that, with what we have, we might buy a nice little place in the country—a little farm. We're getting on in the evening of life and our wants are few ——"

"Farm! Farm!" he was snorting. "Hell and blazes, woman, I'm going whaling next week! I'm outfitting the Narwhal now."

"Going whaling?" she repeated, dazed. "Whaling! And leave me all alone?"

"Why—er—er—mother, that's been worrying me; but it's got to be. Only thing I know how to do; and I'm going to show this port that whaling isn't done for, by any means."

"Sadoc Stuningt'n," said Patience very distinctly, "I've never crossed you in all the years we've been married; but I say to you now, though you're determined to fly in the face of God, you shan't leave me behind. You shan't! You shan't!" And there was that in her face which overbore the will of Sadoc the Absolute.

On a July morning six months afterward, as the whaling steamer Narwhal was clearing the Japanese port of Hakodate, her second mate, drawing alongside Calkins, the chief mate, on the poop, exclaimed in disgust:

"By the Eternal, I never want to see this hole again!"

"Nor me—blast it!" returned Calkins. "And I can tell you it's cost us something to get out o' here—mighty nigh on to fourteen thousand dollars for repairs."

"Whew!" whistled Anderson. "Well, the Old Man's got only himself to blame. If he'd kept on about his business, instead of hanging round these grounds in the typhoon season, talkin' 'bout what Blue Star ships caught in the fifties and sixties and seventies, we wouldn't have got smashed up. Talkin' 'bout the past don't do nobody no good, nohow."

"You're pretty near right," agreed Calkins, lowering his voice superstitiously. "Here we are, six months out of home, with a swept hold—not a bar'l o' ile or a pound o' bone to show for it. The Old Lady does too much prayin' an' the Old Man too much talkin' 'bout Jonah, an' things like that. Th' two o' them together has just about brought down a Jonah on this old hooker."

That conversation between the Narwhal's mates pictured pretty accurately how matters stood fore and aft aboard Sadoc Stonington's ship. The order now was to bear up into the Arctic, combing the coasts of Saghalien and Kamchatka, but not at a sacrifice of much time, until they brought into Bering Sea.

"I know a fishing ground in the Bering that'll fill us up," Sadoc was promising his officers. "Took one brute there in '68, in the old Edmund Burke, which alone cleaned up fifty-two hundred dollars in ile. Big season that! Topped it off by pickin' up a lump o' ambergris worth a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. Don't let the men get down in the mouth."

Still with a swept hold, the Narwhal was put on the ground that her master had boasted; but, though she curried it as one would a horse's hide, she raised no whales. At the end of a fortnight her Old Man was compelled to agree with Calkins that it was time to move on. And, hearing this, Patience said:

"Wait only another day, Sadoc! I've never prayed about a whale before; but maybe God will not be wroth if I do"

"All right, mother. Go ahead!" he answered gently, for his heart was sore.

Calkins turned away from them, certain that both of them must be "touched"; but hardly had the mate left the bridge, to carry the word of sudden change to Anderson and the boatsteerers, when "Blo-o-ow-ow! She blows!" came down from the crow's nest with an electrifying thrill. And, following to windward the direction of the lookout's pointing hand, the Narwhal's crew saw a shimmering fountain of white vapor spout and fall—spout and fall.

Within the hour the Narwhal lay fast to the meanest-looking, thinnest, smelliest maverick of the whale family that ever swam in salt water. A sulphur-bottom he was, with hardly a handbreadth in the eighty-two feet of him between case and flukes that was not armored in barnacles.

"Whoof! He was a thousand years old when Noah built the Ark," said the second mate.

"Blind an' deaf he must 'a' been—th' way he just lay there for the iron an' bomb," said Calkins.

Still, it remained to a young squarehead, the mate's Norwegian boatsteerer, who had put the first iron home, to christen the sulphur-bottom. Said he:

"Bay yimminy, Ay lak to make a bat dat dese bay day soon of a gon vat 'vallowed oop dat faller Yonah!"

In derision the crew seized on the name of Jonah for the maverick; and, with twenty barrels of his rancid oil in her hold, the Narwhal bore into the North. Sadoc the Absolute meant to winter in the ice.

Hardly, however, had the Narwhal plugged her lead-armored bows past Point Barrow when Campbell, the Scotch ruler of her engine room, locked horns with her master.

"She'll no stand it i' th' ice, Capt'n Stonington!" he protested, with a freedom of speech earned by thirty years' employment under the Blue Star. "Them dommed Japs i' Hakodate faked th' repairs. She's nae mair than a bucket wi'oot hoops. Coom belaw an' see for yoursel'."

Sadoc Stonington did go below to see for himself and he found that Campbell was right. The Narwhal was no more than a bucket without hoops. Coming on deck again, with the demon of defeat gnawing at his soul and the biggest impulse of his heart bidding him stand on and challenge fate to the last, he beheld Patience, her back toward him, staring away to the south and east, where the homeland lay. If Son was dead to his father he was not dead to her. Very frail she looked, despite the bulk of her furs—and very tired.

Then, suddenly, Sadoc heard a voice saying: "You've been playing God to all things—to all men—all your life long; and it's about time you stopped it!" A thousand thousand times Son's indictment had recurred to him like that. Now he throttled it with this excuse to himself, uttered half aloud:

"Mother couldn't stand a winter up here any more than the old ship."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Calkins from near by. "What did you say, sir?"

"I said to haul round, Mr. Calkins. We're going home."

Wrapped in a silence he rarely broke—for he gave over the navigation of the Narwhal almost entirely to the mates—Sadoc the Sixth vainly sought to construct a future out of the broken bit of life and the material that remained to him. At last he admitted to himself that he had been wrong in his belief in the lastingness of the whaling industry. He had outlived it; in fact, put it in its grave in the moment when he had ordered the Narwhal on the homeward course she was now steering. He would be sixty-four years old the next March—too old, in the world's opinion, though not in his own, to begin all over again. But what had he to offer to the world? What was there in which he might begin anew? His sole knowledge encompassed whaling, and the whaling industry was dead. He knew the shipping business, of course; but these were days of corporations, of big organizations like Hathaway's Occidental Navigation and Trading Company; this was a time that required big units of capital. And his capital consisted of a thousand dollars—all that was left to him the day he sailed out of Hakodate—and the Narwhal. With this handful of dollars and the old ship, he would have to meet the world face to face in a few days—a few days!

At this thought he stiffened where he lay awake beside Patience. In another forty-eight hours the Narwhal would be putting her nose through the Gate! And there was not only himself to think of, but Patience too. It was going to be hard on her. Without him, though, she —— Here his mind brought forward his life insurance. Fifteen thousand dollars would keep Patience in comfort the rest of her days. At this juncture he heard again the voice of Son saying: "You've been playing God to all things—to all men—all your life long; and it's about time you stopped it!"

And there and then Sadoc the Absolute decided that the time had arrived. He started so suddenly that he roused his wife.

"Sadoc, you've not been asleep!" she said chidingly and yet through a smile.

"No; the weather's been riling up and I've been expecting a call any min ——"

As though to bear him out there was a trampling of feet overhead, and the Narwhal gave a roll that made every hardwood joining in her cabin shriek.

"Guess I'd better not wait to be called," he went on, slipping out of the berth and into his clothes.

"Oh, Sadoc," she said as he leaned over to kiss her, "I was having such a wonderful dream just as I woke up! I dreamt we were back in the old home on Rincon Hill and that everything was right again."

He answered her by bending over and kissing her a second time, which had been a rare thing for him to do since the long-ago days of their youth.

"May be something in that dream, mother," he said, turning in the doorway of the room as he went out. "Narwhal'll be fetching the Gate in another two days."

As he clawed his way up on deck, however—the Narwhal was thrashing round now like a whale with ten irons in it—his single thought was:

"I'll see the ship clear o' this—see her in sight of home—and then I'll stop! Nobody'll ever know it warn't an accident and that policy'll be collectable."

Stepping forth from the after companionway, he paused to get his bearings in the moil that was ruling. The next instant a sea came aboard over the starboard quarter, snatched him, carried him forward as far as the break of the poop, and there sucked him over the rail. But one of his big hands found a ringbolt in the darkness and his clutch withstood the sea's strength.

"When I get ready you can have me—not before!" he snarled as he crawled back aboard and found himself standing under the weather wing of the Narwhal's low-slung bridge.

From there by main strength he lifted himself up on to the bridge and, with one glance at the binnacle, another overside, and a sniff at the gale piling out of the southwest, he took the command away from Calkins and hove the ship to.

"Why didn't you call me before?" he had to bawl at the mate to make himself heard.

"Hadn't time, sir! Came up in ten minutes, like a Chinee Sea hurricane! Goin' to be a hurricane, I think!"

"It's going to be nothing of the kind! Nothing ——" There the wind choked him.

That was half an hour after midnight. At two o'clock—the middle of what sailors call the graveyard watch—the storm was indorsing Calkins' opinion of its hurricane character. Though the furious wind blew steadily sou'west, the sea did not follow this trend, but whelmed the ship from every direction. The Narwhal, a fine weatherly ship all her life long, was hardly better than a raft in this wrack.

"Get for'ard and start some ile out o' both your hawsepipes, Mr. Calkins!"

With this order, Sadoc Stonington gave his first sign that he understood the ship to be in heavy travail. The mate did not return; but the master on the bridge knew he was being obeyed when the wind drenched him with a rancid, eye-stinging, choking spume of sperm oil. It was Jonah the mate was pouring on the waters.

Presently Calkins' boatsteerer, the squarehead, emerged from the noisome blackness beside the Old Man.

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"Mr. Calkins, sir, he bane can't come aft!" he reported. "He bane bruk his leg oop under day fo'c's'le head!"

"Then you stand by here!" And Sadoc pushed the Norwegian ahead of him to the port side of the bridge, where Anderson, the second mate, was keeping watch. "And peel your eyes astern! There's a lee shore there!"

Quite as well as he, the squarehead knew that the Narwhal had been less than twenty miles offshore at six o'clock the preceding evening. There was not a man in the entire ship's company who did not know it, and who had not been wondering during the past three hours how rapidly the storm was carrying the Narwhal, hove to as she was, down on the rocks. The Old Man was halfway across the bridge again when the ship gave a roll and hurled Mrs. Stonington and a man into his arms.

"It's me! Campbell!" shouted the voice of the chief engineer. "And Mrs. Stonington! I found her doon i' the deck there, tryin' t' find her way up here!"

Sadoc lifted Patience bodily in one arm and deposited her in a windbreak of boards and canvas he had built just abaft the wheelhouse for Arctic use.

"Please, Sadoc, don't be angry! Don't send me away!" she pleaded.

"I'll not," he answered; and yet, a second afterward, the hands that had touched her so gently were fastened in Campbell's shoulders like the jaws of a vise and, with the Scot's head pressed to his lips, he was shouting in wrath:

"What do you mean by leaving your engines?"

"I came up t' tell ye she's makin' water like a colander!"

"Are your bulkheads holding?"

"They be!"

"Then get below and stay till you're drowned out!" And, with an oath, he flung Campbell headlong from him.

Still, the Old Man understood now why the Narwhal was making such heavy weather of it.

"That ol' de'il up i' the bridge is daft—clean daft; an' he'll be bringin' th' rocks under oor heel by coffeetime—mark me! Mon, ye've no idee how's blawin'! An' smell! The smell o' Jonah's ile that they be spewin' round would empty hell itself!"

So was Campbell croaking to his first assistant when the telegraph thrilled the engine room with the signal "Stand by!"

"Th' rocks!" said Campbell, calmly taking his station at the main steam; but in that moment the squarehead boatsteerer on the bridge was shouting at the Old Man:

"Ay bane sure 'twas a rocket, sir! No yore lights! Ay knaw yore lights. Thar!"

At that exclamation there leaped out of the blackness to leeward—perhaps five, perhaps seven miles distant—a white ball of fire. And then—white, white; red, red; white, white!

"That's a ship in trouble! Give her a Coston!" commanded Sadoc, sweeping the second mate away from the engine-room telegraph.

A second and third and fourth rocket were loosed and the Narwhal had returned no answer, when Sadoc discovered Anderson fumbling helplessly in trying to light a Coston. He snatched it from him, ignited it with one smash against the bridge railing, and, leaning far outboard, held it high over his head, while he kept ordering:

"Another! Quick! A rocket now!"

In that moment Sadoc typified the night, the storm, the raging sea. With his flying white mane and yellow oil-skinned form bathed in the Coston's eerie, ruby glow, he might have been the ruling spirit, the genius of the warring elements. As his Coston flickered out half a dozen others sputtered into life, and he was at the engine-room telegraph in mid-bridge, bawling below:

"Campbell, there's trouble down to loo'ard! If ye fail me I'll flay ye as I'd flay a whale! Full speed ahead!"

So, with flaring lights and shrieking siren answering rocket and Coston of distress, a past master of the sea, surrounded by hearts that quailed in doubt, jockeyed the Narwhal down the alleys of that storm, preparing his bucket without hoops against what it might dip from the deep.

Of a sudden the dawn flung aside the curtain of the night and gave Sadoc the Absolute pause. There, before him, a bare three cables off, stretched the ship whose call he had answered—a black-hulled, pole-masted liner of ten thousand tons or more—and astern of her and himself, scarcely a mile distant, the storm-pelted, white-fanged coast.

The stricken thing's head was still toward the seaward welter, held there by two anchors that were but prolonging her agony. No glass was needed to see that she was dragging; that, by the second, she was carrying the long line of gesticulating, beckoning, pleading human beings at her rails a foot—a fathom—nearer eternity. Even as the eyes of those on the Narwhal encompassed her she reared like a balking horse, lurching half her length clear of the smothering sea, and parted her starboard cable as though it had been a bit of twine.

"She's gone! Gone!" came in a wind-riddled shriek from a group of the Narwhal's crew that was collecting on top of the wheelhouse.

"Aye! Aye!" screamed a Portuguese boatsteerer who had been added to the bridge lookout. "And we'll be lost too! Get out!"

In hysteria the fellow reached toward the engine-room telegraph. The next instant he lay stretched stiff at Patience Stonington's feet, the bent barrel of her husband's long glass, which had smashed his face, lying beside him. And, without even a glance at this work of his hands, the Old Man was saying to his second mate:

"Aft with you now, Anderson, and all your gang! Pay out your hawser as the line goes over her! And be sure you keep clear of our screw! They understand on the stranger! They're standing by!"

Came a lull, as though the storm held its breath at what this man meant to do—a pause long enough for Patience Stonington to hear the foaming white fangs astern grinding and snapping in eagerness, and her husband calmly calling down through the wheelhouse scuttle to the helmsman:

"Hard aport—and mind your P's and Q's! I'm going full speed ahead!"

"Oh, God's with you, Sadoc!" she cried in ecstasy.

"Hope He's a good sailor, mother," he answered out of the side of his mouth; and then: "Steady, boy! Steady there! Remember the way ye put it into Jonah!"

The last was to the squarehead boatsteerer, standing in the port wing of the bridge, a loaded whale gun across the crotch of his left arm, a tub of new whale line at his feet. From that tub an end led aft, outside of everything, to the eye of a new wire-pennanted coir hawser, lying in sinuous fakes on the whaler's stern grating.

"Ay tank ay can make it now, sir," the squarehead was answering, when a crash as of the report of a rifle split the air.

The liner, now rearing its starboard side not twenty fathoms away from the Narwhal, stumbled, breached. Then, like a street beggar hoping for mercy, she exhibited her maims. Long enough to show that her starboard screw was gone, and that the blades of its twin had been sheared off down to the boss, she held her stern skyward. One more breach and she wallowed off into the trough of the sea. Her port cable had parted.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!" started reedily from her crowded rails, only to be drowned by a chorus that brought Patience Stonington forth from her shelter, trembling with fear—not fear for herself, but that God in His wrath would turn His face away from those who were singing so lustily:

"An' w'en you hear dem bells go ding, ling, ling,
Dat am de time for de chorus to begin.
Den all jine han's an' sweetly we will sing:
Dere'll be a Hot Time in de Old Town tonight!"

And her apprehension became certainty when she beheld her husband standing like one suddenly turned to stone—a man incapable of action, apparently unseeing, unhearing. God was not going to permit him to perform the task he had undertaken. Through Sadoc He was thus making Himself manifest.

"Sadoc! Sadoc!" she cried; but he gave no sign that he heard.

Still, there was naught that he did not hear; naught that his eyes did not see—from a lone girl mother, away aft on the liner's boat deck, holding a baby out to him mutely, right forward to the brass-lettered name on the bows of the laboring black hull, which fate, in irony, had permitted men to give this work of theirs—the Olympian.

"Aim!" With that command flung at the Norwegian boatsteerer, the stonelike figure moved. "High and abaft the foremast! . . . Now—as she rolls! . . . Fire!"

As the last word crackled through his lips, a whale iron went hurtling forth and upward from the Narwhal's bridge, a hissing white line—a literal thread of life marking its trajectory.

Patience Stonington closed her eyes, as a good many others must have done aboard both the Narwhal and the Olympian, not caring to behold the failure of that shot. But they opened at the proud call of "A strike, sir! A strike!" that came from the Norwegian as he leaned against the bridge railing, still nursing his arm from the recoil of the gun. The sea wisdom of Sadoc the Absolute prevailed. The one thing to be done under the circumstances he had done. The whale line lay across the Olympian and already a steam winch was tautening it against the weight of the Narwhal's coir hawser, whose true messenger it had proved itself.

At noon that day the steam whaler Narwhal, with her bows swathed in a tarpaulin to cover her gaping seams, and the Olympian's ten thousand inert tons dragging at her groaning vitals, bucked clear of the land into the open Pacific.

"Thar!" exclaimed Sadoc Stonington as this marvelous thing happened, and the cheers of his own crew mingled with those that the lessening gale permitted to come up to the Narwhal from the liner. "By Jonah! Yes—by Jonah an' the meanest whale ile I ever smelt or tasted—we've done it!"

As he spoke he brought his gaze aboard from the rancid trail of oil with which the Narwhal was smoothing the broken waters for the ship he had snatched out of the jaws of death.

"Aye, aye, sir! Dat faller Yonah vas prove a goot Yonah!" laughed the squarehead. "By yolly, Cap'n Tonington, never bane a vale yip make sooch a catch!"

"That's right, sir!" agreed Anderson. "When I was below a moment ago, with Mr. Calkins, he said the same thing. He's been lookin' this Olympian up in Lloyd's. She's a catch, sir!"

But Sadoc Stonington was listening to them as one rather dazed. Why, of course, the Narwhal would be entitled to salvage if she should get the Olympian into port. Then slowly it dawned on him that all that terrible morning, since he had fastened to the liner, these whalemen, bound home with a swept hold, must have been thinking of nothing else.

To save the lives of those aboard the Olympian—the life of that girl mother who, pushed aside, forgotten by the crowd, had leaned over the rail holding her baby out to him mutely—had been his single, his ruling, thought. Not for salvage, for prize money, had he staked his own life, Patience's, all he possessed, on one throw of the dice with eternity. He had done the thing that he had accomplished, used his skill, because—because ——

"Yes, Capt'n Stonington—Mr. Calkins says, sir"—the second mate was going on—"he says, sir, that she's a new one; that the Occidental Navigation and Trading Company hasn't a better ship ——"

"The what? What's that?" And Sadoc the Absolute was shaking Anderson by the shoulders like a St. Bernard worrying a terrier.

"Oc-Oc-cid-cidental Nav-av-avi-gation Comp-p-pany, sir!" stammered the second mate.

And the Old Man, with an unholy light in his eye, let go of him and started toward the gangway, calling:

"Patience! Patience! Mother, where are you?"

Mrs. Stonington was just emerging from the after cabin. With the stride of a boy he ran to her and lifted her clear of the deck.

"Sadoc! Sadoc!" she protested at his unseemly conduct, seeing the second mate and the squarehead looking down from the bridge.

"Mother, you're right! Miracles do happen! That's one of Jabe Hathaway's ships back there! And he said there was nothing in whaling!"

Before she could utter a word, he was gone from her down into Calkins' room to reassure himself, to affirm all that Anderson had repeated to him.

"Read it for yourself, sir," gloated the chief mate through teeth that were gritting with the agony of a broken thigh. "Here's Lloyd's. Occidental Company bought her a year ago out of the Atlantic trade for their Alaskan service."

A moment afterward Sadoc the Absolute was back again on the bridge and his

big voice was ringing through the ship: "Don't spare that ile! Just keep Jonah on the run!"

It was five days after this, in the haze of a December dawn, when a bucket without hoops, and the full rich measure it had dipped from the deep and held, brought to for a pilot off the San Francisco Lightship. On the bucket's bridge, holding it to the last, his eye missing no move of the prize astern or among the wolfish herd of towboats that had been following him day and night, hoping for a "kill," stood Sadoc Stonington, the bare white head of him rising above all round like the lichened crag of a sea-scarred foreland. Snuggling close to his side, with one of her frail hands lost in his huge clasp, Patience was watching a pilot-boat dinghy draw in to the Narwhal's gangway.

"Why, Sadoc, are they sending two pilots?" she asked, discovering that there were two men in the dinghy's stern sheets.

"S-Stuningt'n pays for only one, mother—and they can lay to that!" he snorted.

And, crossing the bridge to give an order to the squarehead and take a glance at his compass, he heard a sob as of a heart bursting for gladness, and then two voices breaking and choking on "Son! Son!" and "Mother—oh, my mother!"

And Sadoc the Absolute, who had never known fear, dared not look behind him. But if he had he could not have seen, for a strange film of mist was on his eyes. His trembling lips tried to finish the order he had begun to the squarehead, and failed; and in the midst of this failure a hand seized his and drew him round.

"Father!"

That was all Son said; then impulsively his arms went out and round the proud old sea king, and before they loosed him he had kissed his sire's salt-incrusted lips, just as unashamed as he had kissed them when he was a little boy.

"Huh! Huh! By Jonah!" sputtered Sadoc, dashing the back of his free hand across his eyes. "I've lived—lived a good many years, and that's the first man who's ever kissed me!"

It was his excuse to the pilot, who had brought Son aboard, and who, with glistening eyes, stood there looking on—his own way of trying to hide the joy that surged through him; his own way of regaining his composure.

"Son, just look astern there!" he said, as he recovered control of himself and the order was given that sent the Narwhal ahead. "Look at her! No catch like that ever came through the old Gate before. And they said there was no money in whaling!"

"You're bringing in a catch, sure enough, dad! Your share under the law of salvage—a third, you know—will mean five or six hundred thousand dollars at least."

"What? What's that? Five or ——"

"Five or six hundred thousand, I said. Olympian has two million in Alaskan gold dust and bars in her strongroom. Why, San Francisco's been talking of little else since the Olympian's wireless sent the news in."

Therewith Sadoc the Absolute loosed a mighty laugh.

"And to think of it, Son—that's a Hathaway ship astern there! And Jabe quit whaling because ——"

"But it isn't his ship, dad."

"Eh? What? Don't tell me, sir. That's an Occidental Navigation vessel. Don't tell me, sir! Calkins—Lloyd's——"

"An Occidental ship, yes; but not Mr. Hathaway's. He was trying to reorganize the company when you went away. A gang of sharks stripped him; and he's out, and—broke."

"Stripped and broke, eh? Broke?" Sadoc echoed, and the light of exultation that had been in his gray eyes slowly faded.

He said little more until he had brought the Narwhal and the Olympian to an anchorage; and then he asked how—if Hathaway were broke—Son was making a living.

"I'm making my living all right—and a good one, too," answered Son, rearing his head to the full Stonington tilt. "I can stand on my own legs. Quit the university when I got married and went into the marine-insurance business. Got a dandy home in the Mission; and ——" A shake of his mother's head made him pause. "Say, father, maybe you'll let me have the brokerage on this Olympian catch of yours?"

"You're positive, Son, that you've been standing on your own legs?" was Sadoc's cold counter. "Sure you haven't been leaning on—on your father-in-law, for instance?"

"Do you think I'd lie to you?" demanded the boy.

"No; I don't. You can be my broker."

"Now look here, dad," smiled Son, "you and mother are coming to stay with me until you get this business settled up. You've no other place but the ship, and ——"

Sadoc's face clouded.

"Yes, yes, Sadoc!" pleaded Patience.

"Well, we'll go out and see how the youngster's fixed up; but you know's well as I do, Patience, that one roof was never big enough to keep the rain off two families."

A couple of hours later Son was briskly, eagerly, leading the way along a garden path to the door of his cottage home; but it was Patience Stonington who was first up the steps—not Son. And as the door swung wide in welcome her old arms were reaching out to hug to her the young mother, waiting there with her child's child at her breast.

"Father," said Son very soberly, "permit me to present to you Sadoc Jabez Stonington the Eighth!"

And Patience and Marcia, between them, held up to Sadoc the Absolute a chuckling, gray-eyed man child, who had not yet had time to find out that there is anything wrong with the world.

"By Jonah! By Jonah!" came from the old sea master in a barely audible whisper.

His jaw of iron sagged; and, shaking as with palsy, his big hands took his grandson and held the tiny body so as to hide his face and stifle the sob that broke through his trembling lips.

It was not possible for Patience or Marcia, or Son, man though he was, to bear the sight of this proud spirit in the agony of its capitulation; and they, with tears flooding their own eyes, turned away from him until they heard him saying:

"Little boy—little boy, some day your granddaddy'll tell you how just a wee bit of a mite like you helped in saving a big ship and hundreds of lives. If it hadn't been for him and his mother out there all alone, maybe—maybe I couldn't have done what I did."

Therewith a great understanding came to Patience Stonington. She remembered the girl mother who had held her baby out over the Olympian's rail to the Narwhal; but she kept her peace, for she heard a footfall sounding through the hallway behind her—a footfall with a catch in it. And she knew, as well as did Sadoc the Absolute, who turned to meet it, whose step it was.

"Hello, Jabe!" was Sadoc's greeting to the man who came uncertainly into view; and, shifting Sadoc the Eighth into the crotch of his left arm, his right hand went out and took Hathaway's.

"Glad to see you back, Stoney," gulped Hathaway.

So they came together again; but, for all its simplicity, the tension of that meeting was terrific. Hathaway was the first to possess the wit to relieve it—to try to save both Sadoc and himself.

"Stoney," he asked, "doesn't this baby remind you a whole lot of my father? Round the eyes and brow—eh?"

"He does not!" snapped Sadoc. "He's a Stuningt'n all over."

Patience gasped. Son put his hands up to his head despairingly. Marcia buried her face in her husband's shoulder. Poor Hathaway looked down at the floor, as though he wished it would open and swallow him. But Sadoc brought his gaze back to him, with this:

"Jabe, are you done fooling with wheat futures and mines, and all that kind of truck?"

"Yes; I'm done, Stoney. Done!"

"Well, then, I'm done with whaling; and we'll hang out the old Blue Star sign again. Half o' this Olympian catch's yours."

"Mine, Stoney? No, no! And what could we do together again anyway? You've said whaling's done for."

"But we're not! We know the shipping game; and we'll just turn round and skin this Occidental crowd that's been skinning you. Come ahead, now, and stick your jaw out!"

Then, with a rare smile lighting his craggy countenance, he turned toward Patience; and, handing Sadoc the Eighth into her yearning arms, he said:

"Mother, I can almost believe that a whale did swallow Jonah—just as your Bible says."

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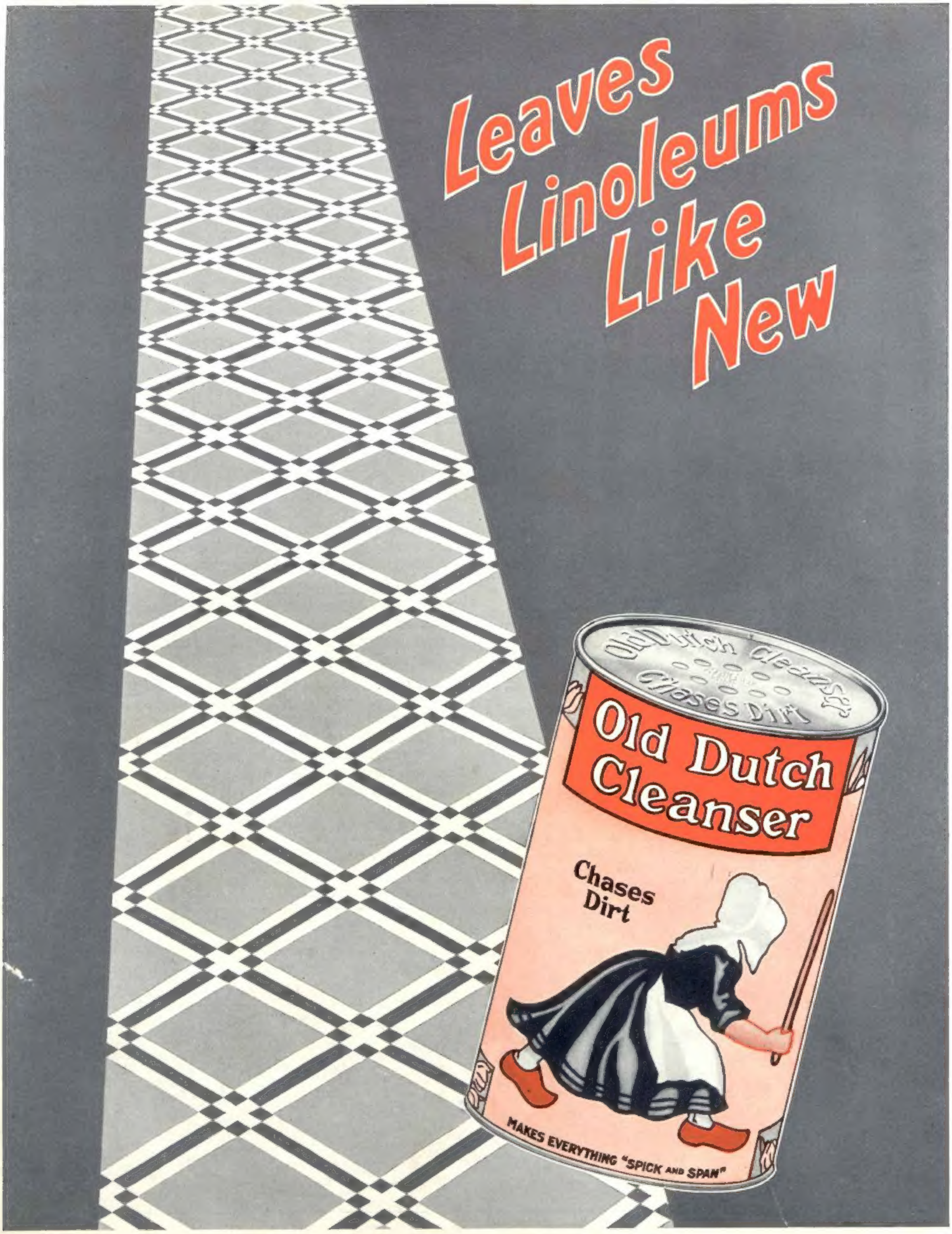
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